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GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

JULY · 2018 ·

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CONTENTS

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

74

27
Editor's Letter

35
Foreword
Irony just died a thousand deaths. (No, really.)
By Dylan Jones

39
Details
Hannah John-Kamen takes action; the post-truth page-turner; sartorial pursuits with Isaac Carew; feast on *GQ*'s Food & Drink Awards.

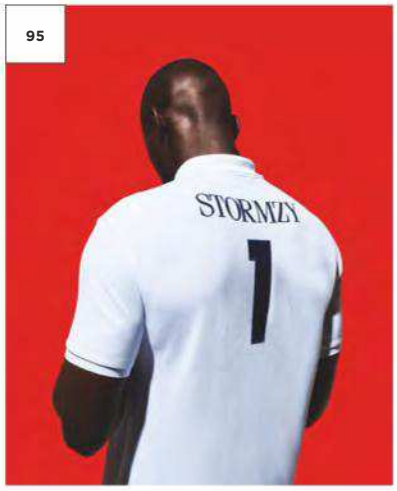
39

80
GQ Preview
This month's events and products.

95
The GQ Drop
It's time to topple the internet monopolists; how Facebook foul play swung the referendum; Tony Parsons on modern romance; meet the biker architect; a brief history of grime.

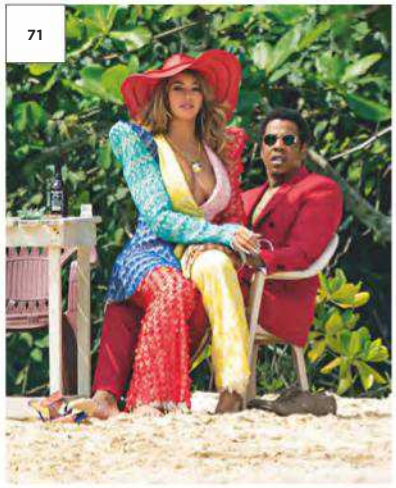
105
Life
Los Angeles, 25 ways; conquer the tyre flip; champion footwear; fragrance takes notes from the Nineties.

123
Taste
Mark Hix's natural mix; the pride of Dandelyan; Paul Ainsworth's No6. Plus why it's time to think pink (wine).



95

46



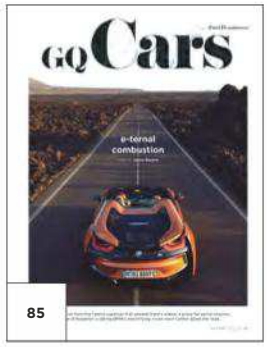
71

71
House Rules
Summer is no excuse for slacking on your stance, so button up (a Havana suit), buckle down (with new calling cards) and update your bathrobe.

85
Cars
BMW's i8 Roadster is the best expression of combustion's e-enhanced future.

90
Men Of The Year 2018
Cufflinks at the ready? *GQ*'s annual gala of GOATs is fast approaching.

132
Finally, it's time...
GQ teams up with official tournament timekeeper Hublot to talk World Cup 2018 with Pelé, Gareth Southgate, Marcel Desailly and José Mourinho.



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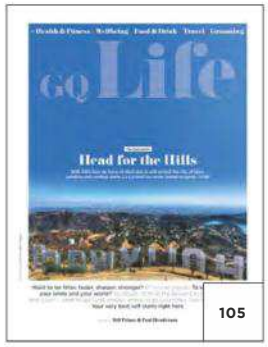

105

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CONTENTS

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144

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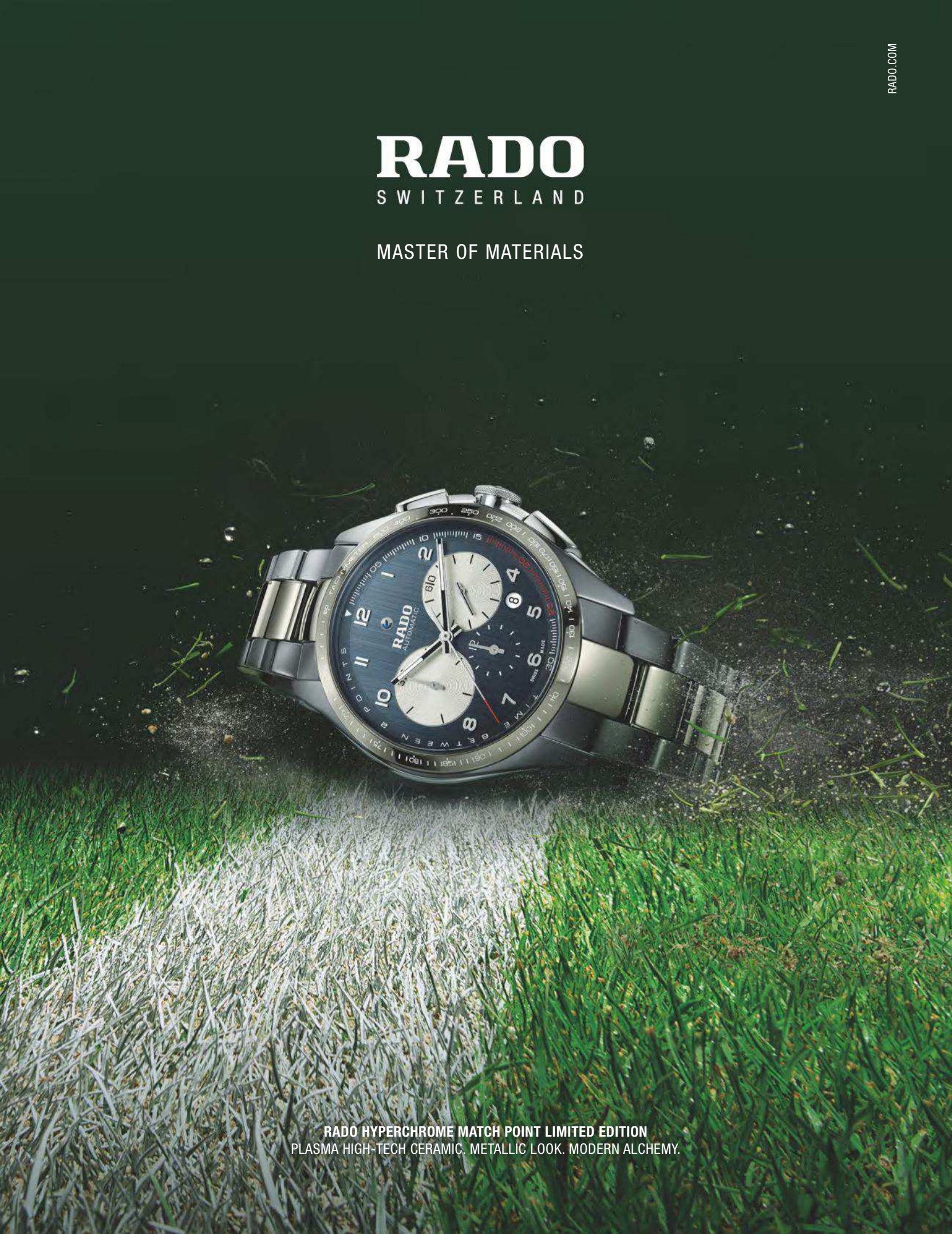

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CONTENTS

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

220

60
Alastair Campbell vs David Lammy
In the wake of the Windrush scandal, his speeches fired up the public outcry. Here, the Labour MP for Tottenham tells how the son of migrants made his place in the Commons.

156
Henry Taylor
From domesticity to celebrity via powerful polemics, the LA-based artist knows no bounds.

220
Out To Lunch
GQ's Jonathan Heaf and Rob Brydon take a deep dive into the art of fulfilment at Café Murano.

190
Wave patterns
Sporting this summer's bold, bright and brilliant crop of Hawaiian-print shirts, six pro surfers get on board with the sunshine trend.

Photographs by Buzz White

Features & fashion

158 Passports for sale
With second citizenship now a commodity, *GQ* investigates the benefits – and the costs.

By Oliver Bullough

166 The hunted
Inside the Philippines' deadly war on drugs.

By Jonathan Miller

174 Is Jesse Lingard England's secret weapon?
Meet the Three Lions' brightest hope for setting the World Cup alight in June.

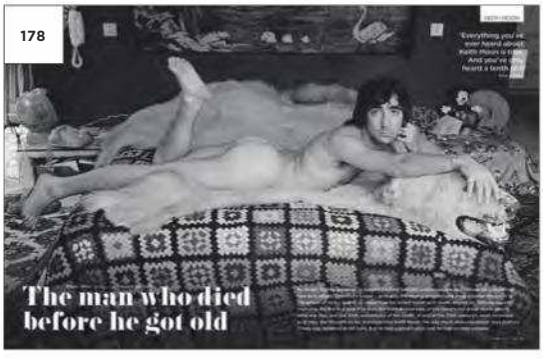
By John Naughton

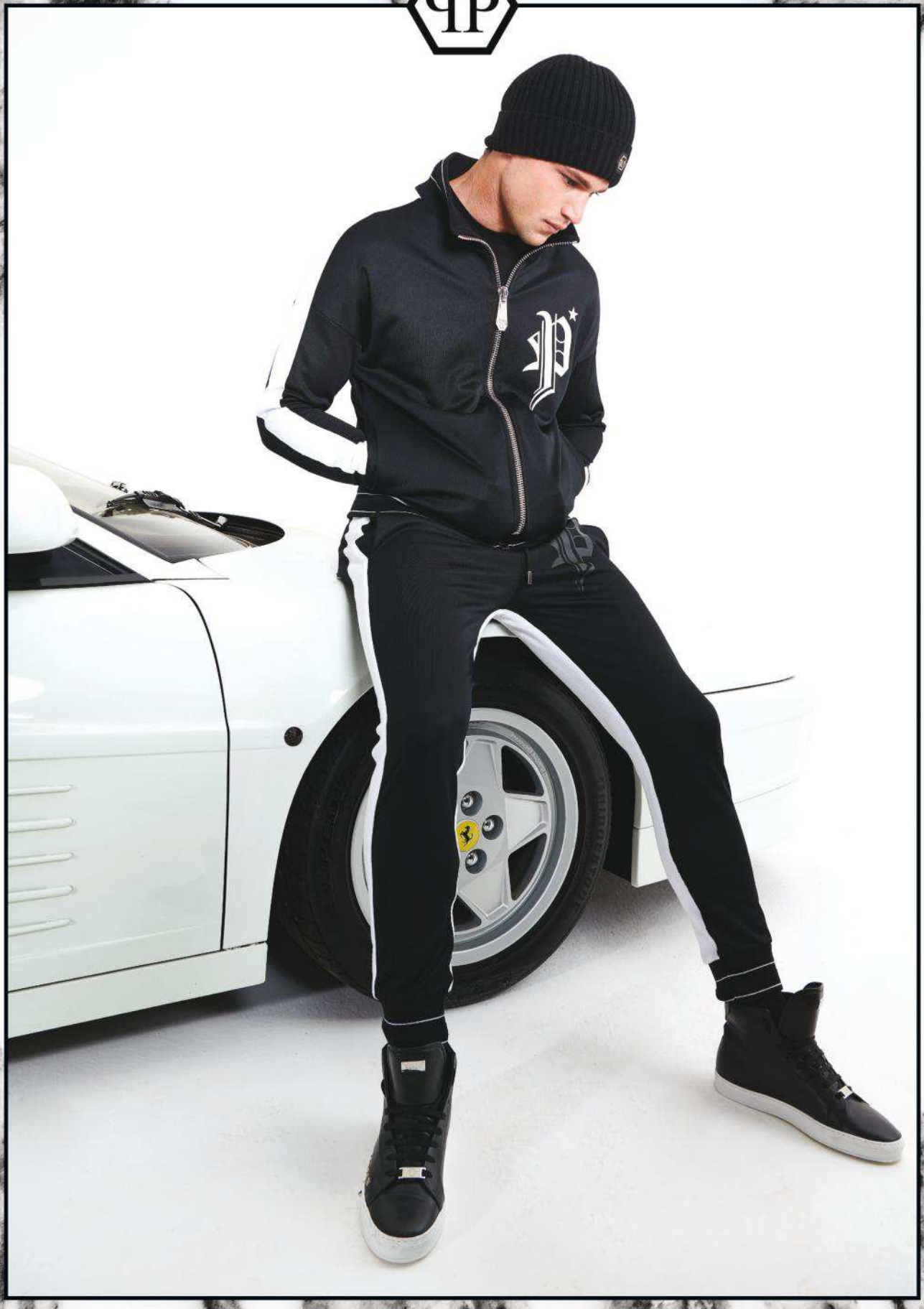
178 The man who died before he got old
Remembering The Who's Keith Moon on the 40th anniversary of his death.

By Dylan Jones

200 Fix up. Look sharp
Team tailoring with indie-style silhouettes for a refined look with attitude.

Photographs by Ben Parks





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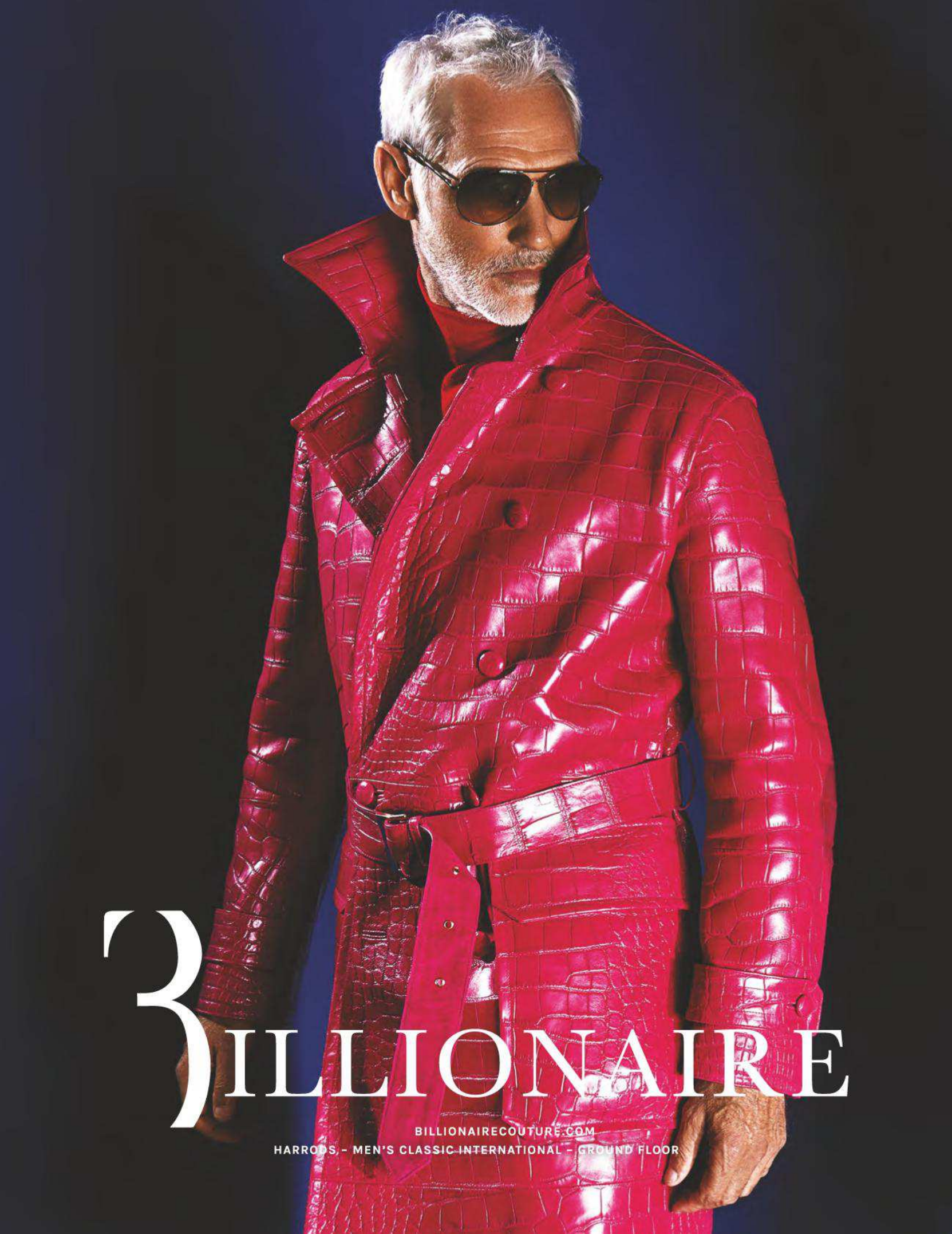
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EDITOR'S LETTER

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

One of the many things that politicians wrestle with is authenticity. Not just those who purport to be of humble origins, but every politician, whether they're high born, bourgeois or working class. Authenticity is what usually gets them though the door, into the room and eventually into power. It's the glue that binds the random ideologies and nervous tics together, the shine on the shoe, the hand on the shoulder.

Before he started looking like a worn-out Bambi caught in the headlights of Fleet Street, forever smiling while his eyes looked scared, we all thought Tony Blair had authenticity. He was a bloody regular guy before bloody regular guys started outstaying their welcome.

Alan Clark had authenticity, as does Boris Johnson. Alan Johnson had it, as does Jeremy Corbyn. It doesn't necessarily make them good politicians, but at least they're authentic. Many thought Ed Miliband was, until he appeared with that goon Russell Brand on his TV show, abasing himself in front of the ageing comedian by dropping his aitches and trying to come across all "yoof". ("Yeah, we gotta deal with that... You gotta do it," he spluttered, as he promised to tackle global corporate tax avoidance.)

Sadiq Khan has authenticity, too, which is why he soundly beat Zac Goldsmith to become the mayor of London two years ago. As I said at the time, it only took me a few minutes in Goldsmith's company to work out that not only did he not have any faith in him getting the job, but also that none of his team did either. They all appeared to be going through the motions, resigned to the fact that Goldsmith's laudable environmental policies weren't going to chime with the electorate. However, his policies became the least of his worries when he was accused of blatant Islamophobia towards Sadiq Khan, the denouement of which was a piece he wrote for the *Mail On Sunday*, illustrated with a picture from the 7 July 2005 bombings and headlined: "Are We Really Going To Hand The World's Greatest City To A Labour Party That Thinks Terrorists Are Its Friends?" Even though Goldsmith had nothing to do with the headline or picture choice, the mud stuck.

The Tottenham MP David Lammy also wanted to be mayor, but in the London Labour Party's selection process, only came fourth, behind Khan, Tessa Jowell and Diane Abbott. No one quite understands how he generated even less support than Abbott, but elections are increasingly challenging perceptions.

Lammy is a popular politician – relatively speaking – and, for the purposes of authenticity, has never needed to disguise or amplify his background. Born to Guyanese parents in Archway, North London, he and his four siblings were largely raised by their mother, as his father left when he was just 12. Lammy never saw him again, something the MP's irrepressibly sunny disposition belies. He is reassuringly candid about his career choice. "One thing you need is the confidence," he says. "This can be tough for working-class kids. You are standing at the despatch box. You are looking at the other guys who have been to Eton or Harrow and thinking, 'What do I bring to the table?' It takes time to understand that you know a lot of stuff from the real world. Some banter across the chamber has been going on between the same characters since they were at school and then Oxford. I was not part of that."

Lammy's disastrous mayoral campaign hasn't stopped him being one of the most >>

'[The Commons] can be tough for working-class kids'

Photograph **Daniel Deme/wenn.com**

Labour MP David Lammy, seen here with mayor of London Sadiq Khan, 12 September 2015

>> outspoken politicians of his generation. He suggested that corporal punishment of a kind currently illegal in Britain could have been used to prevent the 2011 riots, he famously described the Grenfell Tower fire as corporate manslaughter and earlier this year made an impassioned speech in the House Of Commons regarding the government's insensitive treatment of the Windrush generation, accusing Theresa May and former home secretary Amber Rudd of trying to distract from the crisis by talking about illegal immigration, describing such a connection as "deeply offensive". Whenever there is a crisis, there is Lammy, one hand in the air, the other on his heart. As Alastair Campbell says in his interview with Lammy in this issue, the Labour MP has been called everything from "Britain's Obama" to "the black Blair" and so he must find it challenging that it is Jeremy Corbyn instead of himself leading the party. It is perhaps his perennial outsider status that keeps him so grounded.

When Lammy was starting to think about succeeding Boris Johnson as mayor of London, I asked him to write a column for *GQ*, a piece about his vision for the capital. Considering it was a manifesto draft, he was remarkably cogent, particularly when he was writing about inequality. "Our capital has more billionaires per capita than any city in the world [this was pre-Brexit, obviously], but still nearly one third of Londoners live in poverty and 640,000 are trapped in low-paid work. Extreme inequality is damaging to everyone, not just those at the bottom – it reduces productivity, damages community cohesion and creates the tensions that in part led to the 2011 riots in my constituency. What's more, the super-rich people I meet do not want to pull up the drawbridge and live in a bland, homogenous city of millionaires – they, too, understand the importance of London's diversity. At its best, London is a city of opportunity for all – that has been true throughout its history. It is somewhere people can come from all over the country and all over the world to get on, learn new skills, find work or start a business and set down roots. But those opportunities are no longer available to many young Londoners. The challenge… to build a governing coalition that can, together, remove the barriers to those opportunities. With such a coalition in place, these barriers are surmountable."

'At its best, London is a city of opportunity for all'

Whether that's true or not, it's the authentic voice that counts. GQ

Photographed by **Doug Inglish**

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Jeff Goldblum's drink of choice
After you've enjoyed our cover interview with Jeff Goldblum, join *GQ* as the actor mixes us a Virgin Mary and shares his views on smoothies, the universe, life and everything.

London Fashion Week Men's
Take a seat in the back of our London Fashion Week Men's Mercedes, from where we post Instagram Stories (@BritishGQ) from the top menswear ambassadors.

Alastair Campbell vs David Lammy
We filmed the hour-long interview between Alastair Campbell and David Lammy. Head to the *GQ* YouTube channel to experience Campbell's interrogation at full blast.

Street style
Our most popular digital fashion feature returns for Spring/Summer 2019. We dissect some of the major street-style trends worn by attendees of London Fashion Week Men's.

GQ Food & Drink Awards 2018
Find out how and why the judges chose the winners at this year's *GQ* Food & Drink Awards by watching our video interviews on Twitter at #GQFD.

Photograph **Robert Spangle**

TO BREAK THE RULES, YOU MUST FIRST MASTER THEM.

THE VALLÉE DE JOUX. FOR MILLENNIA A HARSH, UNYIELDING ENVIRONMENT; AND SINCE 1875 THE HOME OF AUDEMARS PIGUET, IN THE VILLAGE OF LE BRASSUS. THE EARLY WATCHMAKERS WERE SHAPED HERE, IN AWE OF THE FORCE OF NATURE YET DRIVEN TO MASTER ITS MYSTERIES THROUGH THE COMPLEX MECHANICS OF THEIR CRAFT. STILL TODAY THIS PIONEERING SPIRIT INSPIRES US TO CONSTANTLY CHALLENGE THE CONVENTIONS OF FINE WATCHMAKING.

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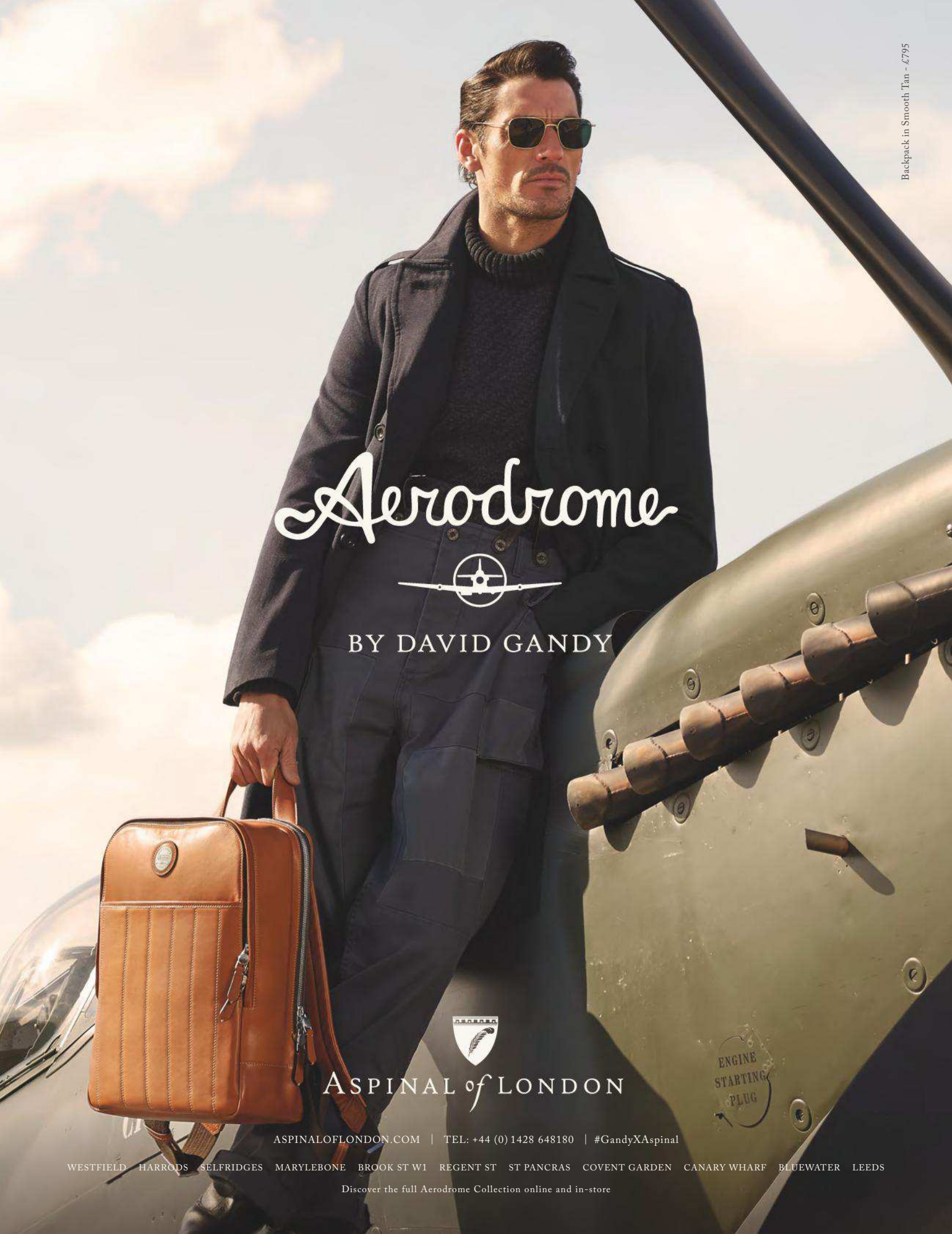
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CONTRIBUTORS

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

Doug INGLISH

Show us a man who says he isn't obsessed with Jeff Goldblum and we'll show you a liar. To celebrate our cover star's return to the franchise that introduced him to millennials, in *Jurassic World: Fallen Kingdom*, Doug Inglish photographed Goldblum in the Hollywood Hills while the star played the famous theme song on the piano. "I fell in love," says Inglish. "He was the most charming man."

Alastair CAMPBELL

June marks a year since London's Grenfell fire, yet much remains unresolved. Labour MP David Lammy has been one of the most outspoken politicians on the subject and gave *GQ* Contributing Editor Alastair Campbell his verdict on the progress made. "We spoke shortly after he lacerated Theresa May over the Windrush generation scandal," says Campbell. "Lammy insisted Grenfell was not a tragedy, but a crime."

Jonathan MILLER

More than 8,000 deaths have been recorded as a direct result of Philippine president Rodrigo Duterte's brutal war on drugs. "The noose is tightening in the Philippines, with Duterte's ruthless, authoritarian style of governance," reports *Channel 4 News'* Asia correspondent, Jonathan Miller, from Manila. "What worries Filipinos is what their country will look like when he's gone."

Lou STOPPARD

This year on GQ.co.uk, Contributing Fashion Editor Lou Stoppard has written about everything from Mark Zuckerberg to restaurant etiquette via male misdemeanours. "It's not been a great few months for men," says Stoppard, whose column continues this month on the website. "A high point was writing about those whose masculinity is so weak they'll only buy moisturiser that's branded for men."

Charlie BURTON

As well as being *GQ*'s Senior Commissioning Editor, Charlie Burton is our new tech columnist. "Every month, I'm going to explore the big ideas and trends changing the world as we know it," says Burton. His first subject: what killed the utopian dream of the web? "Behaviour is being manipulated on an unprecedented scale. So how do you solve that?" Read his proposal in this issue's *GQ Drop*.

Andrew VOTTERO

Jeff Goldblum – one of the world's most fashionable men – might just be the easiest client a stylist can dream of, let alone actually work with. "He really loves clothes," says Andrew Vottero, who dressed Goldblum for this month's cover. "I especially loved the pink Tom Ford suit on him and I couldn't stop laughing as he offered the camera a finger of icing from a cake with his face on it." GQ

Chris Pine

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THE NEW JAGUAR E-PACE

TIME TO BEND THE RULES

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THE ART OF PERFORMANCE

Fuel consumption in mpg (L/100km): Urban 29.1-50.4 (9.7-5.6); Extra Urban 40.4-67.3 (7.0-4.2); Combined 35.3-60.1 (8.0-4.7). CO_2 Emissions 181-124 g/km. Official EU test figures. For comparison purposes only. Real world figures may differ.

How social media (finally) killed irony

For decades, cultural currency underwent rapid inflation, as lower denominations spiralled up in value. But can the age of hyperawareness survive our new polarised morality? Eye roll, please...

Story by **Dylan Jones**

Illustration **Shutterstock**

Those who can do; those who can't spoof," said an old colleague of mine back in the Eighties, but even she couldn't have imagined just how much of an ironic world we would live in one day, some three decades later, a world diminished by memes, traduced by emojis. Just look at Instagram, a forum where irony and righteousness cohabit; or the microclimates of fashion, where irony has escalated so much that luxury brands now positively encourage the lampooning of their logos; or the art world, where imitation is no longer the sincerest form of flattery, but the most remunerative. Seriously (although not really), how many times can you bastardise a Warhol, use a children's television theme tune in a hip hop anthem or wear meta double denim?

Irony was purposefully the product of post-war leisure culture, but it only started to become annoying in the early Sixties, when an obsession with consumerism started to inspire comic book parodies and pop art metaphors. It was in the Eighties that it really started to gather speed, though, when it quickly became an epidemic. It was in the music we heard on the radio, on television, in the shops, on our backs and in our bellies (are you trying to tell me that nouvelle cuisine wasn't ironic?). At one point Graydon Carter's *Spy* magazine devoted an entire issue to the problem, enrolling ironists in the Eighties' register of social-economic cults. To paraphrase the extraordinarily ironic Eighties pop star Huey Lewis, it was no longer hip to be square, it was cool to be ironic.

Las Vegas had quotation marks around it for the best part of two decades

Back then, "irony chic" meant revival tours, Chevy Chase, Bill Murray, *The Monkees' Greatest Hits*, Paul Smith shirts (the "classics with a twist"), illustrated socks, Bruce Willis recording Sixties R&B tunes, vogueing, junk fetishism, books such as *Roadside America*, vintage clothing, Homemaker dinner services, Goober Grape peanut butter and grape jelly (irony is often a coalition of good and bad taste), multicoloured surfing shorts, Fifties cocktail shakers, Jean Paul Gaultier, Sixties Hawaiian shirts, Madras sports jackets – anything, in fact, that made a virtue of its archness or naffness. *Vanity Fair*'s James Wolcott – more than an expert on the subject – put it another way: "It's the approach of postmodernists from David Letterman to David Byrne, putting ironic quotation marks around stupid so that 'stupid' becomes smart. Kitsch is king – yesterday's obvious is today's pop sublime." Once the domain of the cognoscenti, irony, like sushi, was everywhere. To hell with postmodernism, all we wanted was a snark and a smirk. >>

>> Then in the Nineties, it was Las Vegas' turn to be ironic. The rejuvenated city began with the opening of the 29-storey, 3,000-room Mirage, a hotel that housed a tropical rainforest stocked with 60-foot-high palms, two dozen white tigers and a 50-foot-high volcano that erupted every 15 minutes, as well as a state-of-the-art casino (obvs). Las Vegas had had quotation marks around it for the best part of two decades before this came to pass, although the Nineties was when it decided to exploit its kitsch heritage. Realising that what was once corn was now seen as cool, the city tailored its entertainment to suit both generation X and baby boomers alike. In a *Westworld*-style display of pragmatic reinvention, Vegas became a theme park of the absurd, *squared*.

In 1993 you could even celebrate Charles Manson with impunity. In California that Christmas, the hot holiday gift was a Manson T-shirt. Hardly surprising, you might think, though you could also buy a Manson jacket, hat, party dress, hair clip and – in a feat of unparalleled (then, at least) tastelessness – even children's clothes bearing his name.

And then it all came in a tsunami (a word that was still ironic back then). The ready-mades of Jeff Koons, the pomo novels of Douglas Coupland, the ironic maudlin pop of Pet Shop Boys and the knowingly detached comedy of Reeves and Mortimer. At the time it took a particularly strong critic to admit that, no, the *Carry On* films weren't an emblematic example of innate iconoclastic British camp, but, er, rather crap.

Now we breathe irony like oxygen. Instagram is a platform that doesn't so much encourage irony as demand it. In a world where pretty much anything can be reduced to an emoji, it's no surprise that genuine emotions have been replaced by ironic displacement. Reproductions of magazine covers are customised before they have the chance to go viral, paparazzi photographs of tarnished celebrities are "amusingly" captioned within an inch of their lives (short) and accidental pomposity is treated as a genuine sin. On Instagram, genuine emotions are looked upon with genuine curiosity and then destroyed by sarcasm.

Which is kind of ironic, right?

Television is no better. In the pantheon of irony TV, David Letterman used to be God. By becoming the US's first self-deprecating chat-show host he inadvertently encouraged a posse of nascent British ironists – Jonathan Ross, Clive Anderson, Tony Slattery, Roland Rivron – all of them equipped with gaudy neckties and smirks. All of them realised that the chat show was the perfect medium of the Eighties, the decade of the raised eyebrow. These days every chat-show host has a permanently raised eyebrow, from Jimmy Fallon to James Corden to Graham Norton.

Or take the hipster. While this specimen is increasingly only visible during Fashion Weeks, when he skulks around outside the show venues waiting to be photographed and labelled an influencer (and considering the number of photographers waiting to commemorate him, who can blame him?), for a while there he was part of the most ironic subcult of them all: a chap with a beautifully tailored beard in a made-to-measure three-piece tweed suit, his face, neck and hands all covered in VistaVision tattoos. Of course, the Brits have always excelled at both tradition and rebellion, but while the hipster was a perfect fusion of the two, his appearance when the fashion shows rolled into town made you think street fashion had mutated to such an extent that from now on every new scene would simply be that: "ironic".

'To live ironically is to hide in public. Somehow directness is unbearable to us'

Alex Durham wrote about the death of the hipster a few months ago on Bizarre Culture, wondering whether their dedication to irony means that we have moved to a post-ironic state. His piece also questioned the Tumblr aesthetic of building online versions of ourselves using collections of found images, videos and music, essentially to create a more attractive avatar. "Crucially, collation of this internet persona raises a fundamental question: when does the appropriation and imitation of past eras become the defining characteristic of the current era? Does this not just make our contemporary semblance of sincerity a stale and lifeless reconfiguration of vintage pin-ups and haunting piano melodies? A sad ode to former glory days?"

Occasionally, irony has been pushed to the margins by events so horrific, so tragic, that mordancy and ridicule were temporarily parked. In 2001, in the wake of the attack on the World Trade Center, Roger Rosenblatt wrote a piece called "The Age Of Irony Comes To An End" for *Time*. In it he said, "One good thing could come from this horror: it could spell the end of the age of irony. For some 30 years – roughly as long as the Twin Towers were upright – the good folks in charge of America's intellectual life have insisted that nothing was to be believed in or taken seriously. Nothing was real. With a giggle and a smirk, our chattering classes – our columnists and pop-culture makers – declared that detachment and personal whimsy were the necessary tools for an oh-so-cool life. Who but a slobbering bumpkin would think, 'I feel your pain'?"

It didn't last, of course, this new reality, as reproachful banter insidiously crept back in again.

Six years ago, the *New York Times*' Christy Wampole tried to kill it off once more – albeit unsuccessfully. "Take, for example, an ad that calls itself an ad, makes fun of its own format, and attempts to lure its target market to laugh at and with it," she wrote. "It preemptively acknowledges its own failure to accomplish anything meaningful. No attack can be set against it, as it has already conquered itself. The ironic frame functions as a shield against criticism. The same goes for ironic living. Irony is the most self-defensive mode, as it allows a person to dodge responsibility for his or her choices, aesthetic and otherwise. To live ironically is to hide in public. It is flagrantly indirect, a form of subterfuge, which means etymologically to 'secretly flee' (subter + fuge). Somehow, directness has become unbearable to us."

Yet still it wouldn't die.

But it might be dying now. Irony in all its forms is suddenly no laughing matter. Sure, Instagram might be laden with sarcasm, but it's increasingly surrendering to the "blessed" among us, those for whom our world is divided into the damned and the redeemed. Those of us with folded palms are part of a woke generation that shuns heteronormative faces and ideals, that celebrates neutered fashion pictures in magazines and demands diversity without compromise while applauding any kind of activism. "Big issues" are ring-fenced from critique or context and whenever #MeToo, #EnoughIsEnough, gun control, gender fluidity or any kind of social injustice are raised as topics of concern, the "blessed" public respond with the sort of blind adoration that makes objectivity difficult to entertain. Not just that, but being woke means always looking forward, because there is always too much wrong with the past. Without wishing to be reductive about any of these things, we now find ourselves living in a time and a place where nuance is deemed unnecessary and the aggrieved are beyond reproach.

And that's no joke.* GQ

* BLESSED ARE THE CHEESEMAKERS INDEED

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Match-ready home cinemas p.42 **Summer style refreshers** p.49 **Graphic novels get lit** p.55

THE RISING STAR

Photograph by **We Are The Rhoads**

T-shirt, £35. At **Wasteland**. shopwasteland.com. Skirt by **Self-Portrait**, £225. self-portrait-studio.com

Styling **Santa Bevacqua** Make-up **Kate Synnott at The Wall Group** Hair **Dallin James at The Wall Group**

Hannah John-Kamen

When it comes to acting, there may be "no such thing as small parts", but there *is* such a thing as small films. Not that Hannah John-Kamen has ever concerned herself with those trifles. The 28-year-old Brit has a filmography that consists entirely of blockbusters. The latest is *Ant-Man And The Wasp*, in which she plays Ghost opposite Paul Rudd. The first *Ant-Man* was warmly received by critics, but can we handle another Marvel film so soon after *Avengers: Infinity War* and *Black Panther*? "I don't think you can ever have too much Marvel," she says. "It's not the Marvel Country or the Marvel World – it's the Marvel Universe."

After a TV apprenticeship in *Game Of Thrones* and *Black Mirror*, John-Kamen scored credits in *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*, *Tomb Raider* and *Ready Player One*. "I've been kicking a lot of arse in 2018," she says. "In terms of action roles, keep them *coming*." But it's not all body blows. Her favourite part of *Ready Player One* was "singing show tunes with Steven Spielberg between takes". Such as? "Sinatra, *Guys & Dolls*, 'Singin' In The Rain' – there were a few." *Star Wars*. Spielberg. Superheroes. What on earth does she have planned for an encore? "A vacation." **Matt Glasby**

ANT-MAN AND THE WASP IS OUT ON 3 AUGUST.

Build a Woah! Record Library

#17 The Bright Mississippi

by **Allen Toussaint** (Nonesuch, 2009)

The vinyl revival remains in rude health. **Dylan Jones** selects an overlooked classic to hunt out next time you're flicking through the crates...

Being just under the radar often pays dividends. It can certainly extend the career. I was first made aware of Allen Toussaint in 1977, soon after Glen Campbell had covered his song "Southern Nights" (Toussaint called himself the "Southern Knight"), which led to a circuitous and frequently interrupted journey of discovery that took me from "Fortune Teller" by The Rolling Stones (he wrote it) to "Lady Marmalade" by Labelle (he produced it) via The Band's *Rock Of Ages* (he arranged it). Constant running between the control booth and the studio, and never comprehensively defining a career in either, was responsible for Toussaint's cult status, but it also helped him become one of the most respected musicians of his time.

The record he became best-known for this century is the Joe Henry-produced mini-masterpiece *The Bright Mississippi* (2009), one of the funkiest records you'll ever hear without a drum machine and a record that feels, sounds and tastes as though it were made from the finest gumbo. Paying homage to the likes of Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk, it offers an alternative take on tradition.

Perennially understated, he tended to look a little like the best-dressed bartender of the slowest hotel in town, a man who might easily have put down his cocktail mixer, walk across the lobby and start playing the piano as though he were Leon Russell, Dr John, Ray Charles or Elton John. ("When I meet someone like Allen Toussaint," said Elton, "that for me is like meeting the Dalai Lama, because he influenced the way I played the piano. He's a historical part of rock'n'roll.")

Toussaint had the air of someone who always had a dry-cleaning bag hanging in his room, a man who lived for work. A man who didn't understand why you wouldn't shine your shoes before blowing your socks off.

+ Augment your life

Three substitutions to make this month

Spit out that
Latitude halloumi burger

Eat this
Michelin-star festival five-course

Sure, we know that festival food went "posh" years ago, but in reality that just meant a cheese other than cheddar and the occasional burger with a flash of pink. But now, at Wilderness, it truly has. This year the festival is boasting sit-down pop-ups by everyone from Yotam Ottolenghi to the Michelin-starred Filip Fastén. Other festivals are following suit, including Tom Kerridge (with his Pub In The Park tour) and Mark Hix (at Smoked & Uncut) cooking up – and possibly during – a storm. **2-5 August. wildernessfestival.com**

Move over
New York's Midtown

Introducing
London's Midtown

A rush of money is overhauling Covent Garden, Holborn, Soho and Fitzrovia. Chief among the many new developments is the recently reopened Centre Point building with its 82 luxury apartments, plus the number of £1 million-plus homes in the area has skyrocketed by more than 74 per cent since 2015. Time to invest?

Forget about
Policy-making

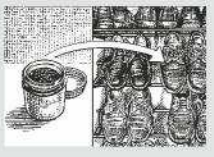
Be alert to
Gaffe reverse-engineering

When Damian Green, at the time David Cameron's immigration spokesman, said on a news studio couch that the party would take net immigration into the "tens of thousands", it wasn't official policy. But the Tories didn't want to admit the blunder, so it became official. The *New York Times*, meanwhile, recently reported that the US only carried out Syrian missile strikes after the president responded on Twitter to a *Fox & Friends* segment. The revolution will be televised, but who knew it was TV that was taking over? **Stuart McGurk**

BRING YOUR 'A' GAME

No42
Step up your shoeshine technique
GJ Cleverley & Co makes footwear for Sir Michael Caine and David Beckham. Here's its advice...

1 A fresh start
Clean the leather with a horsehair brush, then use a welt brush – which looks like a large toothbrush – to get into the seams.



2 Feed 'em up
Apply a moisturising leather cream with a cloth. You can be quite liberal with it (do the tongue as well) and give it time to sink in.

3 Apply a base shine
Brush on wax polish all over the upper, welt and brogue holes. Add another layer and then buff off with the horsehair brush.

4 Bust the clouds
Wrap your forefinger in a Selvyt cloth and apply further polish in circular motions. Continue until it goes from cloudy to clear.

5 Build the layers
Add water in circular motions, followed by more polish. Repeat this process four times for an ultra shine. Lace your shoes as shown.

Wrist assured

Fairmined gold dresses Chopard's new Quattro in sustainable luxury

In the 55 years since Chopard was taken over by the Scheufele family, its patriarchs, Karl and his heir Karl-Friedrich, have sought to create a vertically integrated business – not least in the production of its high-end LUC collection (named for company founder Louis-Ulysse Chopard). Alongside greater independence, this has given the house full control over its supply chain, a fact confirmed by the announcement at this year's Baselworld fair that, henceforth, the gold used in its watches and jewellery will be Fairmined in accordance with the Council For Responsible Jewellery's "Chain Of Custody" initiative and under the auspices of its own "Journey To Sustainable Luxury". To mark the occasion, LUC has unveiled the latest iteration of its four-barrelled, 216-hour power reserve Quattro, available for the first time in ethically sourced gold. In its latest livery the Quattro features a silver-toned dial that acknowledges all that horological stamina with an indicator at 12 o'clock, beneath which sits a combined running seconds and date display at six o'clock. Handsome and humanitarian in equal measure. **Bill Prince**

THE **WATCH** PAGE

LUC Quattro by **Chopard**, £20,800. chopard.com. Shirt, £89. Tie, £65. Both by **Boss**. boss.com

Photographs **Getty Images**; **Matthew Shave** Styling **Angelo Mitakos** Illustrations **Dave Hopkins**; **Dale Edwin Murray**

THE LAB TEST

See the bigger picture

Ahead of this summer's World Cup and Wimbledon, there's no better time to make the leap to a projector-based home cinema. (And if you still insist on a TV, we have that covered too)

Photographs by **Wilson Hennessy**
Story by **Charlie Burton & Stuart McGurk**

Professional Plus Screen by Celexon

£255 for 180x102cm. uk.celexon.com

What good is a projector if you've nowhere to project to? For those who have busy walls and aren't a billionaire with a cinema basement, you'll have to pick up a screen. This pull-up floor option is best for most uses and the stable base will ensure the screen stays as flat as possible. (Word of warning, though: ultra-short-throw projectors don't play kindly with surfaces other than a flat wall or a fixed screen, as the angle exaggerates any warps.)

UHD51 Projector by Optoma

£1,499. optoma.co.uk

The UHD51 is a seriously advanced projector. Not only does it present images in Ultra HD, it also handles 3-D films and supports HDR for better colours. Extra cherries on the cake include PureMotion (to eliminate blur) and "vertical lens shift" (for ease of placement).

Prop design **Kerry Hughes**

1 LSPX-P1 Portable Ultra Short Throw Projector by Sony

£899. sony.co.uk

Finally: a home projector that doesn't look like it should be displaying slides in a school. Sony's mini marvel is ideal for those who have a wall clear – just place the box a foot away and it will shoot an 80-inch image directly onto it. An accompanying unit will link into your TV receiver to wirelessly broadcast the signal.

2 M1 Projector by ViewSonic

£285. viewsonic.com

"Pico" (or just "small") projectors are getting better, but the problem is where to place it for just the right angle – and they often have tinny sound. ViewSonic's award-winning M1 solves both problems perfectly. A built-in stand allows it to project from any position, while the built-in speakers from Harman Kardon are somehow enough to fill a room.

3 TV 4K by Apple

From £179. apple.com

Splashed out on a 4K TV? Need some, erm, 4K stuff to play on it? The latest generation of Apple TV is the streaming box you're looking for. It ties in with Apple's recent move to furnish users with free 4K versions of previously downloaded films and provides a huge library of HDR-playable content. It also serves as a hub for smart home devices.

4 Bluetooth Transmitter by HomeSpot

£25. homespotdigital.com

If the point in having a short-throw projector is to minimise clutter, the last thing you want are wires trailing to your speakers. This transmitter turns your projector into a Bluetooth-enabled streaming machine. Simply plug it in and pair up to your regular sound system. Done.

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Music control and much more.

KRONABY
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bPay is prepaid and compatible with most major UK credit and debit cards. T&Cs apply.

BeoVision Eclipse TV by Bang & Olufsen

From £8,300. bang-olufsen.com

The big trend in TV design is to pare everything back. The Eclipse, however, believes that more is more. It uses OLED tech to create vivid pictures and boasts a powerful sound system. What really makes it stand out, though, is that it is motorised: using the remote, you can rotate and angle the screen.

SJ9 Soundbar by LG

£1,000. lg.com

Sure, this soundbar has plenty going for it: hi-res audio playback, a wireless subwoofer, Chromecast compatibility. But the reason we want it in our home set-up is simple: it comes with Dolby Atmos technology, billed as "the most significant development in cinema audio since surround sound". It places noises around the room using an upward-facing speaker that bounces sound off the ceiling.

FVP-5000T Freeview Play Recorder by Humax

From £229. uk.humaxdigital.com

Smart TVs: not so smart at feeding a signal to a projector. For that you'll need a set-top box. But what if you've gone cable-free? Meet the FVP-5000T, which integrates live TV and on-demand streaming. It also records four broadcasts simultaneously, meaning you won't miss a World Cup kick.

Isaac Carew

The model turned chef shares his recipe for sartorial success: go bold or go home

MY STYLE

Photograph by **Leigh Keily**

Shirt
"I love a party shirt. I'd wear this evening or day, with tracksuit bottoms or black jeans. I always leave the bottom buttons undone and tuck it in on the left side."
By Gucci, £770. gucci.com

Wish list

Jacket
"This gorgeous lambskin leather jacket is a statement, so I'd tone it down with a bright, oversized T-shirt underneath."
By Saint Laurent, £2,995. saintlaurent.com

Trousers
"Gucci joggers are the most comfortable and luxurious tracksuit bottoms I've ever owned. I like to go a size up for a more casual fit."
£670. gucci.com

Wish list

Jewellery
"Chunky bracelets are cool, but never with a festival band and never more than two at a time."
At Foundwell. foundwell.com

Trainers
"White Gucci trainers are a must for an English summer – even if it's a mission to keep them looking box-fresh."
£450. gucci.com

Wish list

Watch
"I like how chunky this watch is and that it's handcrafted. When my book, *The Dirty Dishes*, is out in 2019 I'll treat myself."
Royal Oak watch by Audemars Piguet, £37,200. audemarspiguet.com

Vest
"I always wear a vest with an open shirt. I don't like done-up shirts. I find myself feeling a bit restricted. And I would never wear a vest by itself."
By Marks & Spencer, £20. marksandspencer.com

Wish list

Trainers
"I've been trying to get these for years. I have a pair with the white-striped bottom and they're the comfiest trainers ever."
Ultra Boost 3.0 Triple Black by Adidas, £150. At thesolesupplier.co.uk

Jewellery
"I think men can wear as many rings as they want. I like to mix gold and silver. If all your rings are gold, that's a bit too much."
By Alex Orso, £165. alexorso.com

Wish list

Backpack
"This would look great with the Ultra Boosts. Inside I'd have gym kit, laptop, charger and the book I'm reading: Yuval Noah Harari's *Sapiens*."
By Saint Laurent, £850. At mrporter.com

Text **Eleanor Halls** Grooming **Michael Gray**

GQ
BAND O-MATIC

Do something different this month – tune in to these new sounds...

Into Father John Misty? Try Matt Maltese

The 21-year-old South Londoner's debut, recorded in LA, contrasts his witty, waspish take on life and love with lush Cali melodies.

Bad Contestant is out on 1 June.

Into Tame Impala? Try Melody's Echo Chamber

Melody Prochet's second album of psychedelic pop is breathlessly sung in English, Swedish and French.

Bon Voyage is out on 15 June.

Into Lou Reed? Try Warmduscher

Fat White Family's Saul Adamczewski is among the men behind the funkiest collection of speed-driven drug tales you'll hear all year.

Whale City is out on 1 June.

Into The XX? Try Beach House

Baltimore-based dream-pop duo Victoria Legrand and Alex Scally craft blissful, hazy love songs. The perfect soundtrack whenever you need to unwind.

7 is out now.

Ride, drive and fly from sea to shining sea, as The Crew 2 re-creates every inch of America

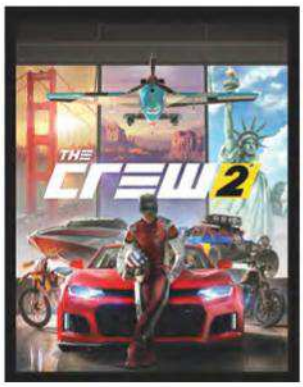
THE VIDEO GAME

The ultimate all-American road trip

Make a continent your playground in the new open-world driving (and flying, and riding, and racing...) sim that spans the entire contiguous United States

Spare a thought for the video game artists. Not so long ago they could daub a few squares on a sheet of graph paper and conjure into being a Super Mario or Sonic The Hedgehog. An entire universe could be realised inside of a month or two. No more. *The Crew*, from 2014, revealed the horrifying scale of the task in the modern era. This open-world racing game offered its players the entire run of the United States, from the weed-sweet air of San Francisco, through the anonymous span of Kansas and Missouri and out into the extravagant skyline of New York, with its meteorological tantrums. Sure, the game used trickery to scale the country down in order to fit on an Xbox, but for anyone who attempted the full coast-to-coast trip it left an indelible memory.

For June's sequel, the original's sub-*The-Fast-And-The-Furious* storyline has been dropped and the physics turned up to make the States a preposterous playground, around which supercars, motorbikes, planes and boats can ping with exquisite glee. The cities have been rebuilt from scratch, but realism is now way off developer Ivory Tower's to-do list. It's possible to shapeshift, *Quantum Leap*-style, into any vehicle you've unlocked. The game's newfound interest in joy-making is reflected in the variety of vehicles on offer, ranging from American muscle cars to Formula One racers.



The range of terrains on offer here gives the game serious longevity. You'll need to choose the right tool for each job, however. The Chevrolet Camaro ZL1 may have a top speed in excess of 185mph, but if you try to sling it around a mud-slicked swamp you're going to run into problems. Action and rest must be carefully balanced and the game's sprawling apartments, one in each major city, provide a spot for the weary to hunch on a balcony and watch the sun set on the skyline, while somewhere in the distance you can spot an online friend, spiralling haplessly through a cloud. **Simon Parkin**

THE CREW 2 IS OUT ON 29 JUNE.

BRITISH AIRWAYS

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Sandals the Luxury Included® holiday

Action Man

For the action man, a holiday isn't a holiday unless he's doing 20,000 steps a day. Preferably at elevation. Whether it's mountain biking in Majorca, hill running in the Himalayas or hiking in the Dolomites, downtime for action man is all about being as up as possible. His swimming shorts are designed for swimming, his sunnies are wraparound and his luggage is back-based.

THE BOYS OF SUMMER

When temperatures soar, it is tricky to stand out from the crowd, but a spot of considered accessorising will instantly give you an edge in the heat. Presenting GQ's style-tribe guide to clever warm-weather dressing...

Story by **Teo van den Broeke** Photographs by **Matthew Shave**

Set design **Imogen Frost** Model **Huw at W Model** Styling assistant **Angelo Mitakos**

THE **FASHION** EDIT

1 Trainers by **Adidas**, £79.95. adidas.co.uk **2** Shorts by **Orlebar Brown**, £145. orlebarbrown.com
3 Cap by **Ralph Lauren**, £35. ralphlauren.co.uk **4** Polo shirt by **Ermenegildo Zegna**, £435. zegna.co.uk
5 Sunglasses by **Prada**, £280. prada.com **6** Backpack by **Balenciaga**, £675. balenciaga.com
7 Wallet by **Prada**, £210. prada.com **8** Sun cream by **Ultrasun**, £24. ultrasun.com **9** Camera by **GoPro**, £199.99. gopro.com

Mr Bookish

Summer may not be this chap's natural season, but he makes a good go of it nonetheless. Days on holiday are spent reading (two books a day if he's left undisturbed) and applying ultra-high SPF sun cream (he's got very sensitive skin), while evenings are whiled away playing games of mahjong and drinking cups of steaming oolong. Favoured destinations include the Hebrides and, if he's feeling exotic, Normandy. Spends time missing his schnauzer, Sam.

1 Swimming trunks by **Mr Porter x Onia**, £150. At mrporter.com **2** Watch by **Mondaine**, £149. At John Lewis. johnlewis.co.uk
3 Headphones by **B&O**, £249. beoplay.com **4** Antioxidant Hydramist by **Dermalogica**, £40. dermalogica.co.uk
5 Super Rich Repair by **Dermalogica**, £69.50. dermalogica.co.uk **6** Last Stories by **William Trevor**, £15. At penguin.co.uk
7 Playing cards by **Linley**, £450. At mrporter.com **8** Towel by **Frescobol Carioca**, £95. frescobolcarioca.com
9 Shoes by **Saint Laurent**, £425. At matchesfashion.co.uk **10** Sunglasses by **Persol**, £214. At sunglasshut.com

Señor Sprezzatura

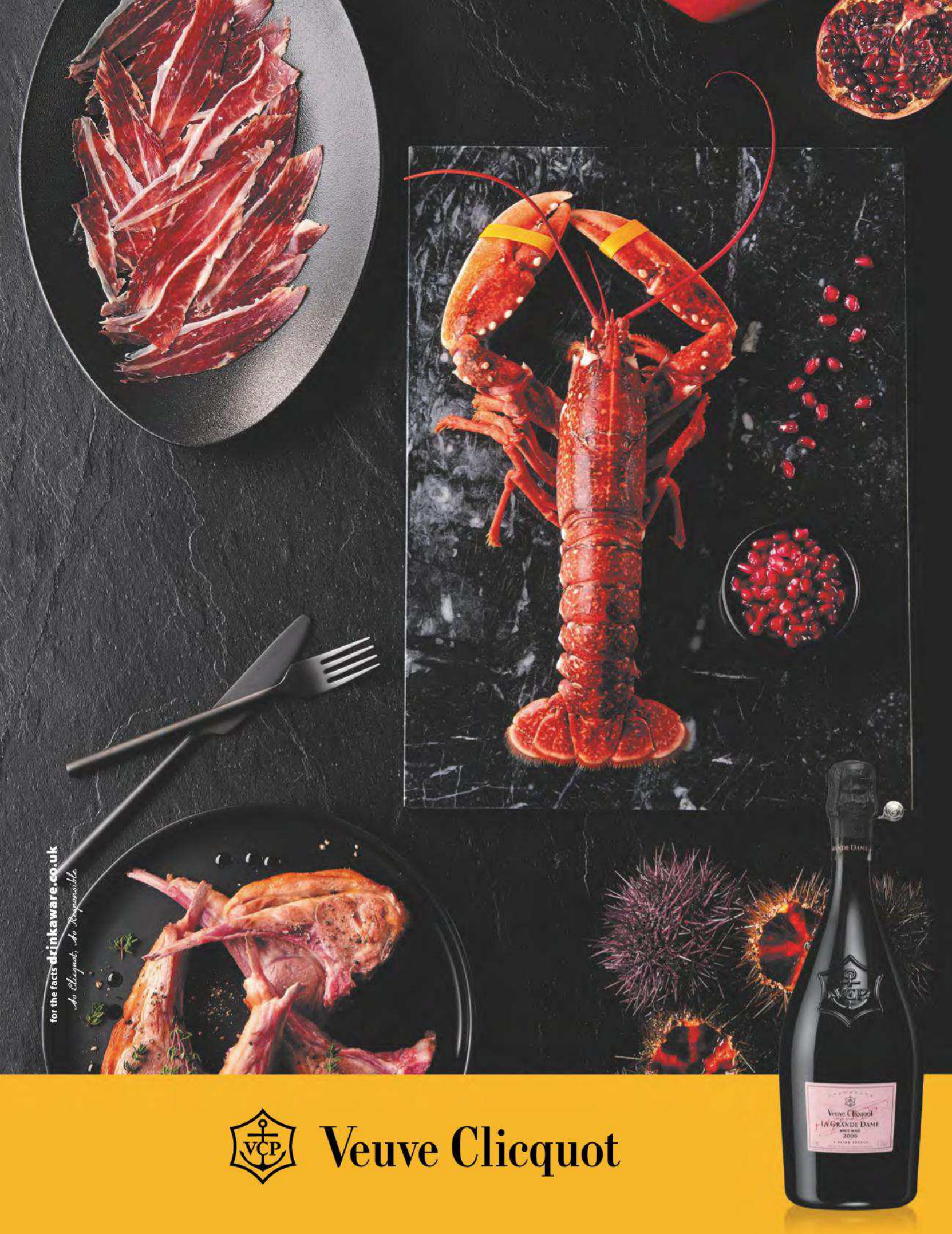
This gentleman holidays on the Italian Riviera (the French stretch is too gauche these days), has a penchant for silk/linen-mix chore jackets (just the thing to keep him cool during a long, Whispering Angel-fuelled lunch) and only tans as much as he needs to. Anything more than a healthy glow is common, after all. His swimming trunks are tailored, his loafers are slipper-soft and his summer scent, well, it's bespoke. Also loves a linen scarf.

1 Shoes by **George Cleverley**, £525. At mrporter.com **2** Bag by **Bottega Veneta**, £2,115. bottegaveneta.com
3 Sandals by **Alvaro**, £195. At matchesfashion.com **4** Shorts by **Vilebrequin**, £175. vilebrequin.com **5** Bracelet by **Tateossian**, £165. tateossian.com
6 Watch by **Tom Ford**, £8,490. tomford.com **7** Shirt by **Richard James**, £195. richardjames.com **8** Sunglasses by **Cutler And Gross**, £310. cutlerandgross.com
9 Camera by **Leica**, £2,250. leicastore-mayfair.co.uk **10** Scarf by **Oliver Spencer**, £69. oliverspencer.com **11** Hat by **Lock & Co**, £195. lockhatters.co.uk
12 Sole Di Positano by **Tom Ford**, £158. At Harrods. harrods.com

Monsieur Glamazon

Summer presents a prime opportunity for the glamazon to show off his perfectly bronzed body and to drape it with as many floaty fabrics as possible. Favoured brands include Versace, Cavalli and Gucci (anything that ends in "i", basically); preferred holiday destinations include Ibiza, Tulum and Trancoso (Kate Moss and Naomi Campbell both love the Brazilian beach hideaway, babes); and his favourite summer pastime is draining Long Island Iced Teas on the beach while taking selfies.

1 Vest by **Sunspel**, £33. sunspel.com **2** Slides by **Versace**, £200. At Harrods. harrods.com **3** Shirt by **Versace**, £950. At Harrods. harrods.com **4** Suitcase by **Globe-Trotter**, £1,610. globe-trotter.com **5** Glasses by **Gucci**, £335. gucci.com **6** Towel by **Hermès**, £335. hermes.com **7** Oil by **Hawaiian Tropic**, £6.50. At Superdrug. superdrug.com **8** Ring by **Versace**, £230. versace.com **9** Phone case by **Dolce & Gabbana**, £135. dolcegabbana.com **10** Wallet by **Gucci**, £270. At Flannels. flannels.com **11** Necklace by **Gucci**, £850. gucci.com **12** Shoes by **Dolce & Gabbana**, £365. dolcegabbana.com **13** Swimming trunks, £150. Swimming trunks, £95. Both by **Versace**. At Selfridges. selfridges.com


for the facts drinkaware.co.uk
As Clicquot, As Responsible
Veuve Clicquot
LA GRANDE DAME
2006

THE ENTREPRENEUR

Guy Ivesha

Meet the man behind London's £40 million co-working members' club Mortimer House

Yitzhak Tshuva's (inset) New York Plaza

Keep abreast of industry news

"I subscribed to all the hospitality publications and one day learnt an Israeli billionaire [Yitzhak Tshuva] had acquired the Plaza Hotel in New York. Seven months later I managed to get a meeting with him through a mutual friend and he gave me a job."

Guy Ivesha and his father, Boris

Can not can't

"My father taught me never to admit you couldn't do something. You can always find a way, even if you don't know the answer yet."

Mortimer House in London's Fitzrovia

Based London
Age 39

EDUCATION

1991 – 1997
Walworth Barbour American International School, Israel

1997 – 2000
Chief sergeant, Israel's Military Intelligence Unit

2000 – 2003
University Of Surrey, BsC International Hospitality & Tourism

CAREER IN BRIEF

2001 – 2002
Intern at InterContinental Hotel Group, London

2003
Intern at Royal Horseguards Hotel, London

2003 – 2005
Consultant at TRI Hospitality Consulting, London

2005 – 2009
Director at the Elad Group in New York, former owners of the Plaza

2009 – 2015
Vice-president at PPHE Hotel Group Limited, London

September 2015
Founded property finance provider Maslow, London

October 2017
Mortimer House opens

Staffing is a balancing act

"If you bring people onto the payroll too early, it can be heavy on working capital. But if you bring them in too late, then you can't run the place."

Delegate to busy people

"I learnt in the army that if you want something done, give it to someone busy. I found that if I gave it to someone with all the time in the world on their hands, they didn't do it quickly."

London's Royal Horseguards Hotel

Get to the table

"For six months I wasn't invited to meetings, until one day I saw an empty seat and sat down. I came every week until, months later, I found I was the closest person to the CEO."

Ivesha and his Mortimer House design team

Opposites attract

"It's wise if each partner brings a different set of competencies and qualities. My business partner doesn't understand the hospitality world from the inside, but he very much understands property and finance."

Text **Eleanor Halls** Photographs **Alamy; Getty Images; Pixeleyes**

By **Alex Wickham**

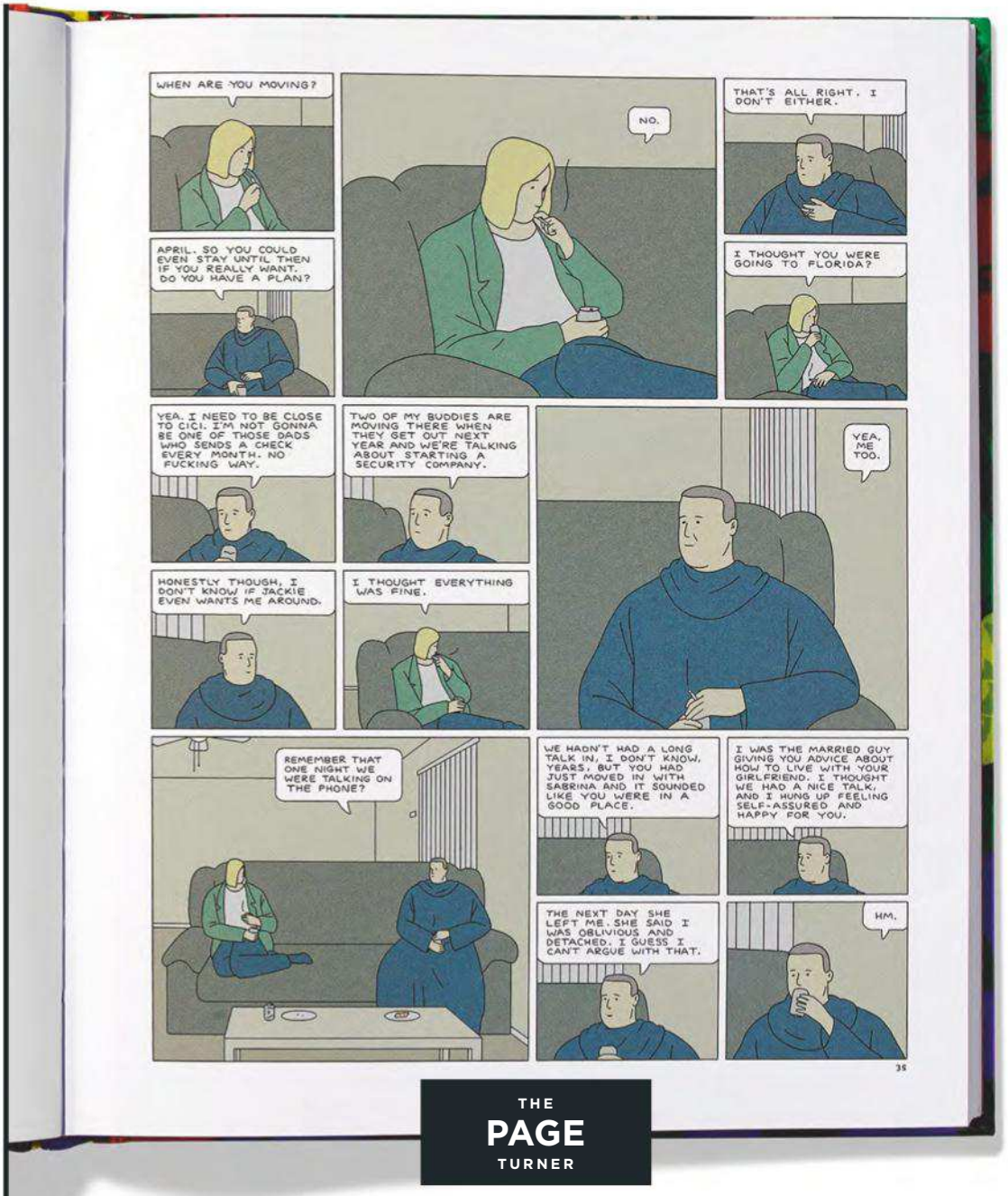
THE RUMOUR MILL

Defence secretary Gavin Williamson stepped in to save two heroic army dogs who were set to be put down after they were judged unsafe for new homes. For some reason the publicity shots given to the newspapers didn't show the moment one of the Belgian shepherds went for a civil servant organising the photoshoot.

The Tory strategy to go green is helping the party modernise its image, though some ministers are less than happy. So terrified are they of being photographed holding a plastic water bottle or disposable coffee cup they have complained to party hands that they've been suffering from dehydration during working hours.

When he isn't appearing on RT, Labour MP Chris Williamson spends much of his time denying allegations of anti-Semitism against Corbynistas. Unimpressed Tory MP Andrew Percy has a novel response. Whenever he walks past Williamson in a House Of Commons corridor he loudly coughs, "Anti-Semites!"

As the Lib Dem Brexit spokesman, Tom Brake is one of Westminster's biggest Remainers and most vocal critics of Boris Johnson. He can't dislike the foreign secretary that much, though – Brake has named his pet cat Boris. Could be worse, Labour MP Mike Amesbury has a dog called Corbyn...


WHEN ARE YOU MOVING?
NO.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I DON'T EITHER.
APRIL. SO YOU COULD EVEN STAY UNTIL THEN IF YOU REALLY WANT. DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO FLORIDA?
YEA. I NEED TO BE CLOSE TO CICI. I'M NOT GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE DADS WHO SENDS A CHECK EVERY MONTH. NO FUCKING WAY.
TWO OF MY BUDDIES ARE MOVING THERE WHEN THEY GET OUT NEXT YEAR AND WE'RE TALKING ABOUT STARTING A SECURITY COMPANY.
YEA, ME TOO.
HONESTLY THOUGH, I DON'T KNOW IF JACKIE EVEN WANTS ME AROUND.
I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WAS FINE.
REMEMBER THAT ONE NIGHT WE WERE TALKING ON THE PHONE?
WE HADN'T HAD A LONG TALK IN, I DON'T KNOW, YEARS, BUT YOU HAD JUST MOVED IN WITH SABRINA AND IT SOUNDED LIKE YOU WERE IN A GOOD PLACE.
I WAS THE MARRIED GUY GIVING YOU ADVICE ABOUT HOW TO LIVE WITH YOUR GIRLFRIEND. I THOUGHT WE HAD A NICE TALK, AND I HUNG UP FEELING SELF-ASSURED AND HAPPY FOR YOU.
THE NEXT DAY SHE LEFT ME. SHE SAID I WAS OBLIVIOUS AND DETACHED. I GUESS I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT.
HM.

THE PAGE TURNER

The first great literary work of the disinformation age is... a graphic novel

Why Nick Drnaso's Sabrina is a masterpiece

You don't need us to tell you that graphic novels aren't just about beings with superpowers. The likes of famed illustrator Chris Ware, after all, have done away with that notion for good. His seminal *Building Stories* showed the potential of graphic novels to do clever things with both form (multiple multimedia mystery books) and content (telling human tales of residents of a single apartment block). But it's only in Nick Drnaso's second work, *Sabrina*, that the graphic novel can claim to not only rival the literary novel of ideas, but genuinely surpass it.

The first great work about our current age of disinformation, paranoia and fake news, *Sabrina* is part Don DeLillo, part Jim Jarmusch, all fridge-humming domesticity and quiet dread. It follows, in washed-out minimalist panels, the fallout from a woman going missing in the American Midwest, starting with her distraught boyfriend and the childhood friend he stays with, whose own life is as muted as the palette. As the tragedy becomes news, it quickly gets distorted by conspiracy theorists and cranks, each with a reality of their own. Zadie Smith called *Sabrina* a masterpiece – she's not wrong. **SM**

SABRINA BY NICK DRNASO (£25, DRAWN & QUARTERLY) IS OUT NOW.

Jamie Oliver and Ruth Rogers at the GQ Food & Drink Awards 2018, 23 April

THE PARTY PAGES

GQ Food & Drink Awards 2018

For our fourth annual celebration of British hospitality, presented by Veuve Clicquot, we welcomed the dining world's brightest to London's Rosewood Hotel. Belvedere cocktail in hand, we presented the new culinary kings and queens with bespoke Waterford Crystal ice buckets and jeroboams of Veuve Clicquot

Photographs by **James Mason**

An intimate and sophisticated event, presided over by the always convivial Claudia Winkleman, at London's most stylish hotel, for the hospitality industry's finest figures? It could only be the annual *GQ* Food & Drink Awards. Our illustrious judges and presenters, including the likes of award-winning mixologist Ryan Chetiyawardana and managing director of Moët Hennessy Bertrand Steip, revealed the hugely deserved victors of 13 categories. Core By Clare Smyth took top spot in the Best Restaurant category, presented by Jasmine and Melissa Hemsley, while Paul Ainsworth scooped the award for Best Chef, which was presented to him by his friend Tom Kerridge. And, of course, the incredible Ruth Rogers, cofounder of London's imitable River Cafe, was awarded *GQ*'s Lifetime Achievement by Jamie Oliver. The *GQ* Food & Drink Awards: where tables are turned… into trophies. Congratulations to all our nominees and winners. **Eleanor Davies**

SEE MORE GQ FOOD & DRINK AWARDS PHOTOS AT GQ.UK/FOODANDDRINKAWARDS2018

Sandia Chang

Robin Hutson and Mark Hix

Karam, Sunaina and Jyotin Sethi

Lucy Harper and Ben Tynan

Tom Collins

Claudia Winkleman and Giorgio Locatelli

Gareth Banner and Jennifer Harris

Jason Atherton and Tara Bernerd

Jeremy King

Melissa Hemsley, Clare Smyth, Jasmine Hemsley and Claudia Winkleman

Isaac Carew

Martyn Tawn, Bobby Hiddleston, Coral Anderson, Mia Johansson and Ryan Chetiyawardana

Matt Pomeroy

Bertrand Steip

Paul Ainsworth and Tom Kerridge

FONDÉ EN 1743

MOËT & CHANDON

CHAMPAGNE

+ Book now

Eminem's Revival tour at Twickenham Stadium

Following his big-buzz headline performances at last year's Reading and Leeds Festivals, Eminem comes to the UK with his No1 album *Revival*. 14 - 15 JULY.

GQ NAVIGATOR

Diarise these!

From books to art shows via your next television binge, get ahead of the water-cooler chat and set your cultural compass to this month's pole stars...

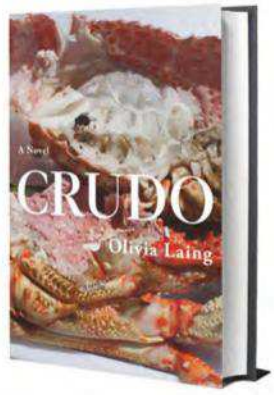
+ For the nightstand

The President Is Missing
by Bill Clinton and James Patterson

Likely to prove the highest-selling hardback fiction title of the year, the thriller promises "the kind of insider details that only a president can know". OUT ON 4 JUNE.

Nine Lives
by Aimen Dean, Paul Cruickshank and Tim Lister

Dean became one of Al-Qaeda's most respected bomb-makers, but he was, all along, a spy working for MI6. This is his story. OUT ON 7 JUNE.



Crudo
by Olivia Laing

Nonfiction maestra Laing makes her first foray into fiction with this love story about a writer getting married amid the political turmoil of summer 2017. OUT ON 26 JUNE.

Room To Dream: A Life
by David Lynch and Kristine McKenna

Lynch opens up on his lifetime of creativity, friendships and struggles. The book presents his narrative alongside that of his times, written by McKenna. OUT ON 19 JUNE.

+ Listen to

No Shame
by Lily Allen

Forget her half-hearted 2014 comeback, *Sheezus*, this is where Allen really finds her mature voice: tender, truthful and addictively bittersweet. OUT ON 8 JUNE.

God's Favourite Customer
by Father John Misty

Hard on the heels of last year's magnificent *Pure Comedy*, Josh Tillman turns shattering heartbreak into his tightest, saddest album yet. OUT ON 1 JUNE.

Lost & Found
by Jorja Smith

Heavily tipped by Stormzy and Kendrick Lamar, Smith revitalises hip-hop soul like a post-grime Lauryn Hill. **Dorian Lynskey**
OUT ON 8 JUNE.

+ Art

Michael Jackson: On The Wall at National Portrait Gallery

To coincide with what would have been Jackson's 60th birthday, explore how he became the most depicted cultural figure in visual art. 28 JUNE - 21 OCTOBER.

+ In cinemas

Jurassic World: Fallen Kingdom

The staff of the now defunct Jurassic World return to the island to rescue the dinosaurs. What could possibly go wrong? OUT ON 6 JUNE.

The Happy Prince

A portrait of Oscar Wilde's final years, directed by and starring Rupert Everett. When it premiered at this year's Sundance Film Festival, it was met with raves. OUT NOW.

Sicario 2: Soldado

The first outing of this Mexican drug thriller was unforgettable. Despite director Denis Villeneuve not being attached to this sequel, we're buying a ticket. OUT ON 29 JUNE.

Leave No Trace

A father and daughter are living off-grid in the forests of Portland, Oregon when their existence is shattered by the authorities. From the director of *Winter's Bone*. OUT ON 29 JUNE.

+ Stream it

Succession

A drama about a dysfunctional American media family from Jesse Armstrong (*Peep Show*) and Will Ferrell. STARTS NEXT MONTH ON SKY ATLANTIC.

+ Spied

Aidan Turner in The Lieutenant Of Inishmore at Noël Coward Theatre

This rare revival of Martin McDonagh's acclaimed 2001 satire on terrorism stars Turner as Mad Padraic, a man considered too violent to be in the IRA. 23 JUNE - 8 SEPTEMBER.

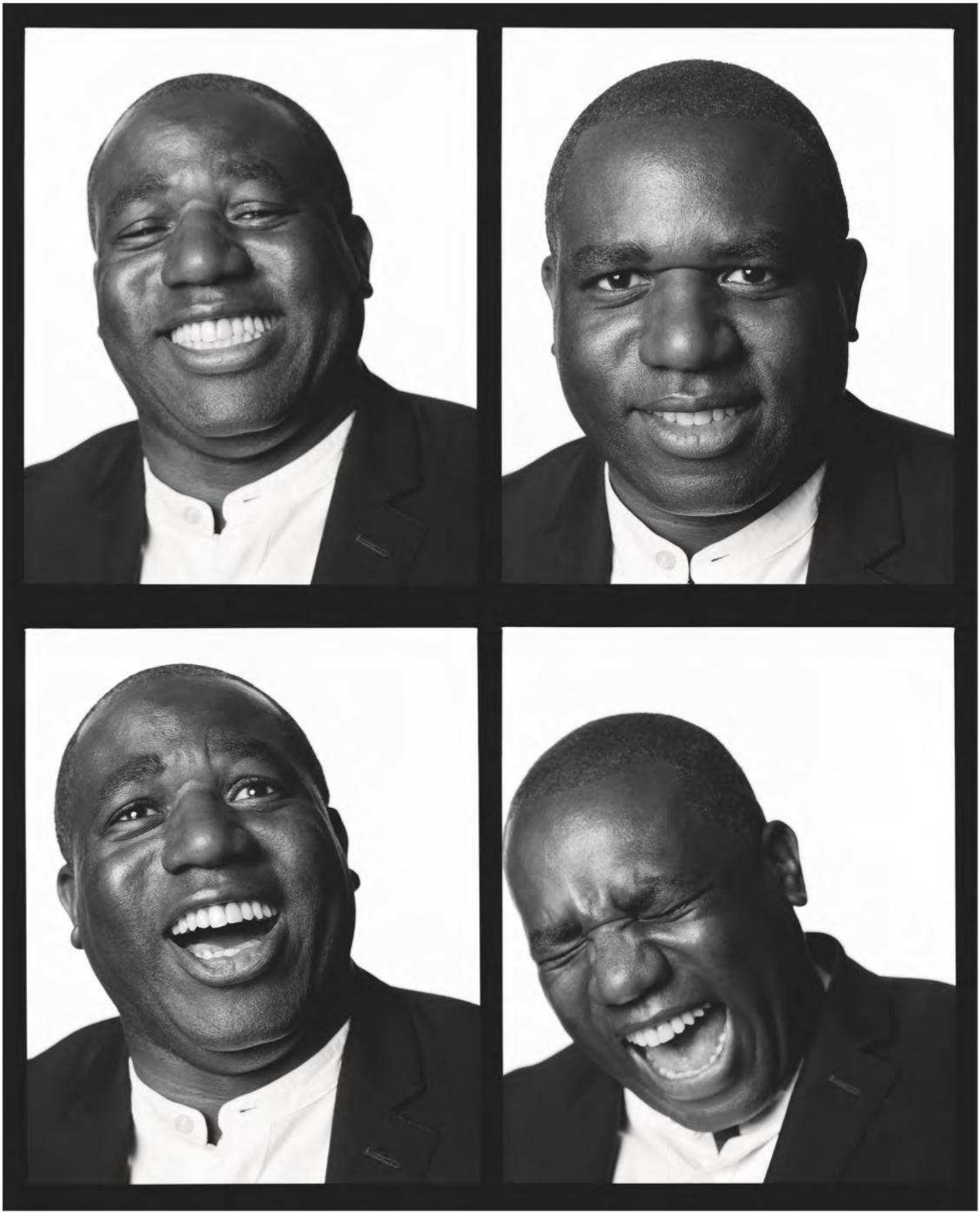
Photographs **David LaChapelle/NPG; Johan Persson**

THE POWER LUNCH

Indian Accent

Indian food at lunchtime might not be an obvious choice – it's a cuisine normally associated with madcap feasting and postprandial food comas. But Indian Accent isn't your local takeaway. Manish Mehrotra's new restaurant in London's Mayfair rethinks the region's cooking entirely, cleverly folding in ideas from other countries and bringing out a new lightness and life (our highlight: the ghee roast lamb with roomali roti pancakes). The dining room is packed with the local hedgie set, drawn as much by the cooking as the hype. The original Indian Accent, back in New Delhi, is the nation's only native cuisine restaurant to feature on the World's 50 Best list. And the clincher? The two-course set lunch is an outrageously decent £25 a head.

16 Albemarle Street, London W1. 020 7629 9802. indianaccent.com



David Lammy, MP for Tottenham, photographed for British GQ in London, 19 April 2018

THE
ALASTAIR CAMPBELL
INTERVIEW

David Lammy

Whether on social-class hypocrisy or seeing Obama cry, the Labour MP for Tottenham is never lost for words. And he knows exactly how and when to use them – most prominently in parliament, where his recent tirades have taken the government to task on everything from Grenfell to the Windrush generation. Here, GQ meets a backbench rebel with many, many causes

Portraits by **David Bailey**

When you've been labelled as "Britain's Obama" and "the black Blair", there must be challenging moments looking at life as an opposition backbencher after almost two decades in parliament. It must be even stranger for David Lammy that his constituency neighbour Jeremy Corbyn – a man he first knew as a local councillor, then as the MP for Islington, a fringe figure for most of his career – is now Labour leader. He thinks Corbyn will be prime minister but seems unsure how that will work out for the country. No tribal warrior, he is furious about anti-Semitism in the party and Labour's stance on Brexit. He's not happy with the BBC either, or middle-class cocaine snorters whom he says are part-responsible for many young black people's deaths. As you will see, there are days when he wonders if the grind of politics is all worth it when he could be home with his three children. His own dad walked out on the family when Lammy was 12. But then he finds a cause – Grenfell, Windrush, Oxbridge elitism, knife crime, drugs – and the anger and passion rise up and he is reminded why he chose this life.

The son of a poor Guyanese immigrant family who made it to Harvard University and the bar, class is at the heart of his politics. If he has travelled far, if not as high as Barack Obama, Tony Blair or Corbyn, he worries too many in his Tottenham seat are held back, that Britain remains far less meritocratic than the US.

There are no traces of Blair or Corbyn in his office, but Obama is up there on the wall and we talk in front of a stunning painting of the 44th president by Lammy's wife, the artist Nicola Green. But first I tell him why *GQ* wanted me to interview him.

AC: I'm at home yesterday. I get a call from *GQ* saying David Lammy has made an extraordinary speech in parliament about Windrush, so why don't we do him? That shows, in its own little way, speeches in parliament still matter.

DL: They absolutely do. I try to do my speeches from a heart place. I try not to talk of things I know nothing about, but focus on the things I am very much associated with, and I guess I am very much in the "I have a faith" category.

AC: A God faith?

DL: I am in a slightly evangelical tradition, which is why I don't sit there reading notes. It all comes from somewhere.

AC: Then the next day, amazing speeches from Luciana Berger and Ruth Smeeth in the anti-Semitism debate. When are we going to hear decent speeches in parliament from either of the frontbenches? >>

DL: It is a parliament where the action is from the backbenches.

AC: Is that because the frontbenches are so poor?

DL: It is a bloody small majority, so backbenchers have a serious amount of power. On the Conservative side: people such as Anna Soubry, who I agree with, and sadly people such as Jacob Rees-Mogg. On our side it is clear there are two opinions, if you like, so people such as Chris Leslie, Chuka Umunna, John Woodcock – these people have power.

AC: So when was the last frontbench speech you heard from either side that you thought, "Wow, what a speech"?

DL: I can't remember.

AC: That's terrible.

DL: It is. In the sense that I don't know about terrible, but I can certainly think of frontbench speeches from Gordon Brown, Tony Blair, even William Hague, that captured a moment. I can't think of any recently.

AC: Have you ever felt politics has been as bad as this, or is that me getting old?

DL: No. Politics is terrible. I never imagined politics would be where it is. We are fractured, divided, extreme in places, on both sides.

AC: Weakly led on both sides?

DL: Leadership is found in lots of different places, not just hierarchical. All the dust is up in the air, in the country and the political establishment. There are definitely days when I think, "Why am I doing this?" It takes its toll. I worry, "Am I getting anywhere?" Some of the forces out there I would describe as evil in their impact. Racism, xenophobia, a serious amount of malevolence.

AC: Where is that all coming from? It's not just social media.

DL: It doesn't start with social media. It starts with a period of time in which a significant chunk of the country is left behind, a North-South divide…

AC: You're MP for one of the poorest parts of the South.

DL: I am. Tottenham is a tough, poor place, but I recognise if you are in parts of Rotherham, seaside towns, you are out of the story. The story is about an asset class: people who have nice houses in London, who have relative wealth, well educated – quite a lot of people are not in that. And then the millennials…

AC: They may be left behind, but malevolent? Evil? Most people aren't.

DL: No, so you then put into the mix forces that seek to exploit those people over the last ten years. Since the economic downturn, an old story – "The reason your life is not what you thought it was is because these people robbed you, these people took your job…"

AC: Bankers?

DL: I am talking about immigrants, but you can cut it both ways. "They have it, you don't." It seems to me that social media drives that, ventilates it. And there are external forces, like Russia, who want to amplify that. I see my own tweets amplified to encourage this tribal war.

AC: So Ukip, the right-wing press, Russia – these are the forces you're talking about? Malevolent?

DL: I think so, and a really depressing, supine, liberal middle class who acquiesce and put up with it. And institutions of state, big important ones, like the BBC, that do not appear to be as impartial or as driven to establish an impartial truth…

AC: Are you thinking of Brexit here?

DL: Definitely thinking of Brexit, but also race wars, celebrity wars, salaciousness, crassness, crudeness.

'Those who said I should be deselected for joining a minority group are out of their minds'

AC: Even the BBC?

DL: I would include the BBC in that. That sells, the Trump kind of world.

AC: Would you say this is the worst government you have ever known, in terms of competence and humanity?

DL: It is a government that lacks a serious amount of empathy and compassion. It has allowed itself to be swallowed entirely by one agenda. So whatever you think about Brexit, there are so many things that need to be fixed and are not being fixed and they are not being debated here. All they can do is Brexit, and even Brexit they are not doing particularly well. So in that sense it is a broken politics.

AC: So Theresa May there, Jeremy Corbyn opposite, your neighbouring MP. Is he still a friend?

DL: I am a really crap tribal politician. I did not grow up delivering leaflets, students' union. That's not a tradition I am from. I grew up black, poor, working class, had to work damned hard to stay out of prison, dad who left us, booze and other things. I've always been Labour, but I find it hard, this idea of fighting political wars.

AC: This is a very long answer to "Is he still a friend?"

DL: So what I want to say is there are a lot of people in the PLP who do not know Jeremy Corbyn. I know him because he is my neighbour. He is loved in his own constituency. He's a bloody good constituency MP. We work on a number of things together. So is he still my friend? He is. We text each other. We talk about theatre, things way beyond politics.

AC: Can you imagine him being prime minister?

DL: I think Jeremy Corbyn is going to be prime minister. I've been saying that for a long time.

AC: Do you think he would be a good prime minister?

DL: On behalf of my constituents, yes, because my constituents want some socialism. Will it work? I don't know. Is the experience there necessary to deliver change fully here across our frontbench? Question mark.

AC: Could you name them all?

DL: [*Laughs.*] I don't want to play that game. In terms of the agenda, offering something different and being prepared to say the centrist project ran into the sand and ran out of ideas and felt quite shrill by the end. When Jeremy says the centre-ground has moved, I think there is some legitimacy in that.

AC: His people are not exactly reaching out to build a bigger tent. They are basically saying, "If you do not love being inside this tent then you can piss off." That is no way to win an election.

DL: I have avoided the party warfare stuff and I am not about to get into it now. It is not in the interests of my constituents. It is not really David Lammy. It is not what people expect from David Lammy.

AC: Brexit: you cannot be happy with how Labour has handled this?

DL: No. What we are seeing is a tyranny, basically, which is bound to end in deep economic problems for many poor and working people.

AC: So why is Labour not doing more to stand against it?

DL: I am clear the best thing for us is to be in Europe. Labour should be internationalist and should stand up to some of the forces behind Brexit that are racist and xenophobic.

AC: Imagine how much more it would change if the Labour frontbench were pushing in that direction.

DL: Well, yeah, absolutely.
AC: He is our most left-wing leader ever and not properly opposing this incredibly right-wing agenda.
DL: Again, Alastair, this is where you and I might be different. I try to stay on the issues. I am clear where I stand. I voted against Article 50 [the Lisbon Treaty's formal mechanism for leaving the EU]. I've voted against party positions. I have watched party positions move, but I am not personalising it.
AC: OK, I understand that. I try not to be personal, but on the issue I feel it so strongly that my tribalism really is being tested on this, on anti-Semitism, other things. But when it comes to the deal, would you feel as I feel, that if the Labour Party facilitates what we already know is a bad deal...
DL: [*Loudly.*] I will be voting against it.
AC: But I don't know if I could stay in the party on that basis.
DL: I will have to consider that at the time, but I felt a foreigner in my own party from day one, absolutely. I felt very, very lonely indeed. I said it was madness from the beginning and I still think it is madness.
AC: You're not tribal. Can you ever imagine not being Labour? I find it hard.
DL: I think the Labour Party is the best vehicle for progressive change in our country. However, that does not make it an ordained permanent feature necessarily of politics. Parties come and parties go in our history, that can happen.
AC: Do you think if we carry on with this hard-Brexit Tory Party and a left-wing Labour Party facilitating Brexit, that does open up that ground?
DL: If we get a deal, I suspect it will be a crap deal. Any negotiation I have been in, if you're on your knees on day one, the deal is not going to be very good, right? And at that point there will be a reckoning, for the party and for the government.
AC: And you back the People's Vote campaign?
DL: Absolutely. Again, from day one I felt there had to be some mechanism to look at the deal we actually get – parliament, or the people, voting on that deal.
AC: Anti-Semitism: how have we got into a position where the party of the left in the UK is the party identified with anti-Semitism? How has that happened?
DL: I went to the protest [against anti-Semitism in Parliament Square] and joined Jewish friends. I got over there. I almost burst into tears at this terrible moment. Then I sat in parliament for the debate – Luciana Berger and Ruth Smeeth were unbelievable. We are in this position because there is a tradition in parts of the hard left that is deeply, deeply anti-Semitic.
AC: Why?
DL: I understand it as an ethnic minority. A series of stereotypes when people look at you as lazy, thick, a womaniser out to steal their wife. All of these stereotypes I have lived with, and if you are Jewish there are these assumptions, a wider conspiracy.
AC: Why is it coming back?
DL: Because extremism has come back, and anti-Semitic hate is largely on the hard right and the hard left. That is what history tells us.
AC: Do you think this leadership has tolerated and fostered it?
DL: There are moments in politics that require leadership, require signalling a change of mind, a genuine "sorry" and then actions. Some of those actions mean turning on people who may have been friends.
AC: Ken.
DL: Definitely Ken Livingstone. Out. Months and months ago. Gone.

'Middle-class people buy their way to access and the state is not active in stopping them'

AC: And these 300 cases, will they be dealt with properly?
DL: I don't know. We have lost a community that will not be coming back any time soon. I represent part of Stamford Hill. It's in my seat and Diane Abbott's.
AC: And normally Labour. You're losing them?
DL: Of course. There is deep trauma in the Jewish community.
AC: And they are not rich.
DL: Very poor. They need a good Labour government. And let me be absolutely clear, those who suggested I should be deselected for joining a minority group are out of their minds. I will never ever stop standing up for Jewish friends. The idea that I should be deselected is an outrage.
AC: I agree. But I saw an interview with Jeremy Corbyn, who said if you were to be deselected it shouldn't be over that, which left me feeling, "What does he want him deselected for?"
DL: I think it is horrible, this holding deselection over people. Let the electorate turf people out.
AC: It is part of the politics of the hard left again.
DL: It is. It is.
AC: Three issues you have been closely associated with: Grenfell, Windrush, also Oxbridge and lack of access for black and working-class young people. They are all about class. What does that say about the country?
DL: So much to do. Look, at the heart of Grenfell is housing. The New Labour government I was part of did not deliver on housing and housing is now up there almost alongside education. Constituents struggle on education because of housing, nowhere to revise, nowhere to work. For people to burn to death – a friend of mine lost their life – I think it was a huge moment where Britain had to wake up to a reality.
AC: Do you think we have?
DL: No, I don't. There was an opportunity, a moment after the election, and quickly it turned to this "othering" of immigrants.
AC: Is there not a danger these big things happen, everyone gets aerated, then we move to the next thing? That is the Trump world too.
DL: But you make the connection, which is class. We have lost a powerful sense of what is a good life, a quality life. And even when we do talk about class, we want to talk about social mobility. It is not about "How can you have a decent life if you are a cleaner, dinner lady, hospital porter?" That is why it is an outrage, a scandal, that the London boroughs of Richmond and Barnet send more people to Oxbridge than Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester. This is not about colour but class. Even when kids do get the grades they don't apply, and when they do they don't get in. Go across the pond to Harvard and Yale – why are they cracking it? Poor kids from Ohio, from Harlem, Watts... bursaries, come for free if you are bright.
AC: So why have they cracked it and we haven't?
DL: Because we're elitist and not elite. That is the difference – pull up the drawbridge. Worse, we allow middle-class people to buy their way to access, public schools, pay for tutors, move to certain areas, elbow their way in, and the state is not active enough at stopping that nonsense, getting fairness, equity.
AC: Did you enjoy being a minister or do you prefer the backbenches?
DL: I am going to talk honestly and personally here. Tons of black and >>

>> brown guys in this country are not great at having a drink after work, don't always understand the rules of the workplace, don't always get the breaks and don't make the most of them. I'm a good campaigner. I am not good at licking arse; in politics you have to lick a lot of backsides.

AC: So if Corbyn becomes prime minister, would you like to be in the cabinet, a senior minister?

DL: I want to use power to make change.

AC: That means government.

DL: Generally speaking, you have to be in government to do that. But you have to be pretty senior. It's hard, thankless work. Do I relish it? I relish making a difference, but I have a wife and three children at home. There is usually a sacrifice at that level, you know that. I don't have that today. I have a balance.

AC: Other things you're outspoken on: knife crime, gang culture, white middle-class people snorting cocaine not making the link to black youths getting killed. So again, what the hell is going on?

DL: I was with the National Crime Agency this week. We have a problem with guns finding their way to the hands of young foot soldiers. One of the by-products of being a global country is we have big-time crooks. I have young black 16-, 17-, 18-year-old gang members. They don't know where Colombia is. Drugs make their way down the chain. We have a massive drug problem, an £11 billion market. Politicians aren't talking about it. They're talking about historic sex crimes, cybercrime, counterterrorism – these are priorities. The war on drugs has been downgraded, and if you want to know why kids are dying on the streets it is the consequence of that.

AC: You said an £11bn market. Do you think it should become a market like any other. Legalise? Make tax off it?

DL: This is a *GQ* interview. [*Laughs.*] There are people watching [the interview is being filmed for *GQ*'s YouTube channel] who know a little about cocaine. It is freely available. There are WhatsApp groups…

AC: Do you know I have never seen cocaine in my life, apart from packaged up in a police station.

DL: What? You were a *journalist*. That is a revelation. It is all over the place. The police know where it is. If you are at a dinner party in Notting Hill…

AC: With David Cameron and George Osborne…

DL: [*Laughs.*] If you are being Osborne, with that young lady on your lap… [A photograph of Osborne with former escort agency boss Natalie Rowe, who alleges that they once took cocaine together, appeared in a tabloid newspaper in 2005 under the headline "Top Tory, Coke And The Hooker". Osborne has always denied the allegations, which have been described as "spurious".]

AC: Lawyers!

DL: You are not going to get arrested. It has almost been decriminalised for those people. But if you are white in Salford or black in Tottenham and walking down the High Road with it, you'll get a criminal record and get banged up.

AC: So that is a class issue too.

DL: We have to have a proper debate about decriminalisation. We do.

AC: Talking of class. The royal wedding. Do you care?

DL: The Queen does a great job. I don't want a president and I like Meghan…

AC: Then the offspring. We'll get a royal of colour.

DL: My children are of mixed-race heritage. They will see themselves reflected in the royal family.

'Coke at a dinner party won't get you arrested, but if you're black on the street it will'

AC: Describe Trump in a word.

DL: I don't think I can say the word. He is the biggest narcissist on the planet. That is dangerous. Get into a top job and your single obsession is you. Every tweet is back to him, every policy.

AC: Putin in a word.

DL: Best chess player in the world.

AC: Garry Kasparov says Putin plays poker not chess.

DL: On a global political level he is outmanoeuvring many of us.

AC: Macron in a word.

DL: I hope he succeeds.

AC: May in a word.

DL: Weak. Frozen.

AC: I want to ask about this painting [of Barack Obama by David's wife, Nicola Green, of just his head and arms]…

DL: When I look at that, I look at this man almost as a sacrifice. When he saw it – I hope he doesn't mind me saying this – he got quite emotional and he said, "I think it sums me up: slightly drowning."

AC: Was Obama at Harvard when you were there?

DL: We were not there at the same time, but when we were in government and the Democrats were out of power he reached out to me and we stayed in contact.

AC: There is Trump abusing him, abusing Bill and Hillary Clinton, all the time. They never answer back. Obama is still playing by the rules with a president who isn't.

DL: But you just lower yourself down. The general view is former presidents rise above it. You don't want him grubbing around with Trump.

AC: Finally, the Archbishop of Canterbury failed to persuade me to do God. So tell me about the God thing.

DL: God for me is cultural. It goes back to growing up poor, in the context of dislocation, common for a lot of second-generation black immigrants.

AC: Do you believe in the virgin birth?

DL: Well…

AC: Come on. If you are going to be the first black archbishop…

DL: Hold on, who said I was running for archbishop? [*Laughs.*] More seriously, don't underestimate the job I have to do: speak up for the voiceless after Grenfell; comfort those families, as I have recently, who have lost children stabbed on the streets; call it as it is in the commons to the prime minister on behalf of the Windrush generation; handle the corridors of power as a young minister; walk into a room of civil servants who are all white, who bring their own stereotypes about you and have expectations of you; deal with journalists, all white, middle class; have a young family; get married. For all of it, I have had to rely on my faith. I could not have done it without my faith, without that tradition. When I say I am not the tribal Labour politician, it is because I am very proud to be able to lean in to other traditions – American, West Indian, Caribbean – and learn from people. That is where I am from and my Christian faith is part of that. **GQ**

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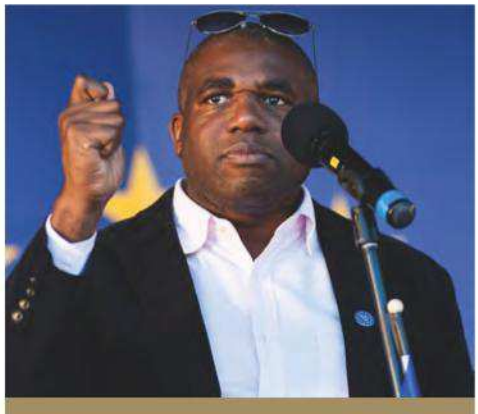
TO WATCH THIS INTERVIEW AND OTHERS BY ALASTAIR CAMPBELL, VISIT YOUTUBE.COM/BRITISHGQ

GQ.co.uk

This month on

Drink

...in style, as each Thursday we unveil the latest addition to our little black book of London bars.



Read

...sharp insights from Contributing Editor Matt Kelly, on everything from Brexit to MP David Lammy (*above*), in the *New European* editor's columns.

Watch

...exclusive interviews from our regular columnists, including when Alastair Campbell sat down with Ed Miliband (*above*), on our YouTube channel.

Ask

...our Style Shrink, Teo van den Broeke, your pressing fashion and grooming questions using the hashtag #GQStyleShrink.

Update

...your wardrobe with our weekly pick of the ten best menswear items, published every Tuesday.

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EXPLORING THE WORLD SINCE 1890

+ Summer sabbaticals explained p.74 No mix, only match p.75 The tactical bathrobe p.78

We got 99 problems but the beach ain't one. Follow Jay-Z's lead and banish summer style uncertainty for good – p.77

THE GQ HOUSE RULES

Photograph Splash News

This is for the style lodestars. The agitators. The peacocks (or perhaps not – see p.72). This section believes in combining an aesthete's eye with an inner rebelliousness. From killer opinion to white-hot trends, these pages are not about following tradition, but beating your own path. You're welcome...

Edited by **Jonathan Heaf**

You'll probably see him at Pitti, pretending to talk on the phone

'MUM!

Where's my pocket square?'

Story by **Teo van den Broeke**

Welcome to Florence, game reserve for fashion's daftest creatures

The collective noun for a group of peacocks is an "ostentation". There are few things more ostentatious than a peacock, after all. From the plume of iridescent tail feathers and the silly fascinator perched on its head to its camp trill of a call. The word "peacock" doesn't scream subtlety, either.

It's hardly surprising, then, that the wallies who hang around outside the Pitti Uomo menswear fair in Florence, waiting to get papped season after season, have been dubbed "the peacocks of Pitti".

The thing is, for all their showiness, *actual* peacocks are birds. All that colourful plumage is about getting laid; it's about survival. The Pitti plonkers, on the other hand, have complete power over the way they appear, yet the majority still choose to dress like the bastard love children of Scrooge McDuck and Great Uncle Bulgaria.

You know who I'm talking about. Invariably sporting several Neapolitan blazers at once, at least one double-breasted waistcoat, most likely a pocket square or three, definitely a hat with a too-wide brim, oh, and almost certainly a monocle. The peacock is nothing if not over-accessorised.

Habitat-wise, you'll most likely spot one of Pitti's peacocks perched on a wall in Florence's Fortezza Da Basso. He'll probably be pretending to talk on the phone or laughing at a joke that no one has made.

Photographs **Alexandra King; Pixeleyes Photography**

Italy's menswear peacocks in their natural habitat, the Pitti Uomo fair in Florence

The awful truth is that the peacocks keep menswear commentators in business. Who else will be buying this season's most ostentatious tailoring if not them? They embrace the foppish branch of men's fashion with a gumption few others could ever hope to muster.

My main bugbear is the fact that these men have zero concept of personal space. I've lost count of the times when I've felt the crunch of a Borsalino fur felt hat against my chest as a peacock has slammed into me while giving chase to a street photographer.

It's got to stop, not least because it's now giving Florence – the city that gave us Michelangelo, the house of Medici, Gucci and, um, tripe sandwiches – a bad name. So, if you're reading this, peacocks, for Pitti's sake, give it a rest.

Business cards are for dummies, you dummy*

*What you need are bespoke 'calling cards'

By **Jonathan Heaf**

That's bone. And the lettering is something called Silian Grail." Every businessman – actually, hold the business – every man knows that scene from *American Psycho*. Set in the Wall Street boom of Eighties Manhattan, the lives of Patrick Bateman and his circle of dick-swinging money locusts, as painted so exquisitely by author Bret Easton Ellis, is one of those tales that stays with the reader long after finishing the last line. In particular, that excruciating business card scene, remembered most commonly from the film adaptation, illustrates an innate fear all successful men have: that however costly, shiny and tasteful one's status symbols, there will always be a serial killer in an expensive suit who is more pedantic than you about aesthetic refinement.

Everyone already knows who you are. And if not, why not?

Business cards, however, are for worker bees. Everyone worth their Dyson CSYS Task Light knows this. They fall into the same category as briefcases. Yes, you like the idea of owning one. It might even make you feel more professional for a beat, but ultimately it's worthless. Other than your trips to the Far East – where card giving is purely about respect and protocol – when was the last time you gave your business card to a client you cared about? Oh, sure there was that time outside Kettner's Townhouse when Dave from marketing needed a roach for the king-size blunt he was rolling, but other than that the stack of biz cards on your desk has remained largely unfingered for years.

Listen, we get the ambition. And yes, the idea of bespoke stationery still gives us a little thrill too. (House Rules is nothing if not grandiose with our affectations.) So that's why we are rebooting the concept of visitor cards, otherwise known as calling cards. These are about the same size as the humble business card – small, handheld, around 3.5 by 2.1 inches – but were originally used in 18th-century Europe by footmen to announce the arrival of their masters, usually aristocrats and royalty. In 2018, however, everyone already knows who you are and what you're about – and, if not, ask yourself why not – so we charged Smythson of Bond Street to print us some cards that we could use less like introductions and more like full stops, as declarations of intent and philosophy.

Emblazoned with lettering that is brim-full of entitlement and 'tude – "*GQ* House Rules / You're Welcome" – HR's cards have been littered at dinner parties, posted with letters to competitors, even left in client showrooms after a particularly heated exchange about advertising spend. We commissioned three versions, all on 350gsm: one, "Grosvenor Place" font printed in black ink on white wove; two, "Park Avenue" font printed in Smythson blue ink on ermine white laid; and three, charcoal grey on Colorplan real grey.

If you received one, consider yourself served – and *blessed* – it means we care what you think of us. If not, well, try to figure out what you're doing wrong. **smythson.com**

1,001 With Nick Foulkes manssentials

(Because who doesn't need, well, everything?)

This month: Thames TV ring by Stephen Webster and Blondey McCoy

Arriving at Heathrow, passengers making the long march from aircraft door to immigration often find themselves cheered on by blown-up photographs of "typical" Londoners: a beefeater, a member of the constabulary, a town crier and – I would like to say but am not entirely sure if my memory is tricking me – pearly kings and queens. It is the sort of thing that has one furling one's umbrella, adjusting one's bowler hat and humming the opening bars of "Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner".

The walls of Heathrow are a glorious kaleidoscope of stereotypes. There is, however, a serious lacuna in this line-up: there is no picture of jeweller Stephen Webster. It is a monumental omission. Energetic and slightly wizened, Webster looks like a blend of 75 per cent Marc Bolan, 25 per cent Keith Richards. Descriptions of him inevitably mention rock'n'roll ("the man who puts the rocks into rock'n'roll") and he is as unchanging as any London landmark and deserves to be added to the register of official national treasures.

Webster's cheerful irreverence and his lively self-effacing sales patter (missing consonants and all) is the same, unchanged since 1976 when he became an art student and punk rocker after growing up in Gravesend during the Sixties.

Rather like Richards, he has become one of those rock'n'roll figures who has been adopted by the establishment. I was not at all surprised to run into him earlier this year at a black-tie banquet to benefit the Queen Elizabeth Scholarship Trust and it seems only natural that last summer he opened a shop in Harrods. It was supposed to be a pop-up, but a year on and it's still there. You won't find him cosying up to the big-name Bond Street bling in the fabulous but rather sepulchral Harrods jewellery department (one of the many wonders of our nation's capital), but in the basement, next to the menswear, where his space is dominated by a striking mural by D*Face.

Webster may be pushing 60, but he still looks, behaves and sounds young. His charm is irresistible and works on everyone. Whether you happen to be Warren Buffett, Madonna or Blondey McCoy, the culturally multivalent skater, artist and Burberry model, you'll know Webster, feature in one of his anecdotes and, as in McCoy's case, might even find yourself collaborating with him.

The Webster-McCoy collaboration, named after the skater's own streetwear brand, Thames, looks spontaneous, uncontrived, enjoyable. As a ring wearer myself I would be happy with the Thames TV ring, which features a citrine the size of a sugar lump, on my finger. Although it's very "street" and Supreme-friendly, it is still a clever piece of jewellery. The setting for the citrine spells out the words "Thames" and "TV", permitting light to enter the stone and bring it alive on the hand.

Ring by Stephen Webster, £2,400. stephenwebster.com

Indeed, it's hard not think that at times Webster is auditioning for a Welcome To London poster, as the city is one of his favourite inspirations. Still, the designer's real gift lies is the way he perceives familiar objects. Years ago he told me he had made a placebo cigarette in 18k gold with a fire opal at the tip for a client who was not allowed to smoke at the gym; with Mark Hix he designed a lamb chop pendant; there is a smoking-gun tie clip and now one of his bestsellers is a pendant featuring a miniature, functioning cutthroat razor. Just as Warhol took soup tins and turned them into art, so Webster has done with his work, transforming the most mundane of articles into jewellery, so as well as seeing him as the rock'n'roll jeweller, I also like to view Webster as a pop art jeweller.

The business case for... The summer sabbatical

Because no one's taking three weeks off in August any more... Story by **Bill Prince**

Time was when, at some point after the Serpentine Summer Party in early July and before *GQ*'s Men Of The Year Awards in the first week of September, it was safe to sign out, pack the nanny and kids into premium economy and disappear. No more. Holidays are now strictly for under-25s and newlyweds. The rest of us understand that we're always on the clock, even when we're off the leash. The solution? Take a summer sabbatical. Put on your out of office that you're researching "noncore revenue streams" (read: a wine tour of Tuscany) and don't let up on work. There's no need to go overboard. No one wants to see slurred Instagram stories from the sundeck of a Riva flybridge, but a few insights into world affairs from your lounger won't go amiss. And remember: the summer sabbatical is about using your downtime to up your personal brand equity, so no #whenyourvongolearrivesandeveryclamtastesoftheocean. Ever.

Are you and NBA star James Harden cut from the same cloth? Probably not – but in this Gucci Havana suit you could get close

Sleaze is dead. Real men dig matchy matchy formality

Story by **Tom Stubbs**

Twin like with like to create something totally different

Back in the day, I'd wear matching shirt-and-shorts combos all over the globe. Often an Aquascutum club check shirt and low-slung club check shorts with either Gucci snaffle loafers or superlight Asics runners. I felt so comfortable and casual in this look yet it was quite impactful on the visuals. I worked other shorts/shirt combos, known as a "Havana suit", and in my head these dynamic little combos could carry me from the liveliest shebeens to the gangplanks of the flashiest yachts and assist my operations at both. There is no doubt I had delusions of style grandeur, but such is the power of fashion fantasy.

This summer, however, I am enjoying a second Havana-suit wind/third midlife crisis courtesy of brands that have produced a coterie of marvellous matching Cabana sets (as they were known in the Seventies) and I'm in there like swimwear. Well, resortwear, actually. There's a Dries Van Noten combo (richly baroque, Hefner-esque and unabashedly *Dries*) and a brilliant offering from Oliver Spencer (gorgeous slubby cotton, with a Madras check and a vintage Ivy League feel).

It's simple: the pairing of matching fabrics makes a look more extraordinary. And more luxe.

The Dries comes from Browns, which has also stocked its South Molton Street shelves with a number of other matching looks. Stone Island Shadow has done a sporty combo with funnel-neck top and combat shorts in its new alligator camo. Marni's printed long shorts paired with a smart top evokes old-fashioned nightshirts. Elsewhere, there's a geometric red/white/black chevron pattern for Maison Kitsuné's shorts-and-shacket combo, which echoes Nineties Moschino (a massively important flex on the garage scene). Ami's shorts sets come in bold deckchair stripes and some wildly vivid florals.

Havana suits are versatile ensembles as they channel all manner of menswear strains, but with a knockabout summer edge. Consider for barbecues, bashments, resorts or simply bopping about town.

Shirt, £339. Shorts, £119. Both by **Oliver Spencer**. oliverspencer.com

Is the emoji mightier than the sword?

Well, no. There is nothing attractive about a man (or woman) who can't spell. Face it, let alone spell "millennium" correctly, given ink and pen rather than electricity and a phone, most can't even spell their own graphics interchange format (*duh*). It's time to spend some more time learning about the ancient art of... handwriting. That's right. Long before you signed off an email to your boss using "strong arm", "unicorn", "heart" and "smiley face" – just me? – if you wanted to make a good impression you wrote a note. In ink. Here at *House Rules* we're pushing for a revolution and the German-engineered Kaweco pens are our chosen weapon. Measuring only 10.5cm when closed, once the lid of the Classic Sport model is mounted on the barrel, it grows to a standard-sized pen. That, and their nib-to-paper motion feels smoother than a Tony Bennett solo. A piece of pocket-sized ingenuity: hashtag pen emoji; hashtag aubergine emoji. **JH**

Pen by Kaweco, £15. At cultpens.co.uk

Photographs **Alamy; Erik Madigan Heck** Illustration **Ricardo Fumanal**

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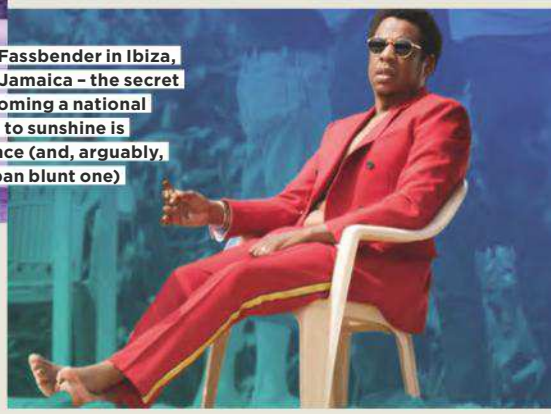


Michael Fassbender in Ibiza, Jay-Z in Jamaica – the secret to overcoming a national aversion to sunshine is confidence (and, arguably, a fat Cuban blunt one)

Story by **Jonathan Heaf**

Why are ALL summer clothes SO HORRIBLY NAFF?*

*Yes, even you in the white jeans

White jeans. Bingo! For the British, white jeans were thought to be the answer to all our summer dressing conundrums. Admit it, even if you're not going on holiday this year – presumably you're an actor and consider yourself on holiday all year round – the idea of twinning, say, an Agnès B soft, supple "blue andy" shirt in poplin with an ice-white pair of Frame narrow jeans, no belt, no shoes, no nuffin', makes you feel as summery as the Cardi B show at Coachella. Yet also: white jeans? Is that all you've got?

Here at *GQ*, we know what the real problem is: *all* summer clothes on guys are naff as hell. Of course they are. As you sit shuffling papers at work and scroll through your IG feed, scanning selfies and snaps of your colleagues in those horrible pale chino shorts and the ubiquitous navy-blue polo shirt with accompanying SPF 80 smudges along the outer sleeve edges and collar, you can't help but think how terribly tasteless it all is. There's something about British men, we just can't add any élan to dressing in warmer climes. Our translucent skin, our hollowed-out eyes and our ability to make walking in frozen rain a pastime worthy of national pride: the vast majority of us aren't built for prancing around on the sands of Northern Italy playing racket ball, or certainly not looking cool while doing so.

Yet there is hope. Only you need to go to extremes, to dial it up a notch. Out with muddling through with an ill-fitting pair of espadrilles here, a fresh white cotton T-shirt there, to look good on the beach – or the deck of one's superyacht – you need to commit. Take Exhibit A (*top right*): Jay-Z, post-marriage therapy, post-new tour announcement, lounging on the hot rocks of Jamaica. Looking fly, right? Now, take a closer look. What's he wearing? Yep. A cherry-red Calvin Klein suit. No shirt. No shoes. Just shades and a cigar the size of his wife's Learjet. This is what is called punching up. Think wearing a suit to the beach is only for couples getting married at Sandals in Antigua? Think again.

So maybe you're not quite there yet. Take Exhibit B (*top left*): Michael Fassbender, photographed celebrating his stag do in Ibiza last year. It works because Fassy – despite the vampire skin and auburn hair – has committed to his celebratory mood with a look that screams "acid-trip Armageddon in DC10". He looks like he's about to jump on a banana boat and scream off into the burnt-orange sunset to toast his beautiful new wife with a bottle of Patrón and nine shot glasses.

It's confidence – and, notably, another cigar. We can all learn from both these summertime style mavericks. The key, of course, is to stop apologising. Summer style isn't for subtlety or narrow-mindedness. It's for overstretching. It's for being ambitious with your two weeks off. Remember: dress for the summer you so desperately want, not the one you'd settle for.

Three ways to wear... An almost too-lurid 'sun's shining' suit

Story by **Jonathan Heaf**
Illustrations by **Kasiq Jungwoo**

Baby blue is the warmest colour

If you want a suit that ticks the summer colour box but doesn't make you feel like a human traffic light, the skill is to go tone on tone. Harry Styles (*right*) – admittedly a man who could wear an actual traffic light and still look better than most men on their wedding day – shows how it's done with a light-blue suit-and-shirt combo. Ditch any sort of tie – you're not going to a funeral in such a colour – and combine with either a long pendant (gold only, please; silver necklaces are for amateurs) and a ring or two. You'll look like an easy lay, perhaps, but sometimes a bit of sleaze goes a long way in the style stakes.

Orange is the new black tie

If *House Rules* had a spirit animal – a man, a totem, a human comet who has paved the way for more esoteric style happenings (in a good way) than the late Steve McQueen has launched watch brands – it's Mr Tinie Tempah (*right*). In one word, TT is bold, and when he combines superb tailoring with colours – such as this Fanta-orange number – that are so bright they shouldn't, in theory, work, well, it works. Confident, worthy of a good rubberneck and a statement that underlines his status as fashion's end-of-level boss. Look and learn, people.

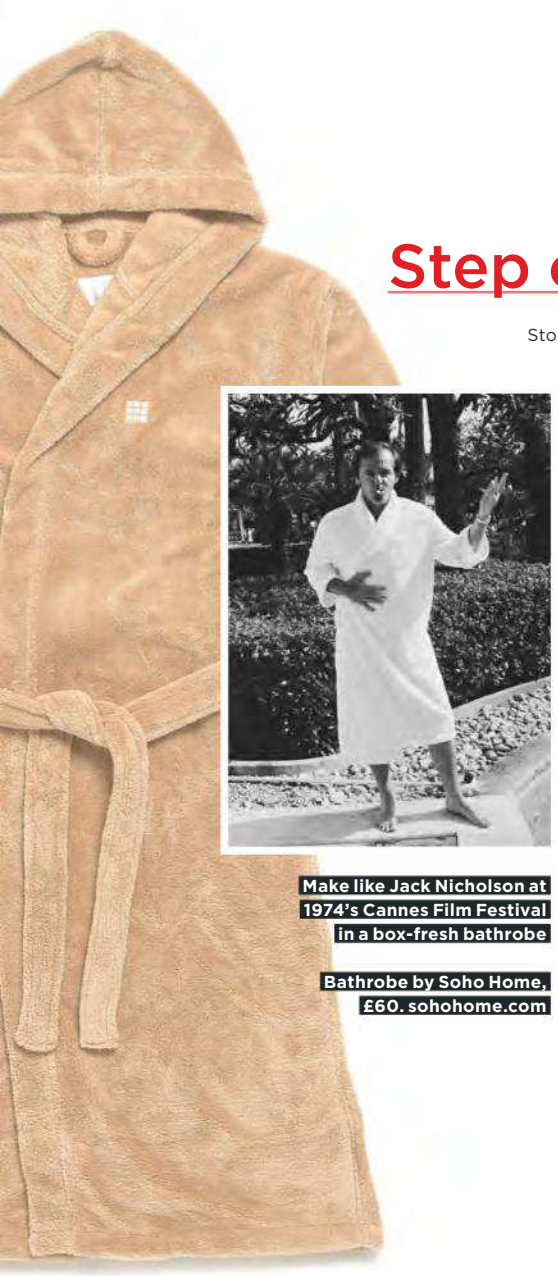
Pink to make the boys wink

"Boys don't wear pink." We might be living in a brave new world where gender is fluid, emojis are king and Dwayne Johnson is considered by many people – mostly the under-14s, admittedly – to be a better actor than Joaquin Phoenix, but my six-year-old daughter still considers pink a colour only women should wear. Oof. I've put her straight on this, obviously, as pink, when worn unapologetically, as Nick Cave's son Earl (*right*) demonstrated so well in Gucci, is a colour for excitable clotheshorses, however they identify.

Photographs: Backgrid; Splash News

Be more Jack. Step one: reclaim your bathrobe

Story by **Alfred Tong**



Make like Jack Nicholson at 1974's Cannes Film Festival in a box-fresh bathrobe

Bathrobe by Soho Home, £60. sohohome.com

"I'm lying on a beach in Ibiza and a man pulls up to the bay in a mahogany Riva boat, anchors it and starts to swim ashore," says Adrian Holdsworth, bathrobe aficionado and owner of Volpe Sartoriale. "As he's getting out of the water, a gorgeous woman gets out of a black Range Rover carrying a bathrobe and swathes it around his body before they sit down to lunch. That is your Ploh man."

Singaporean company Ploh supplies bathrobes to Mandarin Oriental hotels worldwide. Made from 100 per cent chenille microfibre, the embrace of a Ploh bathrobe as you emerge out of the shower, bath or sea is legendary among high-flying luxury enthusiasts. They speak about Ploh in the reverent tones usually reserved for a particular brand of cigar. "I get excited just thinking about it," says Holdsworth.

There's now a bathrobe precision-tooled for every man's lifestyle. Hedgies and crypto brokers plump for Ploh. You're a media power player? Take a little bit of Soho House home with you with a bathrobe from its homeware collection. Something of a traditionalist? Try a double-breasted example from Savile Row's Anderson & Sheppard. There's even a little keeper button to keep the top wrap in place, just like on a jacket. Heritage hipster with a penchant for Americana? Reigning Champ's hooded bathrobes will have you feeling like Muhammad Ali.

Your bathrobe has as much to say about you as your silk pyjamas. Now, look at the crumpled mess in the corner of your bedroom. What message are you sending out? Exactly. Time to switch up your bathrobe flex.

How to wear a suit and not look like a banker*

*Even if you are a banker

The embodiment of the undone double-breasted look is Richard Gere wearing total Giorgio Armani in *American Gigolo* (1980). The groundbreakingly modern yet luxurious code still resonates today. In fact, the prevailing mood could scarcely be more suitable for early Eighties Armani. A move away from overwrought and restrictive garb fused with an appetite for contemporary tailoring. Witness this season's Armani double-breasted viscose-mix greige or washed navy suits for prime examples of such effortless verve.

Undone double-breasted is a doppio-cool look. I've been running the undone stance for seasons now, as prescribed tailoring style felt just too straight-laced and stifling without a break of convention or contamination in the mix. To unbutton and relax in a double-breasted number is so much cooler than the uptight, stiff job-interview-in-the-city look that's rife even on the red carpet. Undone ensembles executed on longer-length jackets with higher strides even have a positive accent of zoot suit about them. Now that's what I call sartorial attitude. For comparison, check young footballer TV pundits in their short, tight jackets done up like nervous bellboys.

Others agree. "Never mind the buttons," declares Nick Wakeman. "I'd rather get pneumonia than do my coat up properly," continues the creative director and founder of Studio Nicholson. "Buttoning up ruins the line and silhouette of well-cut pieces." Wakeman's urbane men's line features artfully cut volume trousers and soft-shouldered jackets and how these savvy shapes show off her superb fabric taste. She's even making a number of items completely *sans* fastenings. "I'm all about layering and drape. A DB absolutely needs front buttons, but our guy doesn't do up or need buttonholes to look effortless and ultimately casual."

I'm in accord. Current soft tailoring in fluid fabrics are draping super nicely, meanwhile showcasing all-important high-waisted pleat trousers. I am talking about tailoring worn with casual panache here and this flex also works with fine knits, tees and – whisper it – singlets beneath. Forget timid *sprezzatura* gestures: double-undone is the new, sexier way to roll. **TS**

UP

That Barbara Kruger aesthetic
From Supreme's logo to, admit it, your preferred IG Stories caption font, Futura Bold Oblique is peaking.

Smeg x Dolce & Gabbana
A fridge covered in luminescent Sicilian motifs? Bonkers but brilliant.

A Star Is Born
Those who have seen Bradley Cooper's directorial debut can't stop talking about it.

Domino's
The preferred melty slice of the coolest chef in the world, David Chang. Ugly yet delicious.

Kanye West x Kid Cudi
The only album more anticipated than the new Kanye solo album.

Birkenstocks
Out-fuglying "fugly" fashion trainers for decades.

BAROMETER

Luxury cannabis accoutrement
Just use the king-size orange Rizla like every other kidult.

Britain's skateboard dreams
With funding pulled, will the UK Olympic skate team ever get to Tokyo 2020?

Menus
If you're not ordering off-menu in a restaurant, you shouldn't really be ordering at all.

'Annual leave'
It's a holiday. It's shameful to admit it, I know, but just admit it.

The Gucci effect
Gucci being Gucci? Yes. Fast-fashion brands doing "Gucci" floral embroidery? Not so much.

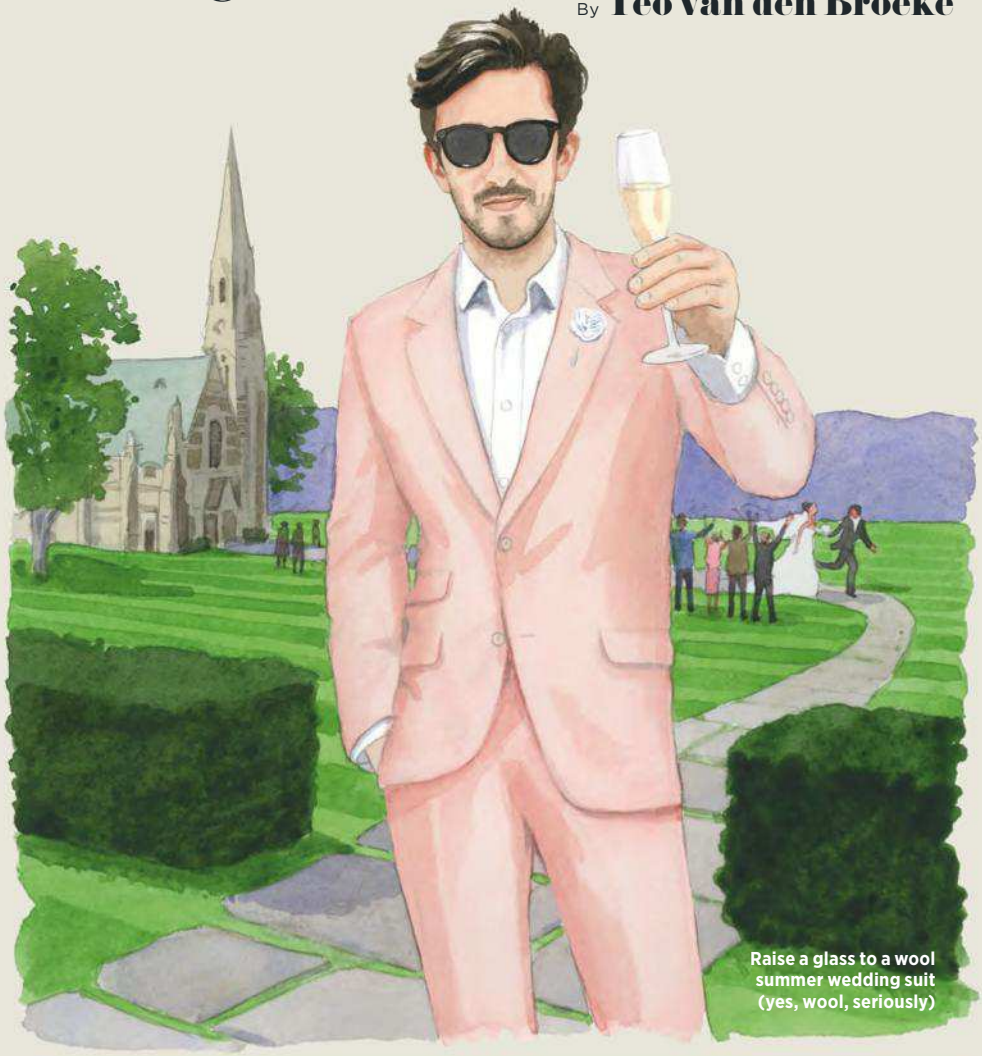
Not grooming down there
She tells you she likes you natural? There's natural and there's Japanese knotweed. Deal with it.

DOWN

Photographs Giribaldi/Getty Images; Rex

Style Shrink

By **Teo van den Broeke**



Raise a glass to a wool summer wedding suit (yes, wool, seriously)

Is it ever acceptable to wear pool slides to work in summer? I think they look fab and they're just so comfortable. I'll probably wear them either way, but I was interested to hear your opinion.
Simo, Milton Keynes

Dear Simo,

The pool slide is to shoes, Simo, what the mullet is to haircuts. If you're going to attempt the look, preparation is key, context is everything and if you pick the wrong style you'll end up looking like a fiftysomething Mitteleuropean bodybuilder.

With this in mind, you need to take extra care when planning your office look. Though I would usually advise almost anyone against wearing any kind of toe-revealing footwear in a working environment (myself included), you sound determined to give it a try, so here are three rules you must follow to be in with a chance of getting it right.

1) Whatever you do, don't attempt to get in on the pool-slides-with-socks scene. This is a look reserved specifically for Grammy Award-winning artists under the age of 25, and since I'm assuming you're neither of those things, Simo, you should steer clear.

2) Look to Berluti, Dries Van Noten and Rick Owens for grown-up, office-ready options. Each of the aforementioned brands have designed supremely elegant leather takes on the pool slide for SS18. Wear with liquid trousers in silk or ultralight wool.

3) Finally, whether you're sporting your slides to the office or you're just wearing them around the house, it's imperative that you have a pedicure before taking the plunge. Head to Margaret Dabbs (*margaretdabbs.co.uk*) and opt for a medical pedicure. Your colleagues will thank you later.

When am I too old to wear a logo sweatshirt? Disclaimer: I'm 37.
Tom, Macclesfield

Dear Tom,

You're 17 years too old to wear a logo sweatshirt.

I have a wedding in a few weeks and it's meant to be boiling hot. What should I wear? I know linen is the fabric you recommend in your "how to dress for a summer wedding" articles, but I hate how much it creases. I'm not a handsome man, so all that wrinkling instantly makes me look like Worzel Gummidge. Any ideas? (Oh, and if you could throw in some wedding present suggestions too, that would be great.)
Dean, Teddington

Dear Dean,

Gift-wise, if the couple has given you a list, buy nothing on it and pretend you're going to take them for dinner when they're back from their honeymoon. If they've invited you to donate to their "Honey Fund", set fire to the wedding venue as you leave. If they've asked you to give money to charity, well, you should probably just do that…

Summer suiting-wise, what most men don't realise is that wool is actually a far better option than linen. If you opt for an ultra-high-twist merino wool fabric with a long staple length and a slightly loose weave, your jacket will breathe beautifully. I own such a wool blazer from Richard James and I can attest that nothing else makes me look as good as that jacket does in the heat of high summer. (I've worn it to Wimbledon for the past seven years and I've not had it dry-cleaned yet. But don't tell anyone that.)

In fact, merino wool is one of the most breathable, moisture-wicking fabrics out there. It's so good in hot weather that many sportswear brands have started getting in on the act too. Try British label Iffley Road's merino wool running gear for proof.

When it comes to your wedding, Dean (not *your* wedding, don't panic), opt for something in a dusty pink, a parma violet or a classic clotted cream. The best thing about your new suit? As it's wool it will also keep you insulated in winter, so you can wear the trousers and jacket as year-round separates.

One final thing: wear your suit with a shirt and tie. I've been to weddings recently where men have been wearing granddad shirts (passable) and T-shirts (unacceptable) with their suits. It's a formal occasion, so be sure to dress (if not behave) like it. **GQ**

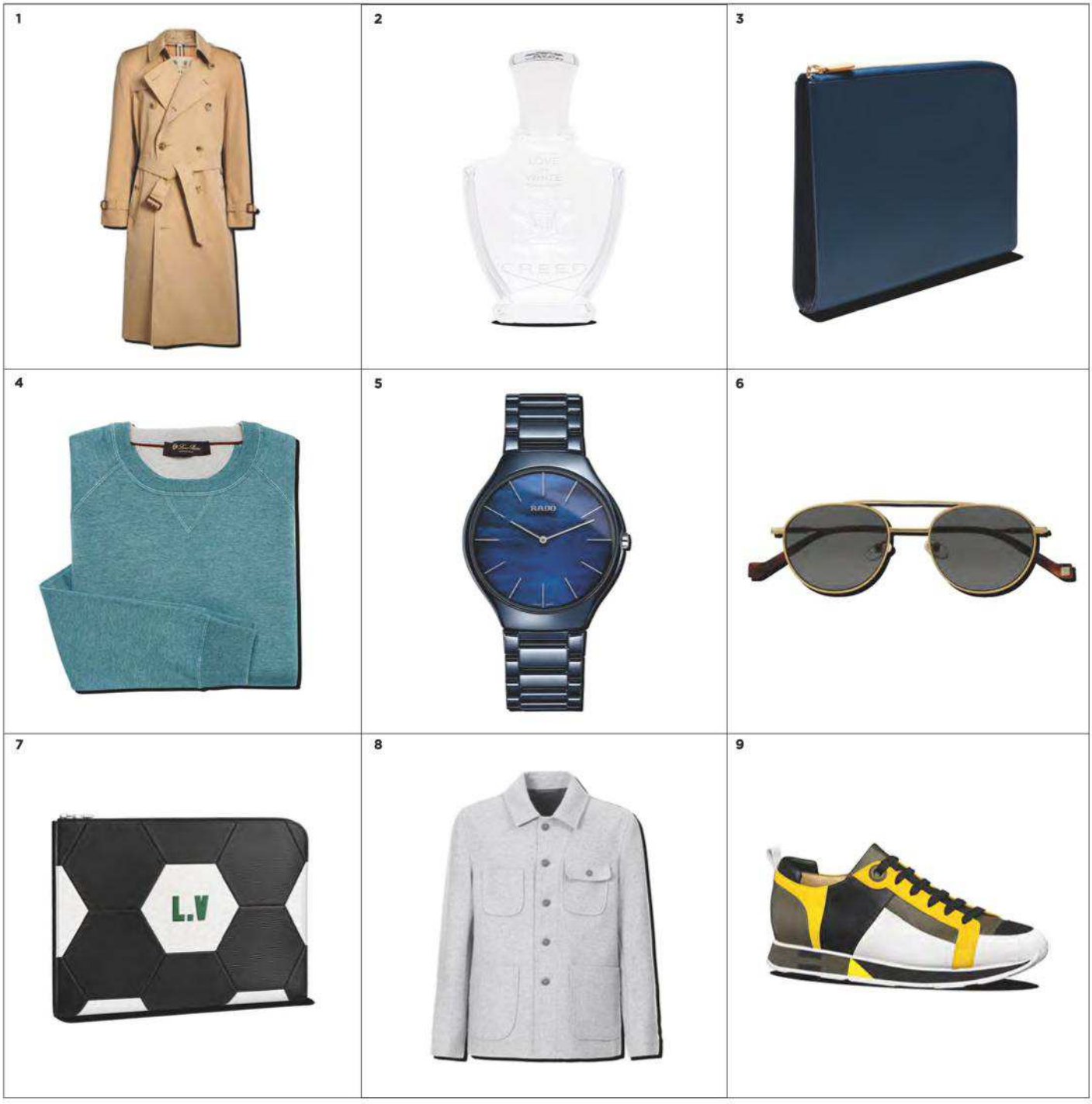
SEND YOUR MENSWEAR-RELATED STYLE QUESTIONS TO STYLESHRINK@CONDENAST.CO.UK

Illustration **Sam Gilbey**

The GQ Preview: July

Edited by **Holly Roberts**

Bringing you the very latest in fashion, grooming, watches, news and exclusive events



1 ▶ Trenchcoat by **Burberry**, £1,450. burberry.com **2** ▶ Love In White For Summer by **Creed**, £190 for 75ml. creedfragrances.co.uk
3 ▶ Portfolio case by **Ettinger**, £245. ettinger.co.uk **4** ▶ Sweater by **Loro Piana**, £900. loropiana.com
5 ▶ True Thinline Blue by **Rado**, £1,585. rado.com **6** ▶ Sunglasses by **Hackett Eyewear**, £120. hackett.com
7 ▶ Portfolio case by **Louis Vuitton**, £460. At harrods.com **8** ▶ Jacket by **Woolrich**, £315. woolrich.eu **9** ▶ Trainers by **Hermès**, £800. hermes.com

We love

Luxury activewear by Plein Sport

If the pinnacle of high-performance clothing is what you're after, then look no further than Plein Sport. The brainchild of fashion titan Philipp Plein, Plein Sport is (quite simply) the sportier model. Our pick? Invest in the full look and bag yourself this monochrome tracksuit. Wear together for the ultimate head-turning gym gear, or use as separates in your off-duty wardrobe.

Jogging trousers, £260. Sweat jacket, £675. All by **Plein Sport**. plein.com

Photograph **Matthew Beedle**

We love

Summer sandals by BOSS

Contemporary summer sandals aren't always the easiest (or sexiest) addition to a man's wardrobe. However, this season BOSS has provided the answer to this conundrum. Cut from soft Italian calfskin, with sporty webbing accents, these shoes are sure to take you from the beach to the bar without breaking sweat. Team with your holiday essentials in the day and your sports luxe tailoring in the evening. They'll be your go-to before you know it.

Sandals, £199 by **BOSS**. hugoboss.com

Photograph **James Day**

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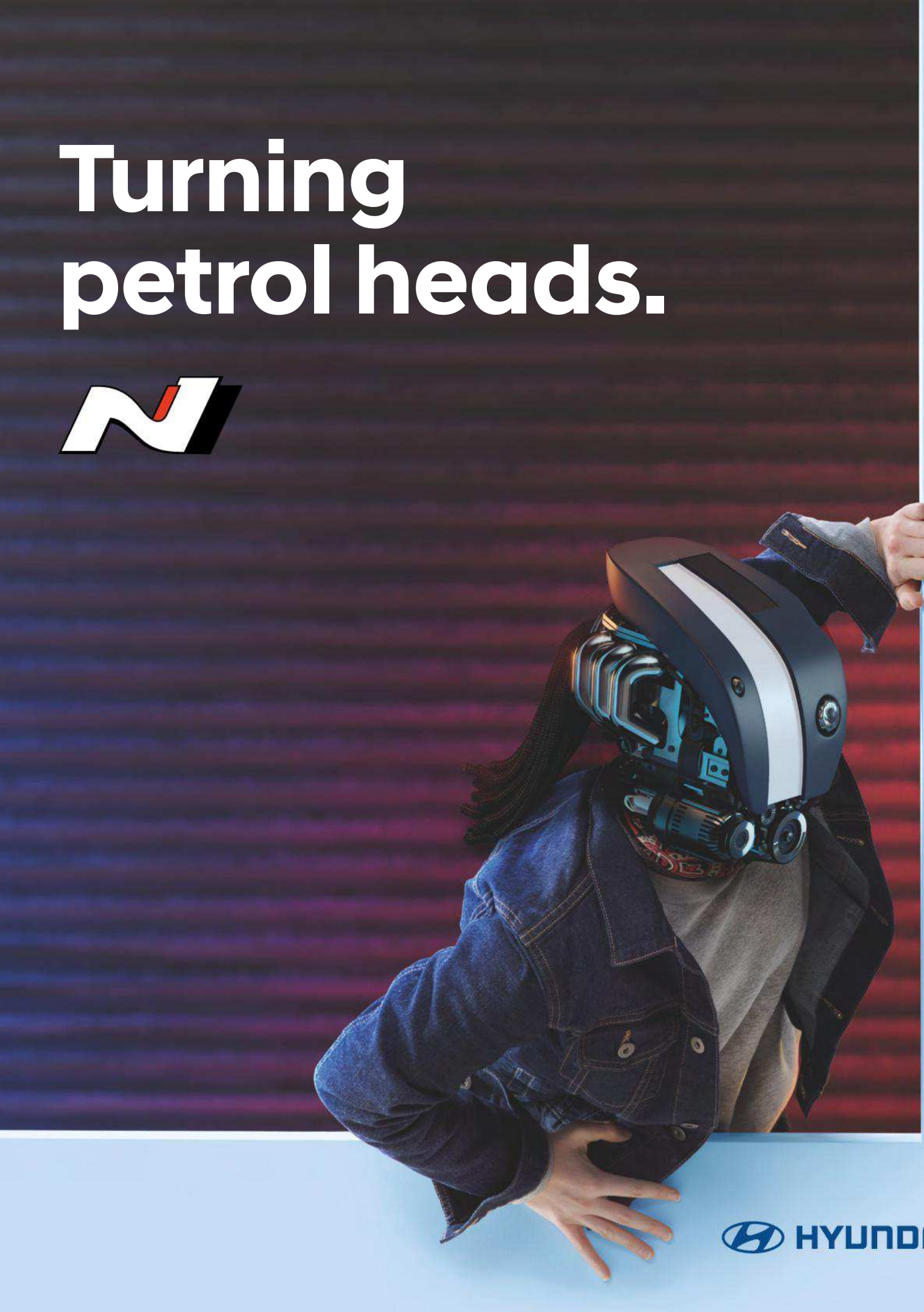
Turning petrol heads.



HYUNDAI

e-ternal combustion

STORY BY **Jason Barlow**

Four years on from the hybrid supercar that proved there's always a place for petrol engines, the new i8 Roadster is taking BMW's electrifying vision even further down the road...

Turning petrol heads.

275 PS of turbocharged driving fun.
Nth degree performance from the new i30 N.

hyundai.co.uk

HYUNDAI

Fuel consumption in MPG (l/100km) for i30 N: Urban 29.1 (9.7) – 29.7 (9.5), Extra Urban 49.6 (5.7) – 51.4 (5.5), Combined 39.8 (7.1) – 40.4 (7.0), CO2 Emissions 163 – 159 g/km. These official EU test figures are to be used as a guide for comparative purposes and may not reflect all driving results.
* N Performance model boosts power output up to 275 PS. 2.0-litre T-GDi turbocharged engine delivers 250 PS.

Need to know

BMW i8 Roadster

Price
£124,735

Engine
Total of 369bhp from electric motor and three-cylinder 1.5-litre turbo

Performance
0-62mph, 4.6 seconds; top speed, 155mph (limited)

The i8 Roadster's Z-shaped roof folds away in 16 seconds

BMW's i8 is a template for a quasi-utopian philosophy – it looks like the future

There is no such thing as the best car in the world, although I'd be able to afford one of the contenders if I had a pound for every time I've been asked which it is. The new Rolls-Royce Phantom sets new standards for mechanical serenity. The latest Porsche 911 GT3 makes a noise at 8,000rpm that has you laughing out loud at the sheer thrill of it all. The McLaren F1 is 25 years old, but the least compromised and most desirable car ever made. You'll need a minimum of £8 million to get anywhere near one these days.

But the BMW i8 gets closest to "bestness" in the modern idiom, closer than ever now that it's available as a roadster. This is a quietly revolutionary car; it's silent, in fact, if it's running in EV mode, which it can now do for approximately 30 miles, up from the 20 it could manage when it arrived in coupé form in 2014.

The context is shifting fast. I recently spent some time with a man called John Krafcik, who was hired by Google bosses Sergey Brin and Larry Page to run the company's $1 billion self-drive division, Waymo. Autonomous electric cars sounds like the end of days to me, but Krafcik insists that the opposite will happen: mundane travel will be handled by utilitarian machinery, leaving those who want to go from A to B via X, Y or Z to do it in increasingly emotional cars (assuming the legislators don't get too draconian).

The i8 is a template for this quasi-utopian philosophy and, four years on, it still looks like the future. Granted, it's a plug-in hybrid rather than pure EV, and BMW's early-adopter status might punish the i8 in the medium-term as everyone else catches up. But anyone with a working knowledge of Seventies concept cars will recognise the i8's lineage and appreciate its aesthetic audacity. While the Roadster looks similar in profile to the Coupé, if anything the i8's swooping rear deck is even more arresting in open form; the area that separates the edge of the rear buttress from the top of the wheel arch might just be the most avant-garde feature on any contemporary production car. The roof folds away in 16 seconds, in a complex Z shape, and BMW claims that 3-D printing was used in its design. The i8's carbon fibre core is unaffected and is stiff enough not to require the additional reinforcement most soft tops need when they lose their head. Its cabin is unchanged, bar the introduction of a touchscreen for the infotainment, and extends the exterior's artful sweep inside.

GQ secured early access to the Roadster, which involved a late-night rendezvous at Nice airport, a 300-mile drive through the demimonde to a location in the middle of nowhere and a day on some of Europe's best roads. The electric motor now produces 141bhp (12 more than before), bolstering the i8's characterful 1.5-litre three-cylinder turbo petrol engine, so the overall power output is a more than adequate 369bhp. It runs on relatively skinny tyres and BMW claims almost 135mpg (40 in the real world) and a CO_2 figure of just 42g/km, suggesting that the eco remit precludes neck-snapping high performance, but even so the i8 Roadster is fast enough. Actually, it's just as seductive at 25mph as it is at 150.

More than that, it's agile, darty and quick-thinking. Stash the roof away and the extra sensation dispels any lingering suspicion that this is a synthetic lab experiment made real. Indeed, if intelligence is sexy, then this is arguably the hottest supercar of all.

BMW.CO.UK

A touchscreen infotainment panel is the most significant change in the cabin

Ducati Scrambler 1100

Launched in 2015, Ducati's Scrambler brand has now sold more than 45,000 of its lifestyle-oriented bikes. And it's not hard to see why, with its easy-going nature and retro looks, but there was always a feeling that a little more power and sophistication wouldn't go amiss. To address that, Ducati has wheeled out its new Scrambler 1100. With a bigger engine, advanced electronics (including traction control and rider modes), plus an even more "premium" feel, it's the Scrambler we've all been waiting for. *GQ* rode the 1100 Special around Lisbon recently and we loved it, right down to its brown stitched leather seat, spoked wheels and grey colour scheme. Around the city it has manners and street cred by the bucket load and punches well above its weight out on the open road. Apart from the Special, there are two other Scrambler 1100 models to choose from, as well as a full range of apparel to ensure you look the part this summer. Rich Taylor

£10,695. SCRAMBLERDUCATI.COM

Alfa Romeo Stelvio Quadrifoglio

After years of transparent obfuscation, Ferrari CEO Sergio Marchionne recently confirmed to me that the world's most famous maker of sports cars was planning an SUV. You can't blame him: it's a licence to print money and Marchionne loves making money. But the parent company also owns Alfa Romeo, another sanctified Italian brand, which already has a fast SUV on its books: the Stelvio Quadrifoglio.

This is one of the most hilarious cars I've ever driven, so rampant it makes you wonder what a Ferrari 4x4 could add. It uses much of the hardware of the Giulia saloon, including the 2.9-litre V6 turbo developed by a man seconded from the "Prancing Horse", which produces 503bhp and nearly as much torque, enough to see the Stelvio Q thunder to 62mph in 3.8 seconds, to 100mph in less than nine and on to a top speed of 176mph. In normal driving, the torque is funnelled to the rear wheels, until the car detects wheelspin, at which point it sends half to the front. I suspect the software is pretty busy in its decision-making, unless you soft pedal. What a waste that would be.

Besides, the engine is so characterful that the invitation to get on with it is constant, and the Stelvio Q joins the spiritual dots right back to its magnificent Thirties racing forebears. It's not perfect: travelling quickly in any SUV can be discombobulating and the Stelvio's fast steering responses heighten this sense of jeopardy. It also has a great thirst and struggles to do better than 20mpg overall. Nor is its interior anything like as well constructed as a Porsche or Range Rover's.

But it's an Alfa Romeo. And this one has the substance to back up the romance. **JB GQ**

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BRITISH GQ MEN OF THE YEAR 2018

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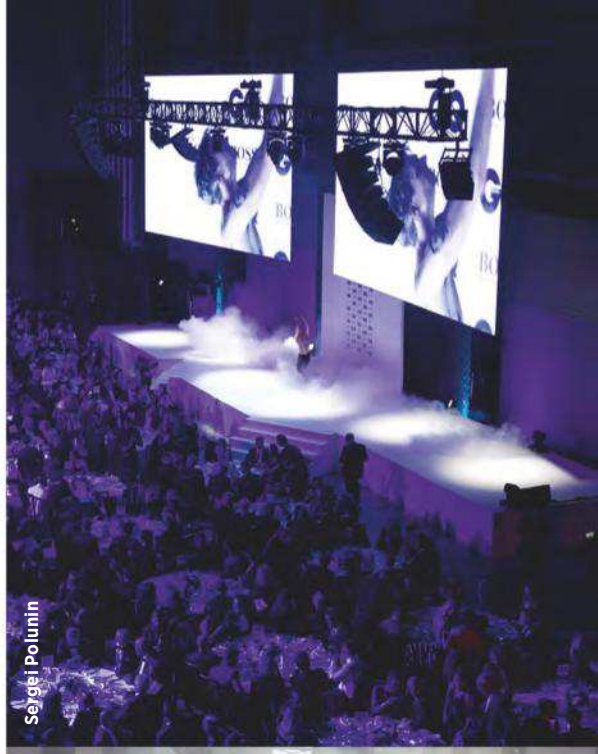

Sergei Polunin

Models in Boss

Adwoa Aboah and Poppy Delevingne

Photographs James Mason; Antonio Salgado; Richard Young

Follow that, right? Last year's 20th anniversary party at Tate Modern took the bar to the top of the Turbine Hall and now we're raising the roof again with the superstar paragons (not paigons) of the past 12 months

The *GQ* Men Of The Year Awards – in part the best party in London, in part a much-deserved celebration of the best and the brightest and in part the best platform to go on stage and call the prime minister a "paigon".

That, after all, was one of the unexpected takeaways last year from a night full of them and the kind of thing that happens when you have a room that mixes grime stars (a certain Stormzy) with politicians (Sadiq Khan winning, Jeremy Corbyn presenting), bad boys of ballet (Sergei Polunin), Netflix child stars (the cast of *Stranger Things*), footballing legends (an England icon in Sir Geoff Hurst, a world icon in Pelé) and roof-raising comics (Steve Coogan and Rob Brydon). Throw in the odd Hollywood Oscar-winner (the indomitable Jared Leto), a boy-band style icon (Zayn Malik), a *Star Wars* hero (the skywalking Mark Hamill) and *voila*: a ceremony that was always set to be the biggest, best, most glamorous and – yes – most talked about in town.

For our 21st Awards – in partnership with Hugo Boss – we won't be attempting the same again… We'll be striving to do it all even better. More sports legends. More people who have single-handedly saved the galaxy. More contenders for the next James Bond.

One thing's for sure: the ceremony, which will take place in the Turbine Hall at the Tate Modern on 5 September, won't go quietly. GQ

MEN OF THE YEAR

Charli XCX

People Just Do Nothing and David Walliams

Annabelle Wallis and Jared Leto

Jodie Harsh

Sadiq Khan and Tinie Tempah

Skepta

Anthony Joshua and Idris Elba

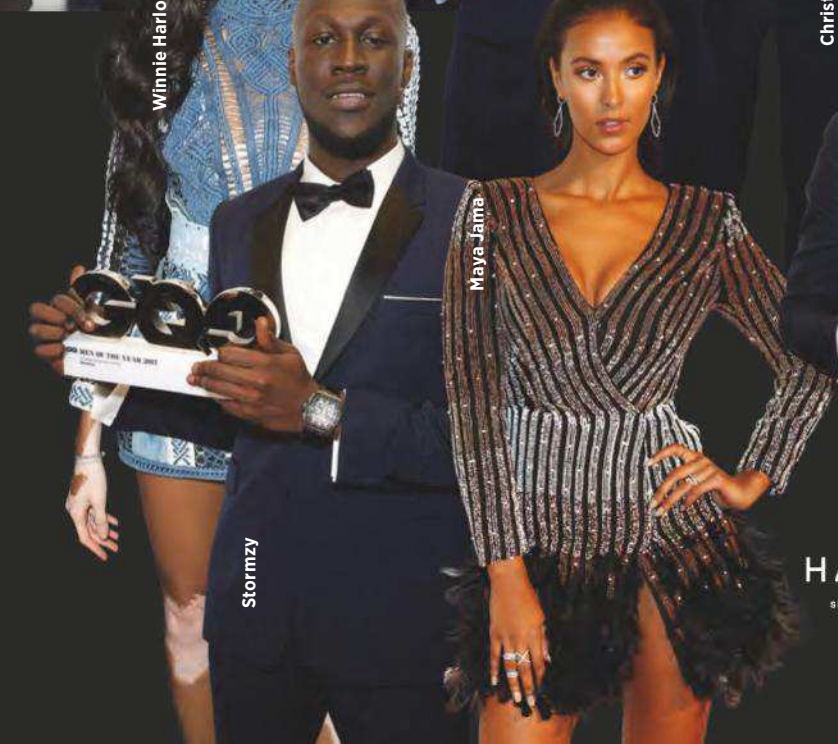
Sir Geoff Hurst

Christopher Ball

Liam Gallagher

Jourdan Dunn

Winnie Harlow


Stormzy

Maya Jama

James Norton

Mark Hamill

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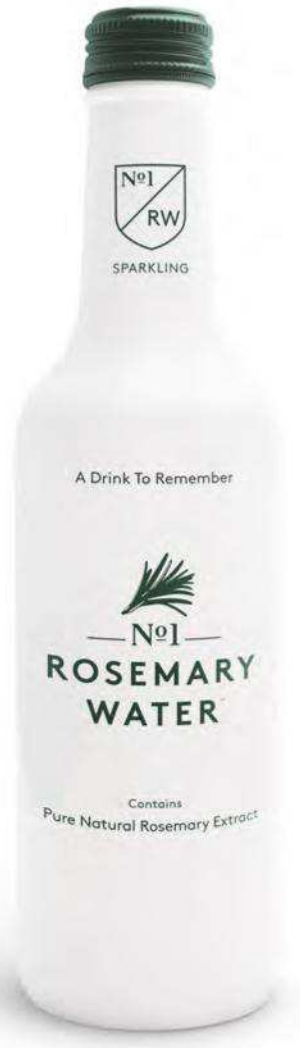

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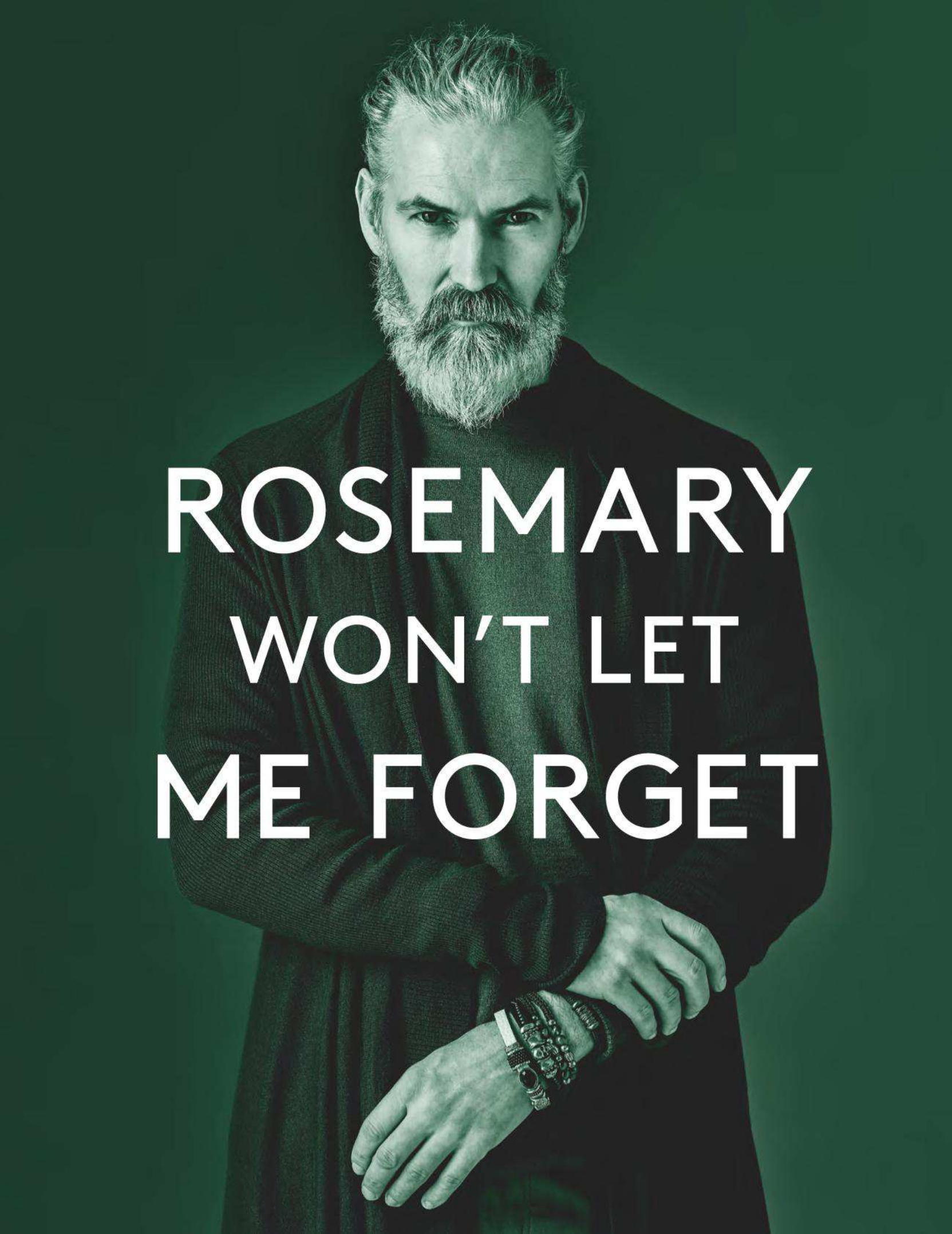
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THE GQ DROP

Edited by Bill Prince

In his new tech column, **Charlie Burton** routes around the internet's dangerous controlling interests • Brexit, two years on: **Matthew d'Ancona** asks how 'a device of dictators and demagogues' transferred power to the cyber-spivs • **Tony Parsons** unpacks our love-hate relationship with romance • **Nick Foulkes** on the architect who builds fashion's empires

Photograph **Daniel Sannwald**

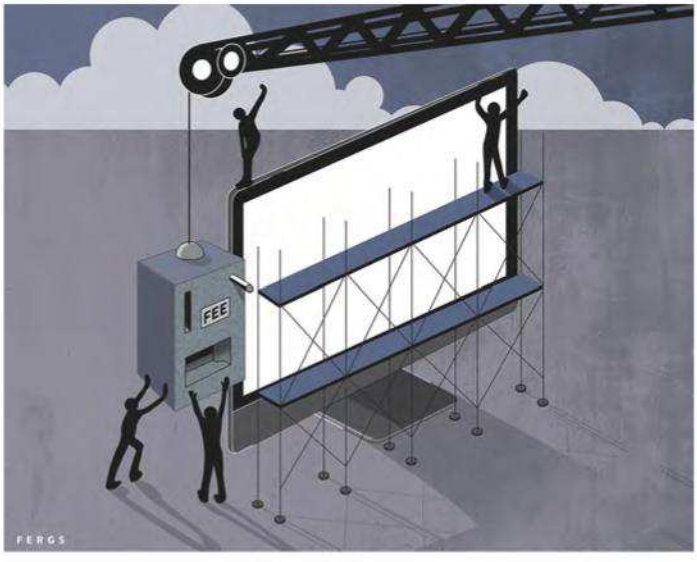
The Story Of Grime From its hyper-local beginnings to Stormzy (*above*) walking tall on the world stage at this year's Brit Awards, the vital young genre has entered its second age. *GQ*'s Dorian Lynskey explains how a scene that speaks for the left-behind now demands the rest of us keep up.

Technology

A modest proposal for fixing the internet

Corrupted by its core principle of free access for all, could a monetised information economy reboot cyberspace?

Story by **Charlie Burton** Illustration by **John Ferguson**



The internet is broken. Don't take it from me – take it from its founding father. In March, 28 years after he switched on the first web server, Tim Berners-Lee posted an open letter on webfoundation.org: "The web that many connected to years ago is not what new users will find today," he lamented. "What was once a rich selection of blogs and websites has been compressed under the powerful weight of a few dominant platforms, [making] it possible to weaponise the web at scale." The Cambridge Analytica scandal has thrown that danger into relief. Its consequences are manifold: citizens living in filter bubbles; nefarious states interfering in elections; fake news gaining teeth; social divisions becoming entrenched. Online communication was once seen as a means of emancipation – today it looks increasingly like a tool of oppression.

This might not be the web we want, but it's the web we deserve. Long ago, we struck a devil's bargain with internet entrepreneurs: we get to access their platforms for free; they get to show us adverts in return. Initially, that might have seemed a win-win; years later, it has proven toxic. It has perpetuated a business model that incentivises undesirable corporate behaviour, chiefly the accumulation of personal data and development of new ways to exploit it. Unlike TV advertising, say, online ad targeting is now so stealthy and sophisticated that powerful dotcom companies have created digital environments that wield unprecedented influence over the way we perceive reality. And the problem runs deeper still. These organisations are motivated by profit. So when their tools are used for unsavoury purposes, they are not inclined to address the problem. Not only would they lose revenue – Facebook banked $100,000 from a Russian troll company during the 2016 US election – but trying to weed out fake-news merchants is in itself a costly pursuit.

Sure, policy makers are trying to intervene. On 25 May, the UK introduced the General Data Protection Regulation (GDPR). This enshrines privacy as a fundamental right and transforms how organisations handle personal data. It certainly has had consequences for the likes of Facebook, which now has to attain user consent to continue with certain practices. But GDPR is not a silver bullet. Analysts at TechCrunch argue that Facebook has been engineering opt-ins by nudging users to "speed through" the consent process via "a design that encourages rapidly hitting the 'Agree' button".

It's not that GDPR is bad law, it's that companies incentivised to collect personal data and use it to change the way you think will always find a way. That's why the answer has to be more fundamental: we have to jettison the expectation that on the internet things are free.

"Information wants to be free" is a shibboleth that was baked into the politics of the web long ago. When the internet was in its fledgling years, the San Fran tech-utopian hippies who forged digital culture were firmly of the belief that software ought to be open. The argument was that if software was going to run the world then it was vital to democracy that its source code should be available to all. If software was paid for then companies would want to keep that code secret. Therefore "free" was all-important. However, as internet philosopher Jaron Lanier explains in *Ten Arguments For Deleting Your Social Media Accounts Right Now*, there was a conflict. "Techies also practically worshipped hero entrepreneurs like Steve Jobs," he writes. "Ultimately, only one method of reconciliation was identified: the advertising business model." It remains dominant long after the open software movement has diminished.

That orthodoxy needs to be poleaxed, agrees Lanier. If we want a better internet, we need to ask the likes of Google and Facebook to stop collecting our data and running personalised ads. When they refuse (and they will), we – as users, as governments – should vote with our feet. A middle ground where platforms simply adopt more responsible data and advertising policies will not work. So long as ad sales are the name of the game, capitalist enterprise will always push the envelope of what's acceptable – policing that would be an endless game of whack-a-mole and judging what is and isn't permissible would prove an ethical quagmire.

In response, tech execs may ask users to pay a fee. This might take the form of a micropayment – a fraction of a penny, say, per Google search – or a monthly subscription charge. And we need to be prepared to cough up.

As more companies adopt a paid-for model, the user would become empowered. Since they, rather than the advertiser, would be the customer, web companies would be obliged to listen to their concerns and desires. Incentives would be realigned for the better. It's not naive to think that this could even lead to an ecosystem in which companies compete to be the most scrupulous rather than the most exploitative – a virtuous multiplier effect.

As a society, we need to have this conversation sooner rather than later. Big tech is rapidly buying up the future, diversifying into new technologies and gaining a greater foothold in increasing areas of your life. In 2010, Sergey Brin said he wanted Google to be "the third half of your brain"; not that long ago, it was acquiring one company a week. So, as we move forward into this brave new world, keep the commonplace firmly in mind: when something is free, you are the product.

Politics

Carnival of lies

Two years ago, Britain voted to leave the EU. At the time, referendums were nothing new, but we're only now understanding the power to manipulate them from the digital shadows

Story by **Matthew d'Ancona**

In the last two years – the era of Brexit, Donald Trump and Jeremy Corbyn's remarkable electoral performance last year – political prophecy has become a dangerous game. But I'm going to go out on a limb here and predict that there won't be another UK-wide referendum for a very long time. There have, in fact, only been three: in 1975, on membership of what was then the EEC; in 2011, on the alternative vote electoral system; and, two years ago, the Brexit referendum.

Whatever deal is cobbled together before our departure from the EU on 29 March 2019 – assuming that a deal is achieved – no senior politician in charge of his or her senses is going to seek a return visit to the wasteland of post-referendum politics to which we have all been exiled since 23 June 2016.

Not, at least, on a different issue. There are, of course, plenty of traumatised Remainers still demanding what they call "a final say" – the words "second referendum" having been judged, quite rightly, to lack popular appeal. The public logic of their position is that the ballot paper two years ago did not make explicit the terms of exit from the EU and that the people have a right to vote on whatever the government agrees.

Their private hope is to thwart the whole process – on the assumption that the electorate welcomes the opportunity to reverse its 2016 decision. The polling evidence for this is patchy at best. Alas, I see no groundswell of public anxiety that we are all about to make a historic error, imperilling our nation's position in the world and the prosperity that pays for our public services. More to the point, there is absolutely no taste at the apex of the Conservative or Labour parties for a rerun of the referendum that ended David Cameron's premiership and drove Corbyn to the brink of resignation (he was only narrowly dissuaded from doing so by his closest aides).

How did we get here? It used to be orthodox to argue that – as Margaret Thatcher put it in 1975 (quoting Clement Attlee) – referendums were "a device of dictators and demagogues". The great constitutionalist AV Dicey (1835-1922) championed such votes, but only as a conservative device, or "people's veto", specifically to foil Irish Home Rule.

Only in the Nineties did the offer of referendums become commonplace in politics. The shift in culture was signalled by John Major's promise in 1997 that the electorate would be specifically consulted if the government ever proposed that Britain join the European single currency.

Under New Labour, there were referendums on Scottish and Welsh devolution, the Good Friday Agreement, mayoral systems and the proposed North East assembly. Another was promised on the EU Constitutional Treaty and cancelled only when that agreement collapsed. The old-fashioned spirit of representative democracy in parliament was increasingly challenged by the notion of the real-time direct mandate, the immediacy of decision-making via the internet and the astonishing rise of voting in reality TV shows.

So when, in 2013, David Cameron offered a referendum on Britain's membership of the EU, he was not breaking violently with tradition but pursuing a well-established trend. What he had not reckoned upon was a twofold transformation of the terms of trade: first, the rise of the populist right in the West and the weaponisation of immigration as a unifying theme of political antagonism; and second, the astonishingly disruptive power offered by state-of-the-art digital technology.

Historians will cite the 2016 Brexit battle as a moment when emotional claims trumped empirical arguments and feelings mattered more than facts. Remain had a good enough case to make about the perils of exit from the EU, but it was comprehensively outplayed by the Leave campaigns – including Nigel Farage's Leave.EU – which mobilised popular support behind the vague but compelling notion of "taking back control", the false but appealing pledge that Brexit would yield a £350 million per week dividend for the NHS and an ugly opposition to immigration in general.

As we now know, thanks to the remarkable investigative work of the *Observer*'s Carole Cadwalladr, the Brexiteers had the assistance of the master manipulators of digital technology. It is impossible to prove that the data scraped from social media by Cambridge Analytica swung the referendum for Leave, not least because it is so difficult to establish what bespoke political messages reached which voters and with what impact.

In fact, the lesson of the Cambridge Analytica scandal and Facebook's subsequent traumas is not confined to a single referendum. We have been served notice that the inherited institutions of 20th-century democracy are horribly vulnerable to 21st-century digital assault and that a new immune system must be constructed to protect the political and electoral process. To put the problem in perspective: the Political Parties, Elections And Referendums Act, the principal statutory force in political regulation, received royal assent in 2000 – four years before Mark Zuckerberg and his college friends came up with Facebook.

Whatever form Brexit takes, the law needs to be updated to take account of the digital revolution. And this is no easy task, given the pace of change. Representative democracy, for all its strengths, is not good at keeping up with technological change – and no such evolution in human history has been so fast or so comprehensive in its upheavals.

Meanwhile, the business of departure from the EU looms over Westminster like a dark cloud, draining all energy from government, pushing aside all other considerations. In a sense, this is quite appropriate. Until we know what form of Brexit lies ahead and the precise basis upon which we shall say farewell to our 27 partners, it is a waste of time to devote too much energy to fundamental reform in most areas of policy.

In a carnival of lies, the biggest of all was the notion that Brexit would be a glorious flick of the switch, liberating us all from an imagined tyranny of Brussels. We were promised a revolution and landed in a quagmire.

To the bafflement of the world, we turned a referendum into a collective act of self-harm. We allowed our democracy to be manipulated by digital jackals. And for what? Be honest. Look out of the window and ask yourself: do you really feel you have taken back control?

Music

Grime scene investigator

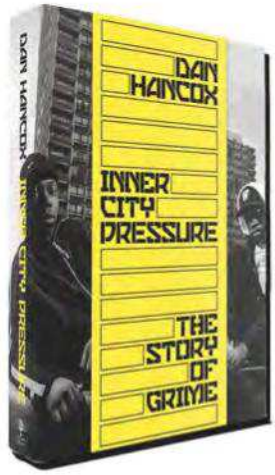
As an upcoming book recounts the history of the new young establishment, we reveal how its artists brought the charts, politicians and mainstream cultural consciousness to heel

Story by **Dorian Lynskey** Photograph by **Daniel Sannwald**

Stormzy's closing performance at this year's Brit Awards was a sensation on many levels, from the way his gigantic charisma rendered the rest of the night's acts irrelevant to the fearless precision with which he called out Theresa May and the *Daily Mail*. But what I find most striking about Stormzy's elevation to British pop's top table is the fact that grime's new superstar had only just turned ten when Dizzee Rascal's *Boy In Da Corner* launched the genre into the wider world.

Grime's life cycle defies precedent. In commercial terms, most genres either rise or fall within a few years, like disco, or become a permanent feature of the landscape, like hip hop. Grime has done neither of these things. *Inner City Pressure: The Story Of Grime* (*William Collins, £9.99*) by journalist Dan Hancox opens with an ironic contrast. Hancox describes a summit at the rooftop studio of DejaVu FM in East London in the summer of 2003, where a young Dizzee comes to blows with a hair-raising character named Crazy Titch. Nine years later, that building has been demolished to make way for the Olympic Stadium and Dizzee is appearing at the opening ceremony for a global audience of close to a billion. The song he's performing, "Bonkers", is a madcap house record with barely a trace of grime DNA. Crazy Titch, meanwhile, is serving a life sentence for murder.

If the book had come out five years ago, London 2012 would have made for a neat, albeit bittersweet, ending. The city changes; music changes; revolutions don't lead where you expect. In fact, grime was a sleeping giant. Between May 2016 and May 2017 its sales and streams nearly doubled, thanks to new albums from Stormzy, Giggs, Kano, Wretch 32 and Skepta, whose Boy Better Know crew have headlined The O2, Wireless and Glastonbury's Other Stage. In the past three years there have been Brit and Mercury awards, cheerleading from Drake and Kanye West, "grime" T-shirts in H&M and an East London "grime experience" advertised on Airbnb. As Hancox points out, a genre "built from beats which are too strange and irregular to dance to, rapping that



is too fast to be clear on the radio, lyrics full of slang and swear words, songs not really geared towards hooks and choruses, and artists unwilling to play the industry game" is an unlikely crossover phenomenon. So how did it happen?

Grime in 2003 was a small world in every respect. It was created by people too young and marginalised to belong in the glossy UK garage scene and, of course, even its very name was anti-aspirational. It had a similar mind-set – defiantly raw, iconoclastic and self-reliant – to punk rock or early hip hop. It was also hyper-local, with songs dedicated not just to specific neighbourhoods but also individual streets, such as Wiley's "Roman Road". DJ Target, a former member of Wiley's Roll Deep crew, compares getting a text from "Stacey in East Ham" to having a Top Ten hit in Spain: "It was like going international."

Hancox takes a sociological approach, as interested in gentrification and policing as he is in music. Sometimes the personalities get crowded out by the polemic, but his deep knowledge of London in the noughties illuminates the music: the way the blinking monolith of Canary Wharf's One Canada Square was both inspiring and alienating for young people struggling in its shadow, or the role that CCTV, private security and the Met's Operation Trident played in shaping grime's paranoid claustrophobia. Politics had practical consequences, too, as tabloid hysteria about violence at grime raves, amplified by opportunistic politicians and police officers, throttled the live scene. Just as you could tell the story of the US in the Sixties via rock music, Hancox sees 21st-century London through a grime lens, from the 2011 riots to Grenfell Tower.

Of course, it's an extraordinary pop music story too. By 2007 grime had been written off by an industry that had overrated its commercial reach, but instead of fading away it bifurcated. While the likes of Dizzee and Tinchy Stryder effectively became pop rappers, MCs such as Skepta and his brother JME stayed under the radar, building a resilient grass-roots infrastructure of independent labels, club nights, YouTube channels and mixtapes. It's beautifully apt that the song that triggered grime's renaissance in 2014, Skepta and JME's "That's Not Me", was an abrasive anthem of denial with a video that cost £80. Hancox quotes a defiant 2007 article by DJ Logan Sama: "We'll keep it our secret until such time that we are ready to bring it to the wider world on our own terms." Well, that's exactly what happened: success without compromise. It's worth restating how rare that is.

What happens next is an interesting question. As the first generation of MCs demonstrated, if you soften and hybridise grime then it's no longer grime. Stormzy deftly integrated gospel and R&B into *Gang Signs & Prayer*, but how far can you go without losing the genre's underdog essence? Then again, grime is currently so dominant that even British MCs who don't strictly qualify, such as J Hus and Giggs, are labelled as such, so maybe its definition will expand to encompass all flavours of UK hip hop, whatever the purists say. For now, grime is reaping the rewards of unswerving integrity. Take *Novelist Guy*, the self-produced recent debut album from 21-year-old South Londoner Novelist. Tense, brooding and utterly self-assured, it confirms that grime hasn't come to the mainstream; the mainstream has finally come to grime.

Stormzy – aka Michael Omari Jr – is the face of grime's second coming. Shot for British GQ, April 2017

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Architecture

Imperial leather

Peter Marino, the S&M starchitect, has spent a quarter century building a global street-style empire with his bellwether visions for the haut monde

Story by **Nick Foulkes**

The late Italian *Vogue* editor Franca Sozzani had a talent for striking magazine covers, but one in particular stays in the mind. For July 2013, the model Stella Tennant stood contrapposto, fixing the camera with an unwavering eye as a figure in a gimp mask licked her throat and another bearded, sunglassed figure in a jaunty leather cap and sleeveless black leather vest buried his nose behind her ear, seemingly intoxicated by the aroma of that part of her body. It's very fashion, especially when you realise that the man in the leather vest and cap is the industry's favourite architect, Peter Marino.

With Marino, it is the leather you notice first. Lots and lots of leather in any colour you like so long as it is black and comes with lots of straps and buckles. He designs it all himself, but then he would have to as his taste goes way beyond the usual fetish stuff. The day we meet – at Larry Gagosian's space in Mayfair, London, to view a collection of Marino's monumental, wardrobe-sized bronze boxes – he's wearing a sort of harness thing that comes off when we pose for the obligatory Instagram snap, a close-fitting tabard that looks like it has been made to function as 21st-century body armour, while on the forearms are the sort of studded and multiple-strapped vambraces that wouldn't have looked out of pace during the Graeco-Persian wars two-and-a-half millennia ago. His fingers are adorned with multiple eagle-head rings reminiscent of *bagh nakh*, the tiger claw-like weapon favoured by assassins in Mughal India.

As it happens, he is dressing down. "This is daytime wear," he explains. As we are meeting on a weekend, during one of his lightning visits to the city, this is probably what you wear instead of chinos, polo shirt and deck shoes if you happen to be the luxury world's most prominent architect.

At any one time, the average self-respecting high-end shopping thoroughfare will have a half-dozen Marino flagships on it. His latest is the dazzling new Louis Vuitton store occupying two *hôtels particuliers* on the Place Vendôme in Paris, which opened last year. On London's Bond Street, his new Ermenegildo Zegna store stands proudly alongside Marino's previous efforts for Bulgari, Dior and Chanel. Indeed, he was the man to bring Bond Streets Old and New into the realm of modern retail when he opened the DKNY store in 1995, taking a piece of urban New York and dropping it smack in the middle of what was then John Major's Britain.

Architect Peter Marino at the Louis Vuitton maison he designed in Paris, 2012

That was rather a long time ago, so how does he stay at the top of his game for more than a quarter century in a world with an appetite for eternal novelty? Certainly not by listening to focus groups: "I'm vicious," he says, "particularly when they're 25 years old, telling me what the public want. I'm somebody who's been successfully doing stores since 1986 and they say, 'This is how you should do it. This is what people want.' I ask them, 'What people? Ten people in a focus group in Hong Kong?' I can't even listen to it."

He does, however, believe in the power of art. As well as being a Gagosian artist, he is a serious collector and over the last three decades has upped the glamour of his projects by placing museum-quality artworks alongside the merchandise on the shop floor, turning the act of spending money into an act of personal cultural enrichment. Marc Quinn, Damien Hirst, Jean-Michel Othoniel, Arman and Larry Bell are among the artists he's commissioned and they have worked in materials as varied as nail polish bottles and electrical components. Even taking the lift can be an experience: you won't find Olafur Eliasson's "Your Loss Of Sense", the elevator/installation in Louis Vuitton on the Champs Élysées, when buying online. Nor is it likely that a Hong Kong focus group would suggest it.

Beyond all of that, he puts his success down to painstaking attention to detail, quality and the light to appreciate it by. "I do believe in daylight and lots of it. With [New York flagship boutique] Barneys, I was the first one to make a department store with all natural windows. That was heralded as a sure disaster and of course everybody followed."

Marino has remained the pied piper of power retail ever since. All that's changed are the sizes of the buildings and the sums of money involved. He remembers the first time a client came to him with a $1 million budget. "We were popping champagne in the office. And I said, 'They'll never make it back.' Today it's $100m. It's a different world."

But then it's not as if Marino sprang fully-formed into the world of luxury retail from nowhere. He spent the Seventies and Eighties learning from some of the great tastemakers of the 20th century. "A third of my work is private, but nobody sees it. Nobody saw the Yves Saint Laurent apartment that I did. People never saw Andy Warhol's house."

Clearly, working with such powerful characters has made him into the great interpreter that he has become, articulating the narratives of the world's great brands in textures, surface finishes, stone, steel, glass and art. In turn, the world might benefit from a Peter Marino shop selling his own clothes and accessories. But I'm not sure it's quite ready for the harnesses and eagle-head rings.

Photograph **Pari Dukovic/Trunk Archive**

Relationships

The great rom con

Don't fall for it, someone better is not always a right swipe away. So call off the perpetual search for real love – it might be what's stopping you finding it

Story by **Tony Parsons** Illustration by **Liam Francis Walsh**

Norman Mailer craved romance.

That sweet, ineffable feeling that fuses anticipation and passion, the unmatched thrill of finding someone new, the great unmet lover who might be waiting just around the next corner, not simply another girl, but the other half of your soul. Which was all a bit awkward as later that same day Mailer was due to get married for the sixth time (the second that week, but that is another story).

It was November 1980, the day dawning cold and bright in Brooklyn Heights. Mailer, the hard man of American letters, was 57, overweight, with five ex-wives, seven children, money troubles galore and about to marry a 31-year-old woman called Norris Church, the mother of his youngest son.

The old man was having second thoughts. Marriage? *Again*? Starting down that well-trod road to vows quickly broken, squawking babies, domestic boredom and sexual betrayal… why bother? Mailer's thoughts turned inevitably to the path not taken, where romance was waiting for him.

"All my life," Mailer told his fiancée, "all I ever wanted was to be free and alone in Paris."

Church was devoted to Mailer from the moment they met until they were parted by death 27 years later. As she later wrote in her memoir, *A Ticket To The Circus*, "If even a little part of him didn't want to marry me, then I didn't want to marry him."

"Look, sweetie," she reasoned. "What would happen if you were free and alone in Paris? You'd be walking down one of the boulevards and you'd sit at a sidewalk café to have a cup of espresso. A pretty girl would walk by and you would give her one of your 25 cent smiles."

With chilling insight into the hopelessly romantic male soul and as their two-year-old son crawled into bed with them, Church talked Mailer through this hypothetical relationship with the unmet girl in Paris. From first eye contact to coffee and conversation, to dinners and days out, to pregnancy and cohabitation. Church was dead right, of course. If Mailer had been free and alone in Paris, then on every avenue he would have found a woman worthy of love.

"And then you wouldn't be free and alone in Paris anymore, would you?" Church said. Later that day they were wed.

It was a long and successful marriage, surviving Mailer's many infidelities, enduring good times and bad until he died in 2007 at the age of 84. Norris Church was the love of Norman Mailer's life. But any man alive can understand what he felt he was giving up on his wedding day. Not simple promiscuity or sexual opportunities with a string of perfect strangers. Mailer dreamed of romance, the yearning that will make a man run away on his wedding day, reject the love of a good woman, abandon his happy home, tear a family apart and start all over again. When boys become men, the obsession with getting your end away is swiftly replaced with the longing to find true, transcendent love. Men are infinitely more prone to the junkie-like hunger for the unmet lover than women. A recent survey by Bedford-based firm The App Developers revealed that men are five times more likely to download a dating app than women. Romance – or rather the desire for romance – means never having to say you're satisfied with what you've got. Romance can be spectacularly destructive. It can be immature, gross, pathetic. Romance can be a man's permission to get away with murder – to break

promises, renege on vows. Romance can be the reason you smash up somebody else's home and not just your own. It can be the reason you never really commit to anyone, an excuse to duck domestic boredom forever. Romance is the impulse that encourages a man to run off with an age-inappropriate woman young enough to be his children's nanny. In fact, she usually is the children's nanny.

Romance is not always the wise path to follow. Mailer's impulse to be a free man in Paris is easy to understand, but acting on that romantic impulse, walking out on endlessly loving Church and their child would not have been the smart thing to do. Crucially, leaving would not have brought Mailer greater happiness than the happiness he knew by staying. If Mailer had abandoned Church, he would have missed out on his life's most successful relationship – for what? The promise of the great unmet lover is the ultimate romantic daydream. When faced with the rough edges of real life, romance can be a refuge, an ejector seat from the claustrophobia of a long-term relationship, an alibi for all manner of bad behaviour. But nothing feels better than the moment when the romantic rush kicks in again, promising to transform everything.

And so for half a lifetime, men come crawling back for more.

"Finding someone to love is hard," wrote Karen Krizanovich in an article headlined "I'm 53 And I May Have Swiped Right on Your Son". "Everyone gets rejected and the sooner you get used to that, the better. If you put your pride aside, you'll find an amazing number of quality single people out there."

It is true that the fundamental rules of attraction remain much as they always have. But there was proof we live increasingly in a world of sexual and social isolation when the *Sun* sent reporter Nick Pritchard to investigate a brothel in South London where all of the workers are sex dolls. Pritchard wrote a thoughtful piece, speaking to voices on both sides of the sexbot debate.

Kathleen Richardson, professor of ethics and culture at Leicester's De Montfort University and founder of the Campaign Against Sex Robots, told him, "In the past, most people would develop their tastes through relationships, finding out what they and others like. Now, because of the rise of inanimate dolls and pornography, people are having less sex. We are creating a very dangerous world where people develop damaging sexual tastes outside a normal relationship. They are not told their violent behaviour is wrong."

Pritchard also spoke to Sergi Santos, founder of the sex robot company Synthea Amatus, who believes that men of the future will develop an intimate relationship with one special sex doll. "I am trying to create something which the user can bond with," said Santos. "In a [sex worker], I don't understand what this bond would be good for."

But an article about a brothel staffed by sex dolls can only end in one place, with the reporter alone in a bedroom with his rubbery companion. And climbing aboard was the last thing on Pritchard's mind.

"Seeing Jenny comes as a shock," he wrote. "This obviously plastic mannequin is more like *Chucky* than *Belle De Jour*. Glassy-eyed Jenny – retail price £1,700 – is made of soft, rubber-like material, squishy to the touch. It reminds me of the Stretch Armstrong action figure I played with as a child. Sex has never been further from my mind. So I politely make my excuses and leave."

Like the rise of the sexbots, porn addiction has taken its toll on sex involving more than one person.

"He had a choice between jerking off in front of his computer or having sex with me," one woman – speaking for millions of women – told *New York* magazine in an article called "A Laptop Never Says No". "And he chose the computer."

But even in this lonely landscape of glassy-eyed sex dolls and laptop love, romance endures. For what could be more ridiculously romantic than dating apps? What could be more desperately romantic than the hope of being just a flicked finger away from finding someone more loving, kind and passionate than your current cold-hearted bedmate? The peak dating app experience is the anticipation, sifting through all those hopeful smiles to find the great unmet lover who will make your life complete. That is why 24 per cent of users continue gawping at their screens even when they are in a relationship.

"With Tinder, the pretext is to hook up, but the real pleasure is derived from the process," wrote Tomas Chamorro-Premuzic, professor of business psychology at University College London. He also noted that digital eligibility inevitably exceeds physical eligibility – meaning potential partners always look lovelier in a dating app than they ever will in the flesh. Raising a wry eyebrow, Chamorro-Premuzic said it was a wonder that any of the knockouts online are single at all – until you meet them. But this implies that there was a level of authenticity in the past that has been lost and potential partners have invariably been first seen through a hopeful haze of alcohol or strobe lights. The lonely heart sees what it wants to see and romantic longing will always outgun grim reality. Has the mating game truly changed? Only the tech. Swiping to the right or left is the new way we have found to maintain eye contact or look away. The pining for romance remains, even (especially?) in a time of social and sexual isolation. We live in a world where everyone is spoilt for choice and yet so many seem lonely. We cling to the hope of transcendence. The aching for romance endures.

The trick is knowing when you have had your share. The day comes when you must stop swiping left or right if you are going to give yourself a chance of real happiness. The hardest thing is knowing when to tear up that ticket to foreign parts and look – really look – at the lover standing in front of you.

Norman Mailer died of acute renal failure on 10 November 2007, by which time Norris Church (who became Norris Church Mailer) had been fighting gastrointestinal cancer for seven years. She would die just three years later. Their last years together were plagued by serious illness, operations and excruciating pain. Romance was a memory now, but it was a memory they shared. As he lay dying, Norman Mailer asked his wife if she remembered their first kiss in the back of a taxi, so very long ago.

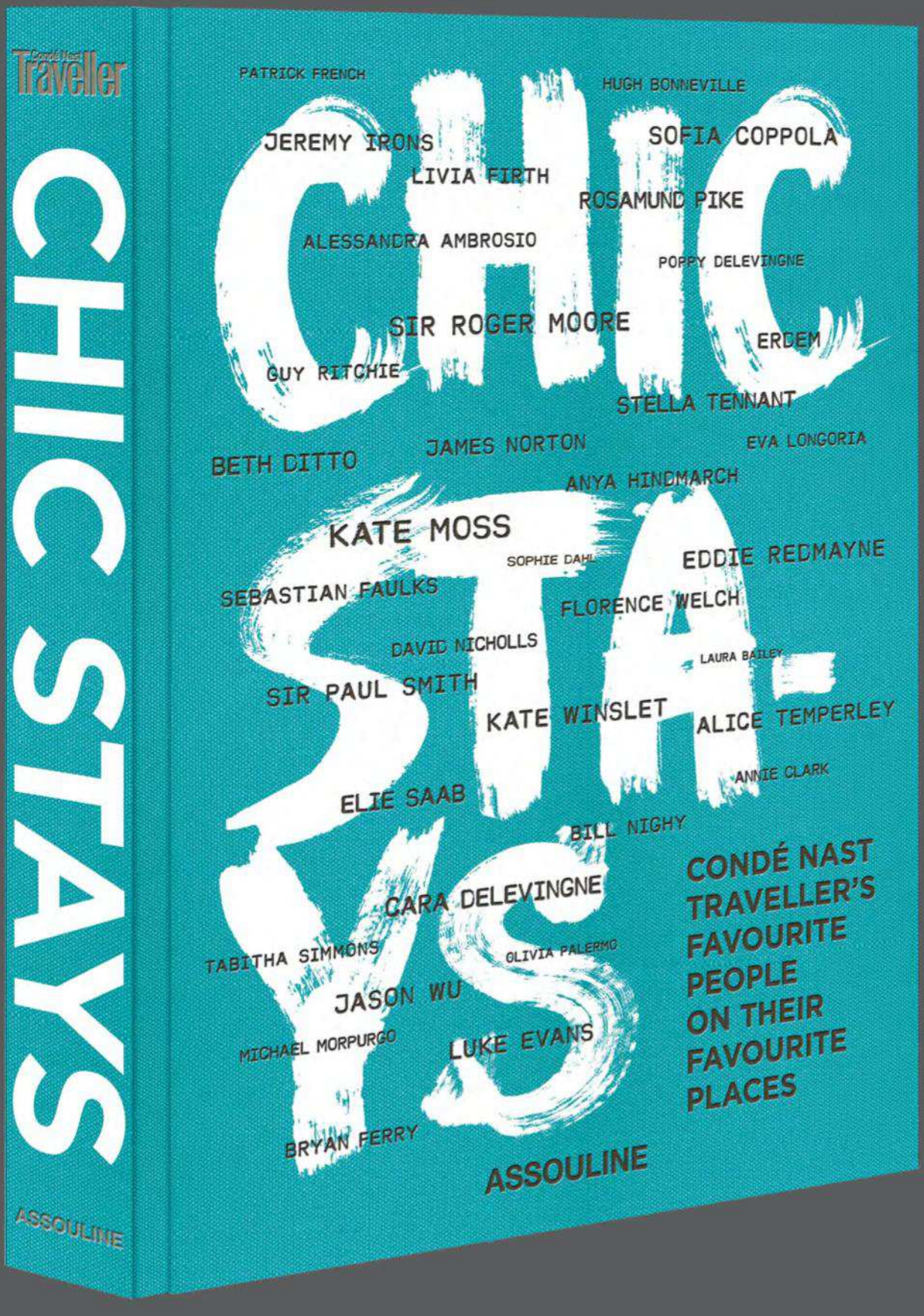
"Like it was yesterday," she said.

Church was right to stop Mailer running off to Paris on their wedding day. They built a life together – the kind of life that one day you wake up and realise you could never have with anyone else, because there are not enough years in even the longest lifetime. They had two sons, good times and clung together in the face of terminal illness. They were true partners. They loved each other. Church was correct to say that romance can never stay the same. Romance is always transient, either fading away into the ether, the fantasy that never had the chance to become fallible flesh and blood, or it leads inexorably to a real-world relationship where it becomes something else.

If you know when it is time to stop dreaming of romance with the woman you have yet to meet or the one who looks after your children or the one you have only seen on a screen, then, after many years and a thousand shared experiences, romance is replaced by something far better.

This is the hardest task of any man's life and the key to lasting happiness – to know when you are finished with romantic fantasy and when it is time to stop endlessly swiping right and dreaming of the unmet lover. And time to build a life.

Romance fades. But if you are lucky, wise and choose well, what remains is love. GQ



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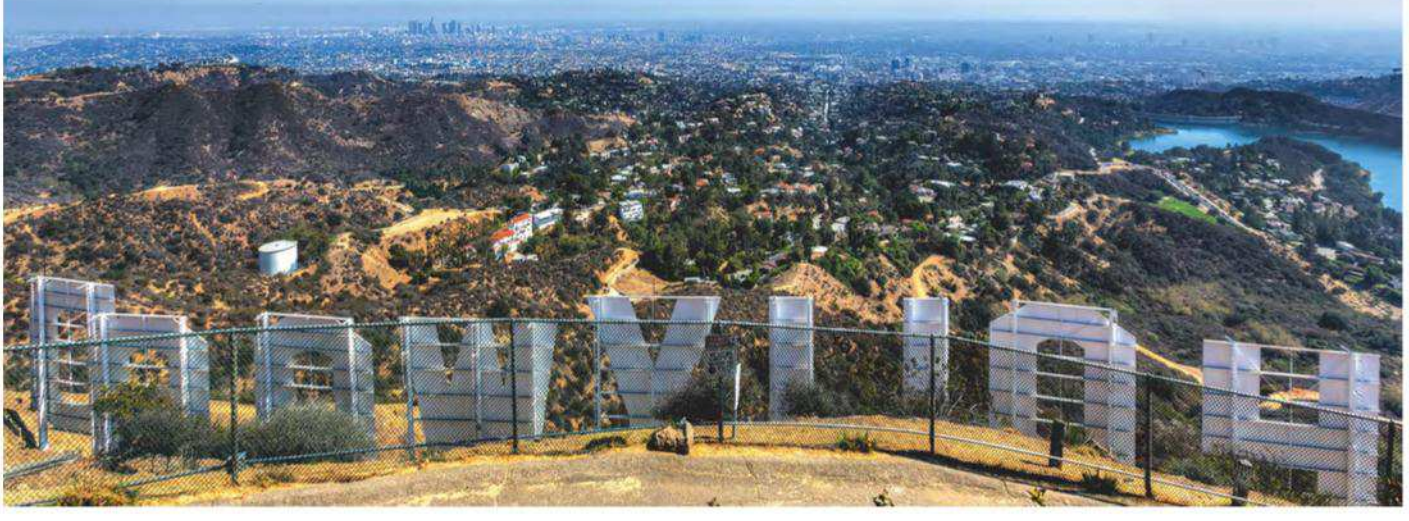
GQ Life

The Destination

Head for the Hills

With GQ's tour de force of must-dos in and around the city of stars, sunshine and rooftop spots, La-La land has never looked so good – p106



Photograph Rich Polk/Getty Images

Want to be fitter, faster, sharper, stronger? Of course you do. **To explore yourself, your limits and your world?** No doubt. With all the answers to the questions that count – what to eat (and where), where to go (and how), how to live (and why). **Your very best self starts right here**

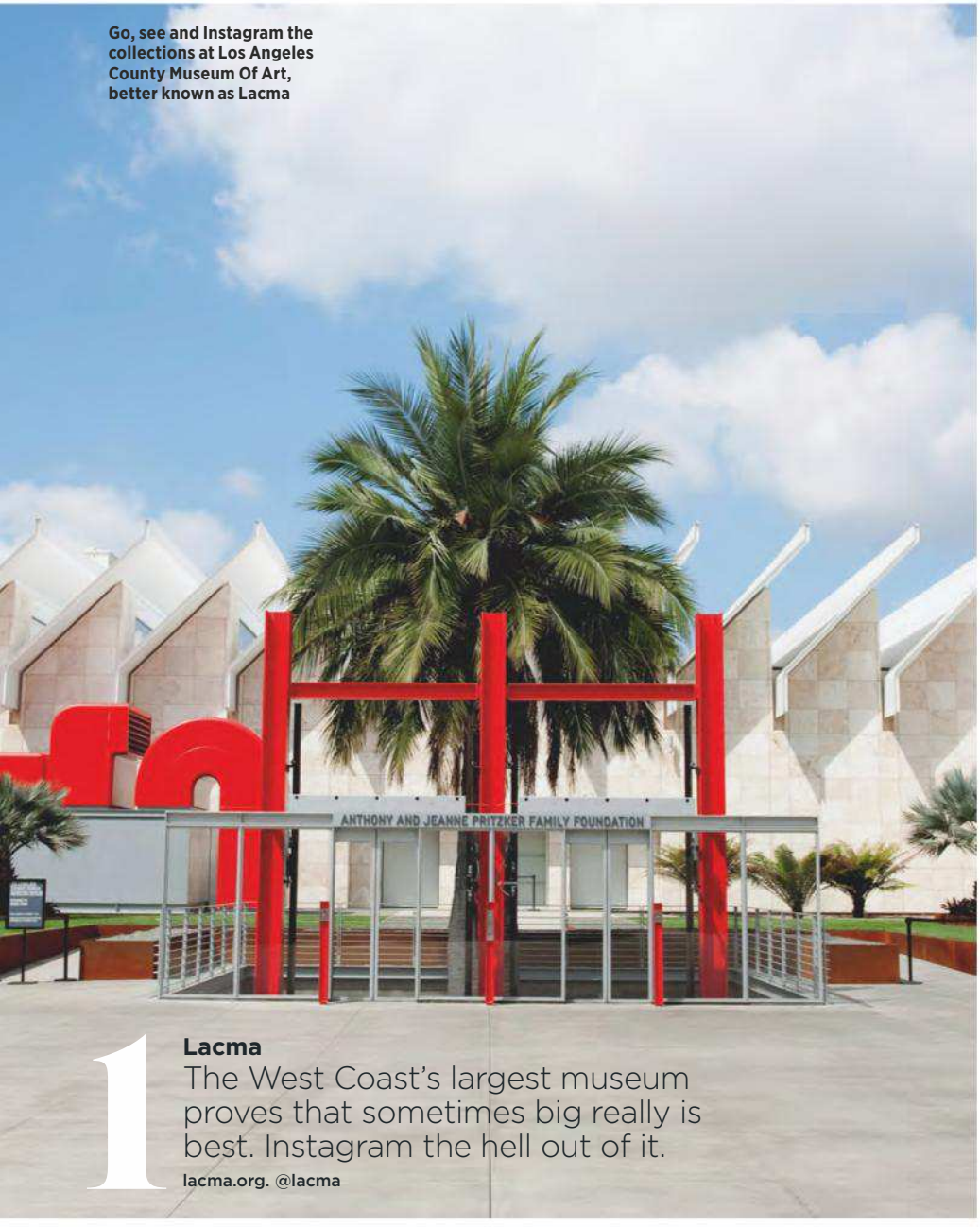
Edited by **Bill Prince & Paul Henderson**

The Destination

Dreaming California

From desert to Downtown, 25 of the Golden State's greats

Somewhere in California it's always the future. There's a fair amount of the past lying around too, but here the future always looks like it's trying to catch up with itself. There are those on the East Coast who say that California is too parochial. But then not only has Silicon Valley been the lodestar of innovation for nigh on 40 years, New York has to be one of the US's most parochial cities, built on status anxiety, where restaurant reservations deserve a place on your résumé. Los Angeles has become slavishly Insta-friendly, where places are designed (or Californicated) to look attractive online: square, colourful, arch. It reinforces the rarely contradicted notion that the city will forever be a glorified theme park, albeit one that is cherished the world over.



Go, see and Instagram the collections at Los Angeles County Museum Of Art, better known as Lacma

1 Lacma

The West Coast's largest museum proves that sometimes big really is best. Instagram the hell out of it.

lacma.org. @lacma

▸ 2 The Broad

This staggering contemporary art museum on Grand Avenue in Downtown LA is named for philanthropist Eli Broad (say it "browed"), who founded and financed the $140 million building and the brilliant collections within it.
thebroad.org. @thebroadmuseum

3 Jon & Vinny's

Fairfax has to be one of the greatest streets in the world and this Italianish restaurant is one of the greatest places to find pizza. It opens at 8am, which is a perfect way to end an evening.
jonandvinnys.com. @jonandvinnydelivery

▾ 4 Filifera

This swanky rooftop bar above the Hollywood Proper Residences, with sweeping views of the Hills, is a popular spot for residents, guests and locals who want a drink and a small bite.
properhotel.com. @filiferahollywood

5 Montage Beverly Hills

For the past ten years or so the Montage has rivalled the existing big players in Beverly Hills and it is now the go-to hotel for celebrity weddings (and those wanting to replicate them).
montagehotels.com/beverlyhills. @montagebh

6 Inko Nito

The Arts District continues to reinvent itself, not least with inspiring cuisine. Inko Nito is backed by the Zuma team and they are taking the brand around the world. This one's the best, though.
inkonitorestaurant.com. @inkonitola

7 Freedman's

LA already has a fantastic Jewish deli scene, but this strip mall spot in Silver Lake brings a bit of new school to the genre. It fuses old classics, from matzo-ball soup to Toronto-style bagels, with California-inspired inventions, such as everything-spiced pickles and avocados with nasturtium and furikake. Obviously.
freedmansla.com. @freedmans_la

Photograph **Iwan Baan**

8

Ace Hotel & Swim Club, Palm Springs

This is the state's party hotel, with an oh-so-vibrant 24-hour pool scene that will appeal to anyone who packs more sunglasses than tuxedos. >>

acehotel.com/palmsprings. @acehotelpalmsprings

Palm Springs' Ace Hotel & Swim Club gives new meaning to 'cultural desert'

Parker Palm Springs, where Angelinos escape the city

9 Parker Palm Springs

Probably the chicest hotel in the area, the Parker first opened in 1959 as California's very first Holiday Inn, but since its redesign by Jonathan Adler it has become one of the most sought-after destinations in the Sonoran Desert.

theparkerpalmsprings.com. @parkerpalmsprings

10 Salvation Mountain

Perhaps one of the most Instagrammed destinations in the state, this small hill (Californians are prone to exaggeration) was built by local resident Leonard Knight, who covered it in biblical murals.

11 Tortoise General Store

Judiciously curated Japanese homeware, furniture and accessories. Fastidious, remarkable. **tortoisegeneralstore.com. @tortoisegeneralstore**

12 Kismet

Currently the most famous restaurant in Los Feliz and with good reason: here the Middle East meets California, surrounded by the great, the good and the vegetarian. **kismetlosangeles.com. @kismetlosangeles**

13 The Last Bookstore

Downtown's largest and most beautiful secondhand book store is a refuge for literary types and one of the city's most beloved institutions, where most of the stock retails for $1. **lastbookstorela.com. @lastbookstorela**

14 Galerie Half

Sometimes you just gotta go to Melrose, in this instance for midcentury furniture, art books, beautiful framed mirrors, *beautiful* standard maps and stuff. **galeriehalf.com. @galerie_half**

◂15 Casa Perfect

A gallery-cum-showroom, this appointment-only venue showcases the latest The Future Perfect collection. **thefutureperfect.com. @thefutureperfect**

16 Dan Tana's

One of the oldest, classiest joints in LA. Dress like a member of the Sopranos and you'll be guaranteed to get a table. Go large. Drink expensive reds. Walk home. **dantanasrestaurant.com**

17 Madonna Inn

The kitschest motel in the world and the most fun. It's very pink and very wonderful. **madonnainn.com. @madonnainn1958**

18 Majordomo

Only open a few months, this is already one of the hardest places to get a reservation. From David Chang, founder of Momofuku, Majordomo sits in an industrial section of Chinatown, serving a wild array of Asian-inspired dishes. **majordomo.la. @majordomola**

Virgin Atlantic flies from London Heathrow to Los Angeles from £538. virginatlantic.com

◂19 Ostrich Farm

Right now, the only place to have brunch is this ridiculously fashionable eatery in Echo Park. **ostrichfarmla.com. @ostrichfarmla**

20 Arcana Books

Because sometimes you need somewhere else to forage rather than mooch around Book Soup, the third best bookstore in the US (after the Strand in Manhattan and Powell's in Portland). And while Book Soup is great, Arcana ain't too bad. **arcanabooks.com. @arcanabooks**

◂21 Destroyer

When it opened, Destroyer disrupted the entire idea of fine dining. Well, it is in Culver City. With only 16 seats and a no-cash policy, this is alt-cuisine at its best. **destroyer.la. @destroyer.la**

22 Nobu Ryokan Malibu

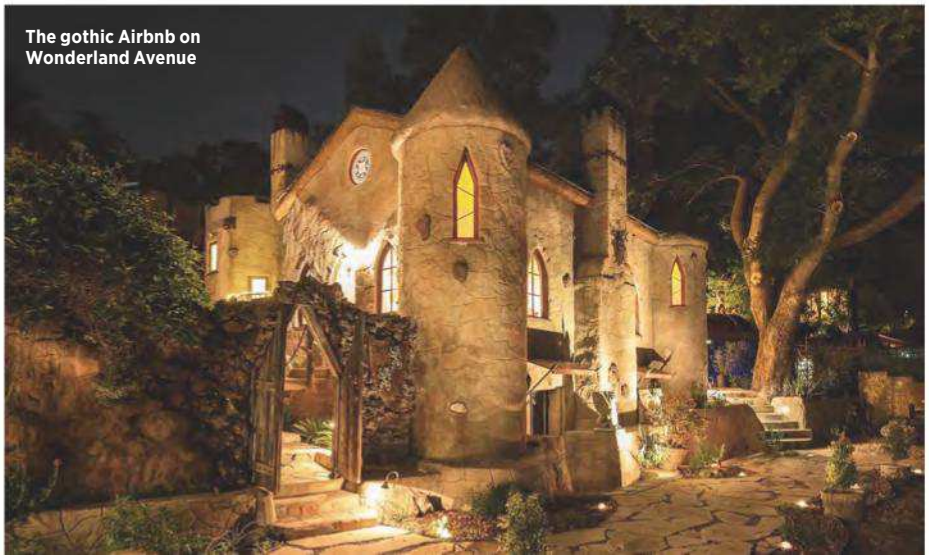
Modelled on a traditional Japanese inn, this property features teak soaking tubs, fireplaces, patios and food from the adjacent Nobu Malibu. **noburyokanmalibu.com. @nobuhotels**

23 Paul Smith

Maybe – just maybe – the most Instagrammed shop in LA, the car park has become busier than the scrums outside most fashion shows. It's also pretty fancy inside. **paulsmith.com. @paulsmith**

24 Zuma Beach

If you don't know where it is, then you will find it soon enough...



The gothic Airbnb on Wonderland Avenue

25 Gothic castle on Wonderland Avenue, via Airbnb

If you have a last-minute booking in LA, then ask to stay in this timeless purpose-built castle. It looks as though it's made of papier-mâché and has a Tardis-like feel. Party!

airbnb.co.uk

Photograph **Curtis Pickrell/Destroyer**

WHERE

ARCHITECTURAL ICONS, URBAN CHIC & SIGNATURE STYLE

MEET.

Marina Bay encapsulates the essence of a global city. Cruising through the architectural masterpieces and elevated park spaces, you'll find Mark Ong looking for design inspiration. This is where contemporary fashion and art galleries mingle with riverside cafes and sky-high dining escapes. Bring out your inner collector and hunt for your unique style with homegrown designers like Mark Ong. Find your colour, cut and cult pieces at **VisitSingapore.com**

singapore
Passion Made Possible

THE HELIX BRIDGE
MARINA BAY

Get Wired

Want to be bionic? We have the technology...

Jet, set, go with the latest apps and scientific advances to add to your arsenal, designed with your nonstop lifestyle in mind (and body)

Story by **Paul Henderson**

As the pace of life gets quicker and the world seemingly becomes smaller and more accessible, for the modern high-flyer functioning on the top level becomes increasingly difficult. What happens when you live life in the fast lane, but you don't have the time (or the inclination) to slow down? The answer could be to employ some cutting-edge technological teammates to keep you in the game. Here are a few technicolour tricks of the trade to maintain your mojo when your rivals are fading to grey...

Learn the art of heart coherence

Heart coherence is an optimal state between your brain and autonomic nervous system. When all else is crazy around you, it will give you a feeling of alertness and control. This may seem a state some people have only ever heard about, but now with the help of a very discreet piece of kit from the Heart Math institute to help, you will be able to replenish your energy, balance emotions and quiet an overactive mind in as little as three minutes a day. You'll need to learn a few basic techniques to encourage your heart and brain to work together, but once you do you will think more clearly, feel happier and improve your performance.

heartmath.co.uk

Wellness expert Stephen Price offers clients bespoke health programmes

Compress your recovery

Introducing a new generation of active recovery, for those who require ultimate performance day in and day out. Using revolutionary NormaTec Pulse Compression technology, this product not only helps recovery from long-haul flights and changes of time zones, but also from intensive bouts of exercise, stressful work days and busy social lives. Simply strap it on and allow it to pulse, massage and release the pressure in your muscles to bring new life to tired limbs.

normatecrecovery.com

Hire a health manager

With the modern and ever-growing popularity of health and fitness there has emerged a gap for a rare breed of expert to flourish. These people are the true authorities and professors of the industry who can coordinate personal health and fitness teams for clients all round the world, but can also navigate between medical elements, bringing seamlessly together all the components of a life fully lived.

The spiritual equivalent of a portfolio manager, they develop health strategies, oversee results and analyse trends to take personalisation to the next level. One of the best known is Stephen Price, who not only has a portfolio of his own wellness clubs and spas (under the Body Space brand), but also guides a select group of individuals through various

+ Listen up: Five of the best audiobooks to boost your mood...

Brideshead Revisited
by Evelyn Waugh

Of Jeremy Irons' recordings, *Brideshead Revisited* is hard to beat. Let his velvet voice enfold you in the neuroses of the Flyte family and feel your own worries fade away.

Nevertheless
by Alec Baldwin

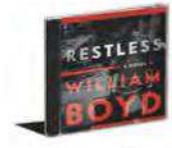
There are no second acts in American life? Hold that thought. The feel-good post-50 turnaround *Nevertheless* is read by Trump tormentor Alec Baldwin himself.

Running In The Family
by Michael Ondaatje

Read by Ondaatje, who sounds like a sleepy literary lion, *Running In The Family* is a funny masterclass in getting to know yourself.

The Theory Of Everything
by Stephen Hawking

Sadly, there isn't a recording of Stephen Hawking reading *The Theory Of Everything*, but Michael York still gives a mind-blowing performance.



Restless
by William Boyd

One of the slickest and sexiest literary thrillers of our time, *Restless* is blissfully whispered into your ear by Rosamund Pike. **Olivia Cole**
audible.co.uk

projects, including transforming their work/life balance and developing pre- and post-treatment programmes.
spandco.co.uk

Read between the lines

Books, both fiction and nonfiction, have been proven to promote positivity, motivation and energy while reducing depression, anger and tiredness. And yet settling down with a good read can be time-consuming and sedentary. The solution is to enjoy a classic form of therapy using the latest sonic technology. Thanks to downloadable audiobooks and podcasts, a busy day, late night or punishing flying schedule can now be overcome by developing your very own bibliotherapeutic library of interesting, creative, informative and thought-provoking audiobooks. Build a personalised collection to boost your mood in any given moment (similar to pairing fine wine with food) and proactively inspire even on the most challenging of days.
audible.co.uk

Reinvent the flywheel

When someone looks strong and powerful, it's often because they are. Two of the hardest elements of training just got more attainable with the lightweight KBox flywheel training platform. Used in elite sport to increase strength and power in short time frames, this works by creating eccentric training forces previously impossible to do by yourself. A favourite with Winter Olympic athletes, this versatile device uses the variable inertia of heavy steel flywheels rather than weights and gravity. It is scientifically proven to be more efficient, can easily be taken anywhere in the world and replaces the need to search for a gym.
exxentric.com/kbox

Just beat it

When every second counts, the ability to know exactly what your training is doing for you is key. Firstbeat is an analytical coaching tool for wearables that uses the data produced by your heartbeat to help improve your output, reduce your stress levels and enhance your sleep routine. By gathering 24-hour information, it can be used for both health and wellness improvements to increase the functional quality of life.
firstbeat.com

Celebrity Life Coach

The GQ Pep Talk with...
Samuel L Jackson

The hardest-working man in Hollywood has some hard-won life advice to impart. We double dare you to take note...

In his words: "The best advice given to me was that I had to be ten times smarter, braver and more polite to be equal. So I was."

In other words: Don't give in to prejudice and never let anything deter you from your ambitions. If you have a goal, work towards it positively and push yourself to get there.

In his words: "I'm a professional. I show up at work on time. I know my lines. I hit my mark. I treat the other actors and crew members with respect. That's a role model. It has nothing to do with the characters that I play."

In other words: If you really want to be cool, don't try to act cool. If you are kind, well mannered and prepared to work, and you appreciate others, you will earn both their respect and admiration.

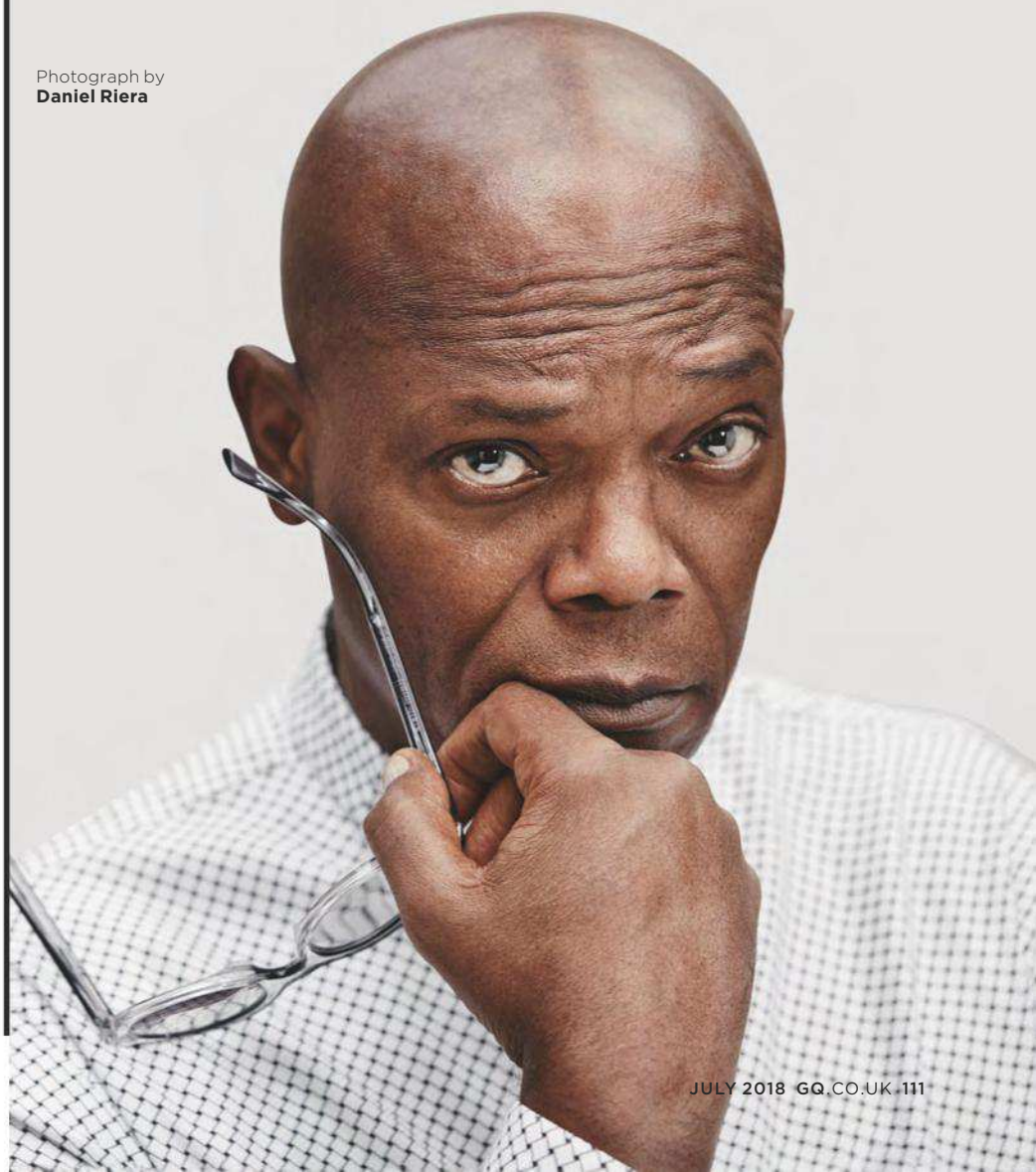
In his words: "I understood, through rehab, things about creating characters. I understood that creating whole people means knowing where we come from, how we can make a mistake and how we overcome things to make ourselves stronger."

In other words: Sometimes, we stand to learn the greatest lessons of our lives from our biggest mistakes.

In his words:
"Take a stand for what's right. Raise a ruckus and make a change. You may not always be popular, but you'll be part of something larger and greater than yourself. Besides, making history is extremely cool."

In other words: Stand up for what you believe in, be the issue great or small. It will shape your character for the better. **John Naughton**
Samuel L Jackson is in Incredibles 2, out on 13 July.

Photograph by **Daniel Riera**



Primal Training

Tyre flips

Pull, push, smash and grab your way to Flintstone fitness. This month: a strongman squat that will have you deadlifting your way to monstrous levels of power and physical strength

Story by **Jonathan Goodair** Photograph by **Ben Riggott**

Wrestling a tractor tyre off the floor and generating enough power to flip its 100 to 300kg weight will set you on the right track to new levels of total body strength. But before you go and square up to a monster truck tyre, it's essential to refine your flipping technique using lighter versions first. You must also learn how to safely generate enough momentum at the start of the movement to get "under the tyre", switch hand position and push it over with the heel of the hand without causing injury.

Focus on flipping and lifting in one smooth action, working quickly with good technique. And remember: always warm up thoroughly before attempting to flip a heavy tyre.

Directions

1. Get set on a deep squat, with hips low and pushed back, feet shoulder-width apart. Make sure your knees and feet are aligned.
2. Place hands under the tyre, fingers spread wide. Hips should be pushed back with your head up, shoulders wide. Press your chest against the tyre.
3. Fix arms and shoulders in position, with elbows just slightly flexed.
4. Maintain a flat back and head-up posture as you drive powerfully up through the legs and hips.
5. Generate enough momentum during the initial lift to allow you to get under the tyre, switching from an underhand pull position to a pushing/pressing position using the heel of the hand.
6. Step forward and use your whole body to drive the tyre up and over.
7. Focus on flipping and lifting in one smooth action, working quickly and with good technique.

jonathangoodair.com

Shorts, £35. Trainers, £160. Both by **Adidas**. adidas.co.uk

60

Rest for 60 seconds after each set. Perform 4 sets of 6 reps to start.

Isn't it time you tried... a foreskin facial?

If you thought things couldn't get any weirder than the vampire facial (where your own blood is infused back into your skin via microdermabrasion) you were very wrong. Behold the penis facial: where stem cells from babies' foreskins are microneedled into the skin to stimulate collagen production. It's recently taken Hollywood by storm (Sandra Bullock and Cate Blanchett swear by it) and is available at the Georgia Louise Atelier in New York at £465 a pop. **Eleanor Halls**
georgialouise.com

Grooming **Samantha Cooper at Carol Hayes Management** Model **Bradley Simmonds (@bradleysimmonds)**

Winner's circle

Keep in step with this summer's sporting events, thanks to GQ's all-star edit of football boots, tennis trainers and cycling and golf shoes

Story by
Paul Henderson

Football

Fifa World Cup, 14 June - 15 July

Can you kick it? In these boots, you'll be able to... just like Antoine Griezmann, Neymar Jr and Paul Pogba

1 Future 18.1 by **Puma**, £180. puma.com **2** Nike Mercurial Superfly 360 Elite AG-Pro by **Nike**, £230. nike.com **3** Predator 18+ FG by **Adidas**, £250. adidas.co.uk

Cycling

Tour De France, 7 - 29 July

Join the chain gang and put the pedal to the metal with this year's revolutionary cycle shoes

1 Pro Leader V4 by **Pearl Izumi**, £275. pearlizumi.co.uk **2** S-Phyre by **Shimano**, £300. At madison.co.uk **3** S-Works by **Specialized**, £330. specialized.com

Golf

The Open Championship, 19 - 22 July

Don't putt off updating your on-course footwear with our pick of the best golfing lace-ups

1 Cool Pro by **Ecco**, £210. golf.ecco.com **2** Ignite PWR Sport by **Puma**, £110. At cobragolf.co.uk **3** Tour-S by **FootJoy**, £220. footjoy.co.uk

Tennis

Wimbledon, 2 - 15 July

Enjoy this serving and see you in court (weather permitting)

1 996v3 Tournament by **New Balance**, £105. newbalance.co.uk
2 Showstopper by **Under Armour**, £90. underarmour.co.uk
3 Gel-Solution Speed 3 by **Asics**, £130. asics.com

Grey Matters

Get better at everything right now

The brain's health affects the entirety of how we function in the present and in the future. The good news is that whether you're Einstein, A or Essex, J you can do a tremendous amount to improve its function. The better news is that those benefits will last a lifetime...

Story by **John Naughton** Illustration by **Alexander Wells**

Zaps

Frontal lobe

Transcranial direct current stimulation (TDCS) is not yet mainstream, but neither is it the stuff of science fiction. Used to help Parkinson's sufferers and stroke victims, it's increasingly being applied to healthy individuals to improve reaction times and decision making by strengthening synaptic connections. Efficacy and safety issues in this largely unregulated field persist and its early adoption by hard-core gamers is not necessarily a recommendation.

13

The number of milliseconds it takes for your brain to process an image

Sleep

Hippocampus

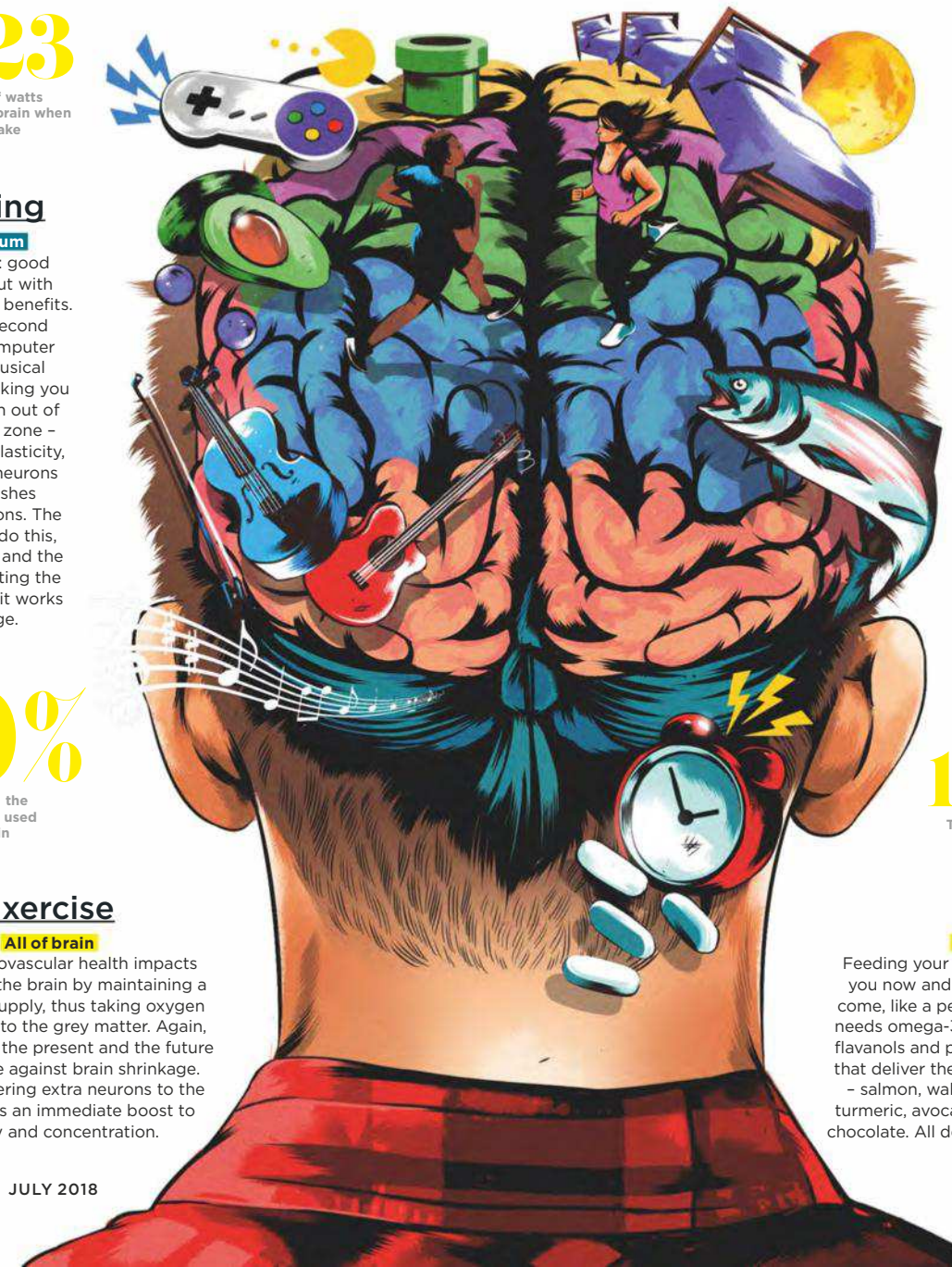
Your brain doesn't stop working when you're asleep, even though it's stood down from its sensory duties. Research from the University Of California, Riverside suggests that memories are transferred from the hippocampus to the cortex during periods of deep sleep (about 20 per cent of our overall shuteye). Seven to eight hours of good-quality zeds promotes good long-term memory, providing a further link between brain health and golden slumbers.

10-23

The amount of watts generated by the brain when you are awake

73%

Proportion of the brain made up of water



Learning

Cerebellum

Stay curious: good life advice, but with particular brain benefits. Learning a second language, computer code or a musical instrument – taking you and your brain out of your comfort zone – boosts neuroplasticity, helps create neurons and establishes new connections. The younger you do this, the easier it is and the more long-lasting the benefits... but it works at any age.

Pills

Brainstem

Provigil, the brand name of modafinil and one of the leading so-called smart drugs or nootropics, is out there and in widespread use. It produces higher synaptic concentrations of dopamine in the brain, which can make you feel awake and alert. It doesn't seem to be addictive, but whether it works or what long-term side effects it carries (if any) is less clear. Do remember, though, that it was originally given to military personnel to keep them awake.

20%

Proportion of the body's oxygen used by the brain

100,000

Total length of the blood vessels in the brain... in miles

Exercise

All of brain

Strong cardiovascular health impacts positively on the brain by maintaining a good blood supply, thus taking oxygen and nutrients to the grey matter. Again, the benefits in the present and the future are a defence against brain shrinkage. Plus, by delivering extra neurons to the brain, it gives an immediate boost to memory and concentration.

Food

All of brain

Feeding your brain the right diet helps you now and protects you in years to come, like a pension scheme. Your brain needs omega-3 fatty acids, antioxidants, flavanols and polyphenols and the foods that deliver these are all readily available – salmon, walnuts, blueberries, beans, turmeric, avocado, dark greens and dark chocolate. All delicious (but not together).

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1 | Boss Bottled by **Hugo Boss**, £65 for 100ml. hugoboss.com

Forever-Wear Fragrances

Smells like team spirit

It's not just tracksuits and bumbags that are in fashion again. Here's why you need to douse yourself in a classic Nineties scent too

Story by **Teo van den Broeke** Photographs by **Benjamin Savignac**

It's a known fact in fragrance circles that the French have a thing for deep, heavy scents with intense floral notes. It's a contrast to the southern Mediterranean, where fresher strains of neroli and bergamot are popular. In the Middle East and India, localised woody scents such as patchouli, agar and sandalwood dominate, while in Japan it's all about light, white flower-focused scents that don't invade other people's nostrils (terribly rude). It's in the United States, however, where things get really interesting. Americans are famous for preferring fragrances that smell like washing detergent or, to affect an Americanism, "candy". This predilection for sanitation and sweetness was spearheaded by the release of CK One in 1994 and the global dominance of American culture during that decade meant that fresh and occasionally saccharine fragrances quickly became the flavour of the Nineties. Now, for 2018 – following a brief flirtation with weighty ouds and a period when we obsessed over chypres (but that's another story) – American-influenced, Nineties-inspired scents are back and they're smelling sweeter than ever. Here's our pick of the best...

2 | Acqua Di Giò by **Giorgio Armani**, £72 for 100ml. armani.com

3 | L'Eau D'Issey Pour Homme by **Issey Miyake**, £80 for 200ml. isseymiyake.com

4 | Eternity by **Calvin Klein**, £57 for 100ml. calvinklein.co.uk

5 | 212 Men by **Carolina Herrera**, £65.50 for 100ml. carolinaherrera.com

Photographs **Benjamin Savignac**

Bentley Momentum Unlimited... Step into extraordinary

The New Fragrance for Men

bentley-fragrances.com

‘We’re wearing very little clothing up there! It’s important to make sure all of our body hair is groomed’

Chris Mears shaves his body in the search for marginal gains over his competitors in the pool

Grooming

High and mighty

Olympic gold medal-winning diver Chris Mears explains why body shaving is an essential part of his formula for success

Story by **Kevin Perry** Photographs by **Jon Shard**

Jumping-off points...

Rio Olympian Chris Mears talks about his life outside the sport and his passion for music

On top of all your training, what was it that drove you to take up DJing?

"I love to create. Music first and foremost: any genre and anything I'm inspired by at that moment. I find it tends to be loosely based on what I'm listening to at the time. I'm working towards a future in the music industry after I have retired from diving, and I hope that the industry embraces me the same way the sport world has. I also enjoy making art – it's a great outlet."

What music are you listening to right now?

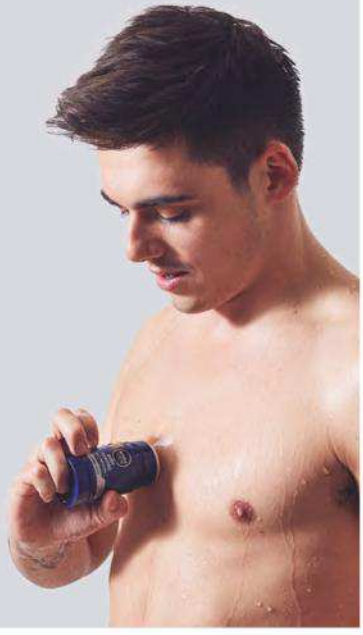
"I'm loving Chris Brown's *Heartbreak On A Full Moon.* It's an album of 45 tracks from 2017 but I'm still enjoying it."

What skill should every man have?

"I think there's a couple, like learning how to do a bow tie and being able to cook a couple of signature dishes."

What's the best piece of advice you've ever received?

"That things don't happen to you, they happen for you. I think that's a really important perspective when anyone's been through a difficult time because it tells you that the process strengthened you."



Chris Mears knows a thing or two about getting your body into perfect condition. At the 2016 Olympics in Rio, the 25-year-old competed in the men's synchronised 3m springboard event with Jack Laugher and they won Britain's first ever Olympic gold medal in diving. This year, the pair won gold yet again at the 2018 Commonwealth Games on Australia's Gold Coast. According to Mears, preperation is everything when it comes to big competitions – and shaving his body is a big part of his mental and physical build up routine. "It is as simple as 'look good, feel good'," he says. "I mean, we're wearing very little clothing up there! It's important to make sure all of our body hair is groomed."

The NIVEA MEN Body Shaving Stick is designed for use in the shower and allows simple and targeted application.

Mears shaves his body to give himself a competitive advantage. His grooming routine has to keep him streamlined in the water, and that's one of the reasons he uses the NIVEA MEN Body Shaving Stick. "I really love the NIVEA MEN Body Shaving Stick because it's clear and I can see what I'm shaving, rather than using a shave foam or shower gel that foams up or washes off in the shower," he explains. "It also doesn't irritate your skin, and is perfect for any skin type." For Mears, having smooth, hairless skin could make the difference between a gold and silver medal. For the rest of us, it's probably the easiest way to get one step closer to getting the physique of an Olympic athlete. Tokyo 2020 here we come.

Watch Chris Mears' video at gq-magazine.co.uk

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CHAMPAGNE
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+ **Mark Hix** toasts the Norse goddess of love p.124 **The Fuzzy Duck** unwinds p.125 **Dandelyan** goes wild p.126 **Paul Ainsworth At No6** shines in Padstow p.127

Norwegian king crab from Aska by Fredrik Berselius – p.124

Photograph **Gentl and Hyers**

GQ Taste

Uncovering the art of comestible luxury one mouthful at a time

Edited by **Bill Prince & Paul Henderson**

The Cocktail

Freya Rhubarb by Mark Hix

Rhubarb is a great seasonal fruit with which to make an interesting cocktail. It works wonderfully with Freya, a natural spirit – named for the Norse goddess of love – made from wild birch sap that is harvested annually after the winter thaw. And with sugar taxes creeping up, it makes sense to use something natural.

For the rhubarb and blossom cordial

Ingredients

1kg of rhubarb, roughly chopped

1 punnet of edible flowers

200g of clear honey

1.5 litres of water

Method

Put the ingredients into a saucepan, bring to the boil, simmer for a couple minutes then leave to infuse overnight.

For the cocktail

Ingredients

50ml of Freya

20ml of lemon juice

15ml of rhubarb and blossom cordial

Top with Real Kombucha

Method

First you want to make a ribbon of rhubarb using a peeler. The skin is naturally wet so will wrap easily around the inside of the glass to give the drink an extra flourish. Add ice cubes to the glass to secure the ribbon in place.

To mix, pour the Freya, lemon juice and rhubarb and blossom cordial over the ice and top up with the Real Kombucha.

With a long spoon or paper straw give everything a mix. Before serving, garnish with edible flowers.

The Book

Aska by Fredrik Berselius

In art history, the theory of the *gesamtkunstwerk*, the total medium, straddles all manner of aesthetics – painting, dress, architecture, sculpture – to create something harmonious. For as long as it has existed in art history, it has been anathema to the culinary world. At least, until Fredrik Berselius.

In life as in wardrobe as in his kitchen, Berselius is a totality. A description of his suits (erudite lines, charcoal palette, a pinch of romanticism) is as apt for the recipes served in his Michelin-starred New York restaurant and recently collected in *Aska* (*Phaidon, £40*), which is, of course, all erudite lines, charcoal palette and a pinch of romanticism.

Fusing a Manhattanite sensibility with Berselius' Nordic roots, from mackerel and locust to birch with black trumpet, *Aska* is art in motion, bettering the *gesamtkunstwerk* in that it's edible, too.
Holly Bruce

Photograph **Chris Hoare** Set design **Samantha Dixon**

The Club

Kadie's Cocktail Bar & Club

Equal parts discreet and decadent, there's a new high roller in town

You know a club is worth its £1,000 VIP tables when, within days of its official opening last December, Idris Elba chooses to host his Christmas party there. No wonder Kadie's didn't bother with a promo run – this tiny luxe basement venue has had London's finest socialites line up for a spot on its invite-only guest list since pictures of Big Driis in the DJ booth surfaced…

Where's the evil bouncer with his clipboard? Kadie's would never abide confrontation on the street. Their host discreetly manages the chancers downstairs…

Why is everyone wearing Saint Laurent? Because of the dress code, which, while flagrantly abusing the semicolon, reads: "From Saint Laurent cowboys and rock'n'rollers to sartorial sophisticates and Gucci glamourati; you are welcome if you dress with personality, purpose and originality." Better take off that purposeless jacket…

What's my jam? Deep European house with a touch of the Nineties.

Waiter… You'll have an Extremely Good Lychee Martini (*£14*). (It really is that good.) **Eleanor Halls**

● Tuesday to Saturday, 9pm till 3am. 9 Swallow Street, London W1. 020 7287 7772. kadiesclub.com

The Roundup

One-stop shop:

Three quick bites at Mare Street Market

Open Kitchen

117 Mare Street, London E8. marestreetmarket.com

The setup: Taking over a former council building, Mare Street Market is a new consortium of shops and food outlets, founded by Gizzi Erskine and Barworks' Marc Francis-Baum. Open Kitchen is its beating heart, with huge sharing tables, a central bar and a 100-seater terrace with its very own smokehouse.

Eat this: London Fields' The Bread Station makes the dough for the rye biga pizzas. Top yours with burrata, olive oil, basil and tomato (*£6.50*).

Drink this: The three-page beer menu includes the peppery Hook Island Red ale (*£5.50*) by Five Points Brewing Company, based just a mile down the road.

Flying Horse Coffee

117 Mare Street, London E8. marestreetmarket.com

The setup: Coffee is a serious business here (you can tell by the shiny Roastmax machine). Jack Bradshaw has been plucked from Wide Open Road roastery in Melbourne to lead the team and he really knows his beans. If you're passing, you can order from the hatch out the back on Westgate Street.

Eat this: Pair your caffeine with a brioche feuilletée (*£4*). At six inches tall, it's big enough to share, although you probably won't want to.

Drink this: The antithesis to many modern menus, the excellent coffee is simply listed as black (*£2*) and white (*£2.40*). There's also cold-brew espresso for the summer months.

The Deli

117 Mare Street, London E8. marestreetmarket.com

The setup: Under Erskine's direction, the deli serves produce – locally sourced where possible – such as cheeses, open sourdough sandwiches, soup and salads, alongside oils and intriguing morsels in jars. There's also Secret Smokehouse fish, Cannon & Cannon charcuterie, rotisserie chicken and a well-stocked Liquor Store.

Eat this: The seafood bar stocks Morecambe Bay oysters (*£2.75*).

Drink this: The wine has been meticulously hand-picked by *GQ* Food & Drink Award-winning sommelier Ruth Spivey. Try the obscure Garnacha Not Guerra 2016 from Sardinia (*from £25*). **Jennifer Bradly**

● The Fuzzy Duck, Ilmington Road, Armscote, Stratford-Upon-Avon, Warwickshire CV37 8DD. 01608 681030. fuzzyduckarmscote.com

The Pub

The Fuzzy Duck

A proper English inn, freshly minted by the GQ Food & Drink Awards

Nestled in the Cotswolds countryside, not far from Stratford-Upon-Avon, sits 2018 *GQ* Food & Drink Award winner The Fuzzy Duck. Refurbished in 2013 by the family behind British soap company Baylis & Harding, the pub takes its cue from the brand: affordable luxury.

While the interiors are a hit, the undoubted focus is the food. The Fuzzy Duck boasts the likes of soft-centred black pudding scotch duck eggs on the menu. And while almost comically large portions should be reason enough for you to take a leisurely drive to Armscote, if you need more persuading then know this: a local butcher's lamb shank is a modest £18.50. On the succinct bar menu, the homemade malted milk and oat loaf with pork crackling butter is an instant classic.

Can't bear to leave? Upstairs you'll find boutique bedrooms with roll-top baths and serene countryside views. Well placed for exploring the surrounding villages of the Cotswolds, The Fuzzy Duck is the ideal place to enjoy a summer weekend. Eleanor Davies

The Bar

Dandelyan at Mondrian London

Created by Ryan Chetiyawardana (otherwise known as Mr Lyan, aka the biggest cheese in cutting-edge British bartending), this award-winning watering hole might just have the best reputation of any bar in the city. Since opening its doors in Southwark's Mondrian London hotel in 2014, Dandelyan has wowed critics and guests with an innovative approach to botany.

Now, the team's "nose-to-tail" approach to flora is entering its next phase, with the second volume in the Dandelyan story: The Modern Life Of Plants. Split into four sections – mint, grape, hops and classics – this new menu explores the science and art at play in the human adaptation of plant and animal life. It's both as daring and as delicious as expected. The BC3 Negroni (Bombay Sapphire, Dandelyan pollen vermouth, Ceylon Arrack, Campari, propolis – a resin produced by bees – and honey) celebrates the way bees impact the landscape. The East Winds Fizz – a bittersweet aperitivo made from Courvoisier VSOP, red vine leaf and Moscato wine – pays homage to the medicinal use of vine leaves. The Nitrate Manhattan – a bright, boozy mix of tequila, ten-year-old Talisker 10 and rhubarb beer – is an ode to hop farming in Britain and the interdependence it created between several crops and livestock. You get the picture.

There's also a rather handy graph on the back of the menu that rates all of the drinks according to serve, taste and suggested drinking time, making it that bit easier to navigate this unusual listing. A highlight is Dandelyan's take on the Cosmopolitan, the Canon Cosmo. Sure, it's pretty, pink and comes in a delicate stemmed glass, but one taste and your beverage prowess will soon be proven. Your companion will admire your excellent choice as you smugly sip and survey the River Thames outside. A real man knows his way around a cocktail menu, after all. Kathleen Johnston

● 20 Upper Ground, London SE1. 020 3747 1063. dandelyanbar.com

Small Bites

+ Where we've been eating this month...

La Dame De Pic

Three Michelin-starred Anne Sophie-Pic is practically royalty in France. Now her *haute cuisine* has come to the UK.

Standout dish: Berlingots of pasta, stuffed with gently smoked Brillat-Savarin cheese.

10 Trinity Square, London EC3. 020 3297 3799. ladamedepiclondon.co.uk

Theo Randall

A touch of class with great service, Randall's gift for all things Italian keeps giving, particularly in the form of the *primi* pasta dishes.

Standout dish: Taglierini con gamberetti e carciofi.

InterContinental Hotel, 1 Hamilton Place, London W1. 020 7318 8747. theorandall.com

Orrery

London's traditional French fine-dining spot has got spruced up for summer, courtesy of interior designer David D'Almada.

Standout dish: Soulard duck, braised Savoy cabbage, parsnip, cherry and Banyuls.

55 Marylebone High Street, London W1. 020 7616 8000. orrery-restaurant.co.uk

The Hotel

Moor Hall, Lancashire

Where Northern comfort is the order of the day and night

When is a hotel not a hotel? When it is a restaurant with rooms, obviously. It is a small but important distinction for chef-patron Mark Birchall because, despite the stunning countryside setting, multimillion-pound renovation of a 16th-century manor house and an impeccable refurbishment by interior designer Martin Nealon, Moor Hall is first and foremost about the food.

Having honed his skills as the executive chef at Simon Rogan's L'Enclume for the best part of nine years, Birchall is a modern master of taste, texture, presentation and flavour. So much so that before Moor Hall's first birthday he had already been gifted four AA rosettes and a Michelin star for his five- (*£70*) and eight-course (*£105*) tasting menus. Highlights include an outrageous amuse-bouche of homemade black pudding in a crispy shell; a clever cold and crunchy baked carrot; the stunning Holstein Friesian steak tartare, which borrows from and actually betters L'Enclume's venison in coal oil; and a sweet and delicate Isle Of Mull scallop with risotto-like grains that together tastes both of the sea and the land.

It is a menu as immaculate as the precisely groomed grounds and walled gardens that surround the light and airy oak-framed dining room and certainly somewhere worth lingering. And, given that Moor Hall is a restaurant with a magnificent seven luxury rooms, you'd be a fool not to spend the night as well. Just don't call it a hotel. **PH**

● **Rooms from £195 per night. Prescot Road, Aughton, Ormskirk L39 6RT. 01695 572511. moorhall.com**

The Restaurant

Paul Ainsworth At No6, Padstow

Britain's most exciting chef is putting his own culinary stamp on Cornwall

It's impossible to talk about Padstow without mentioning Rick Stein. Oh, lovely, kiss-me-quick Rick… Cheeky, charming, passionate and piscatorial, the kindly old fella has his fishy fingers in so many pies, pasties, bistros, bars, cafés and cookery schools in the Cornish village that seemingly everything you eat tastes ever so slightly Stein-flavoured. Now that's not necessarily a bad thing – The Seafood Restaurant is still a must-visit – but there really is more to Padstow than an entrepreneurial life-aquatic septuagenarian.

Specifically, there is Paul Ainsworth. While he isn't exactly the new kid on the block (Ainsworth has been here for 12 years), since his arrival in "Padstein" he has quietly and confidently become Cornwall's catch of the day. Having served his apprenticeship under the tutelage of British gastro titans Gary Rhodes, Gordon Ramsay and Marcus Wareing, Ainsworth decamped to a small Georgian townhouse on a backstreet with his wife, Emma, intent on doing his own thing and he has taken the time to carefully renovate and meticulously create one of the best dining experiences in the country.

● 6 Middle Street, Padstow PL28 8AP. 01841 532093. paul-ainsworth.co.uk

Abandoning tasting menus, over-elaborate service and fussy fine dining in favour of impeccable à la carte cuisine alongside friendly and efficient hospitality, Ainsworth's talent and good taste, coupled with his pick of the county's best local produce, have earned him a Michelin star, plaudits galore and most recently a *GQ* Food & Drink Award (he was deservedly named Best Chef). And from the menu at No6, it is easy to see why. Of the starters, the pig's head fritter with smoked eel is only bettered by a fresh and zesty sea bream sashimi. While for the main event, although the soy-glazed duck with Peking tea is exceptional, it is the hogget from the Tamar Valley – as rich, sweet and meaty as it is tender – served with a stunning sweetbread fricassee, that might just be the best plate of food we've eaten this year.

And as far as desserts go, the obvious choice is a Cornish trifle with a recipe dating back to 1596, but if you don't order the Rhodes-inspired bread-and-butter pudding with roast vanilla ice-cream we will personally hunt you down and remove your taste buds with a spoon, as you clearly have no use for them.

Of course, travelling to Cornwall is a long way to go for lunch or dinner, but in *GQ*'s opinion it is definitely worth it. And while Rick Stein might have put Padstow on the map, pretty soon all roads will lead to Paul Ainsworth. **PH**

The Trend

Market Halls, London

It's official: food halls are a phenomenon, not a fad. Want proof? Andy Lewis-Pratt and Pitt Cue's Simon Anderson are rolling out six of their Market Halls (*markethalls.co.uk*) across the UK. The first opened this month in the ornate ticket hall of Fulham Broadway's Tube station, with ten kitchens including Claude's Deli and Calcutta Canteen by Darjeeling Express. The next London hub – slated for summer – will transform the abandoned Terminus Place, Victoria, and will be even bigger. **JB**

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The Bottle

The year of the brosé

Versatile, unpretentious and – yes – gender-neutral, rosé has earned its moment in the sun, as these top-flight sommeliers attest

Story by **Amy Matthews** Illustration by **Gavin Reece**

If you haven't said "yes way" to rosé, 2018 is the year. Once consigned to hazy holiday memories and awkward BYO barbecues, it's serious, smart and here to stay. It's weathered a busy few years, including celebrity endorsement, zeitgeist articles, backlash thinkpieces and trade scandal (the Great Hamptons rosé shortage of 2014 – the *sine qua non* of first-world problems) before unequivocally establishing its substance alongside style.

Provençal wines put rosé on the radar with their delicate salmon hue and distinctive curvy bottles – dry, fresh and elegant, the likes of Domaines Ott* and Chateau d'Esclans' Whispering Angel have made their way from the beaches of the Côte d'Azur to the most forward-thinking restaurants and bars. Master sommelier Piotr Pietras from Hide restaurant, Piccadilly's punchiest new wine destination, swears by the Garrus from d'Esclans. "It's a game-changer," he says. Pietras credits rosé's success to its food-friendly nature. "It can go well with both fish and meat dishes," he says.

As well as food, rosé goes hand in hand with celebrity – Brangelina's ownership of Château Miraval has outlasted their marriage and we can all aspire to "sippin' rosé with Rozay" with a bottle of the rapper Rick Ross' Luc Belaire. However, Ruth Spivey, creator of Wine Car Boot and now in charge of wine at the newly opened Mare Street Market, says it's not to be underestimated. "It's often written off as just generic rosé, but it does come in different shades and styles and works really well when you want something a little more than a simple white, but also some cool refreshment."

Rosé wine has the distinction of not taking itself too seriously

Rosé is far from a new innovation – most early red wines were closer in style to rosé, as the techniques now used to extract maximum tannin and colour from the grape skins are modern inventions. Champagne producers were the real commercial trailblazers: they popularised the pale *oeil de perdrix* style in the 16th and 17th centuries, while Ruinart was the first house to officially release a rosé in 1764. Champagne is still the only rosé that can be made by blending white and red wines; this year Veuve Cliquot celebrates the 200th anniversary of its rosé, the first champagne to use this method.

Rosé champagne complements food as happily as the still versions, and the richer flavours make it a chef's favourite; Moët & Chandon ambassador Jason Atherton is currently serving a rosé menu with the Grand Vintage 2009 across all of his restaurants. He's not alone in seeing the potential of pairing dishes with pink sparkling wine. "Rosé champagne does very often have more intensity and fruitiness than a white one, yet it still retains a sensational freshness," says Pietras. "Have it with tuna or monkfish and, if nicely aged, give it a go with lighter beef-based dishes." Pinot noir provides those deeper, more concentrated notes: Dom Pérignon rosé is a fabulous example, epitomising the hedonistic and seductive side of the style, only made in exceptionally good vintages for pinot.

As well as having quality and heritage on its side, rosé has the distinction of not taking itself too seriously. While the rest of the wine trade can get carried away with talk of terroir, *en primeur* and astringent tannins, rosé quietly continues to be both delicious and drinkable. Now that wine culture is finally shifting to the light side, with events such as Genuwine pouring cult wines to a Nineties R&B soundtrack, and decent producers making wine in cans and "bagnum" pouches that are ripe for partying, it seems that rosé was right all along. It's even bridged the drinks gender gap; in a time when no one judges what you drink any more, "brosé" has arrived. "'Brosé' might have helped gain more male drinkers, although surely long gone are the days of it being a 'girl's drink', thank God," says Spivey. Ask any young sommelier or bar staff about their favourite rosés and "crushable" will be the highest compliment. So, rosé. *Outré*? No longer. *Passé*? Never. #Roséallday? Sign us up. >>

Colour Chart

How blush is your brosé?

From pale imitations to in-the-pink perfection, which hue is for you?

Rosé is usually made by leaving the juice from red grapes in contact with the skins for a short while to extract enough colour, before pressing it off. Rosé champagne is the exception, mostly made by blending white and red grape juices before fermentation. The *saignée* method is occasionally used for both still and sparkling, when rosé is "bled" off from a standard red production.

Onion skin

Probably pinot grigio, probably dry(ish), probably inoffensive.

Can be subtle, nuanced and very elegant at best – hunt down the Ramato from Specogna in northern Italy.

Pale rose

The colour that launched a thousand bottles; easy on the eye, easy on the palate.

Chances of being a crisp, dry European rosé are high – if you want to stick with Provence, Mirabeau offers great value for a classic choice.

Deep pink

Anyone's guess.

Could be a crunchy, dry Sangiovese, could be a spicy Chilean syrah, could be a sticky white zin. Proceed with caution, but Muga's Rioja Rosado is both a safe and delicious bet.

Dark fuchsia

Almost a light red, this is worth serious consideration.

Definitely a food wine – go for a good producer (try Rose Of Virginia from Barossa winemaker Charles Melton) and match with something meaty.

The Recipe

Rosé champagne cocktail

Switch up the classic champagne cocktail with a few colourful changes

For the cocktail

Ingredients

2 drops of Angostura bitters

1 sugar cube

Dash of Chambord liqueur

1 tbsp cherry brandy

90ml rosé champagne

Method

Drop the bitters on the sugar cube and place at the bottom of a flute or a coupe.

Add the Chambord, the cherry brandy and top up with the champagne.

+ Six of the best Rosé wines to savour this summer

Dom Pérignon rosé 2005

£270. At Clos19. clos19.com

Chateau Miraval Côtes De Provence rosé

£18.50. At winedirect.co.uk

Ruinart rosé

£60. At Clos19. clos19.com

Château d'Esclans Whispering Angel rosé 2017

£20. At Roberson Wine. robersonwine.com

Moët & Chandon Grand Vintage rosé 2009

£60. At Clos19. clos19.com

Veuve Clicquot rosé

£48. At Clos19. clos19.com GQ

Illustration Joe McKendry

STYLE: ASCONA

STYLE: CEREA

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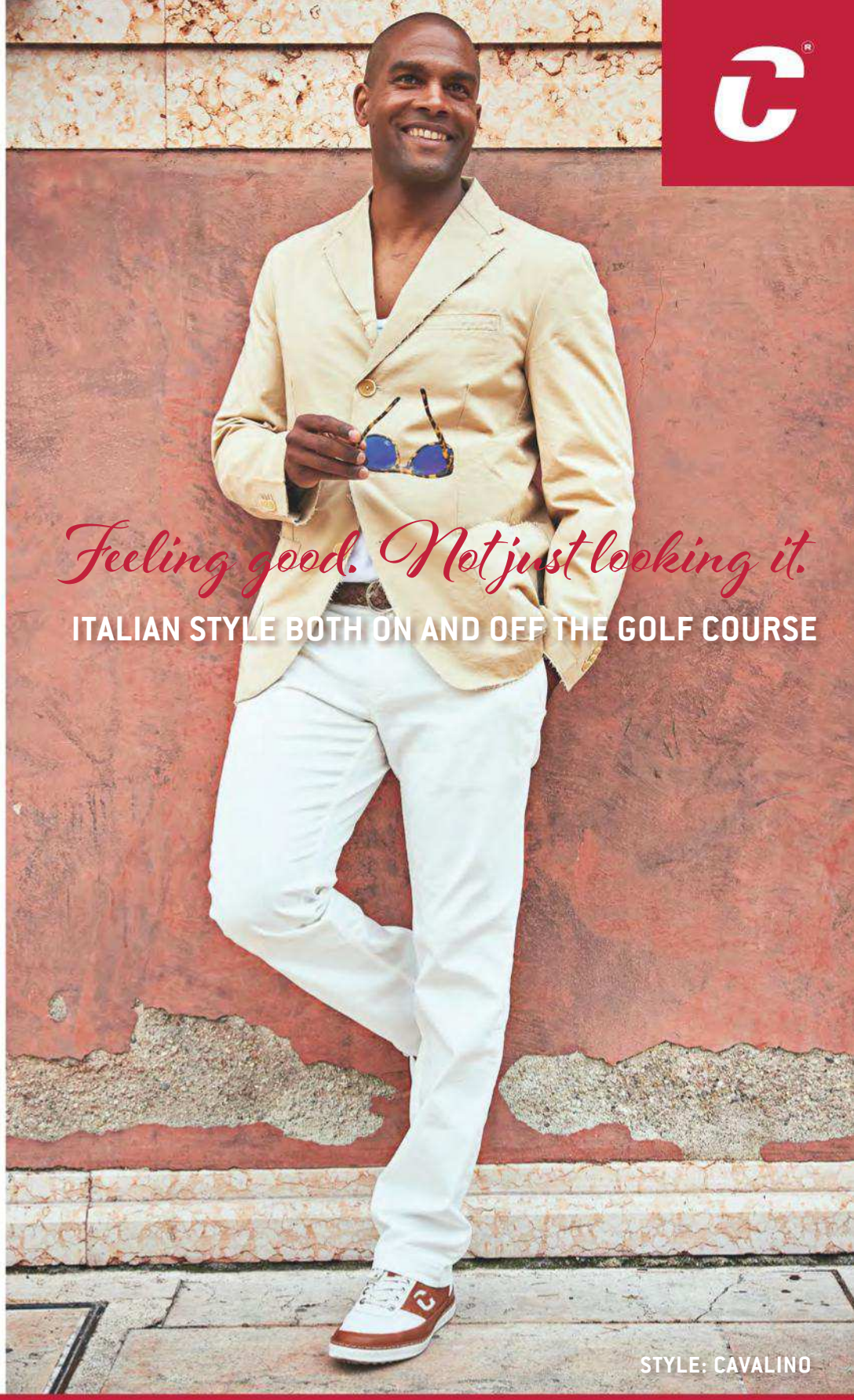
STYLE: KUBA



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‘When you sponsor the World Cup, you can only win... It is not just a sport, it is a social event’

Ricardo Guadalupe, CEO, Hublot

FINALLY, IT’S TIME...

After four years of buildup, the World Cup is about to kick off. As luxury Swiss brand Hublot retakes its place as the tournament’s official timekeeper – and launches its first ever smartwatch, for use by the referees – GQ talks hopes, highlights and heroes with the haute horologist and four of the most famous names in the game

Story by **Paul Henderson**

Diego Maradona led Argentina to victory at the 1986 World Cup

Argentina have Lionel Messi and Sergio Agüero. Brazil may have Neymar Jr (broken foot permitting) and Philippe Coutinho. And France can call on Antoine Griezmann and Paul Pogba. But if you want to know which World Cup team contains the biggest names in football, none of them compare to Hublot's. The Swiss watchmaker is the World Cup's official timekeeper, and while it may not be competing in Russia it has recruited a squad of superstars, trophy winners and top coaches who are sure to light up the tournament whenever they appear. When Hublot calls, the legends assemble.

Take the recent Hublot Match Of Friendship, for instance. As part of the official countdown to Russia 2018, Hublot asked Diego Maradona and José Mourinho to pick squads for a five-a-side match to be played in Basel. From Roberto Carlos (Brazil) and David Trezeguet (France) to Hernán Crespo (Argentina) and Patrick Kluivert (Netherlands), the team sheets looked like a fantasy football match-up made flesh. "It was a dream and Hublot made it a reality," says Hublot CEO Ricardo Guadalupe.

The Match Of Friendship might have been just for fun, but make no mistake Hublot is serious about its commitment to football and has been since the president of the LVMH Group's watch division, Jean-Claude Biver, suggested it become the first luxury brand to start a sponsorship programme in the sport. After becoming the official watch for the Uefa European Championships in 2008, and with deals with clubs such as Manchester United and Bayern Munich thereafter, Hublot extended its involvement two years later, in South Africa 2010, becoming the first luxury manufacturer to serve as timekeeper at the Fifa World Cup. "Thanks to football, we have been able to make our brand known all over the world," says Guadalupe.

Hublot remains a club sponsor for teams such as Chelsea and Juventus, but it has enjoyed most success on the bigger stage. After South Africa came Brazil, where Hublot took over a hotel in Rio De Janeiro ("Hublot Palace"). Guadalupe admits Russia will be a more challenging venue, but is optimistic the World Cup will still deliver. "When you are involved with just specific clubs, you win and lose with them," says Guadalupe, "but when you are the sponsor of the World Cup you can only win." Especially if you provide the watches for the men in black.

This year, at the suggestion of Fifa, Hublot is launching its first smartwatch, the Big Bang Referee. Not only will the tournament officials wear it, but owners of the limited-edition timepieces (only 2,018 are being produced) can also feed into games in real time. From custom notifications to live score updates, it offers all the connectivity of a smartwatch with the luxury aesthetic of a Hublot timepiece.

"What makes this World Cup especially exciting for us is that previous tournaments were televisual experiences," says Guadalupe. "Russia 2018 will be the first digital World Cup. We believe that more people will watch games using their phones and tablets rather than on their TV. As a result, we will not follow the traditional route this year. Hublot will be doing a 100 per cent digital campaign. It will be fascinating to see how that changes the event. What we have learned over the years is that football is not just a sport, it is a social event on a much larger scale. And Russia 2018 could be one of the best ever."

Big Bang Referee 2018 watch by **Hublot**, £4,300. hublot.com

THE 2018 FIFA WORLD CUP TAKES PLACE IN RUSSIA. 14 JUNE - 15 JULY.

The Icon

Pelé

What is your favourite moment from your career?
"There are two memories that are special for me. The first is 1958, my very first World Cup. It was the first time I had travelled by plane and in Sweden everything was new. It was like a dream, and then all my dreams came true because my Brazil won the World Cup. I was so young and it felt like I had achieved everything. My other memory is when I scored my 1,000th goal. It was a penalty and for the first time in my career my legs were shaking. The whole of the Maracanã was shouting and I remember thinking, 'Oh, my God, I cannot miss!' That moment was completely different. When I was 17, it was my first World Cup: no responsibility, no nerves. But for my 1,000th goal, I was Pelé, three-time world champion, most famous footballer. I never felt pressure like it."

What was the best Brazil team you played in?
"The 1958 team had some very special players, but I think it was the 1970 team – that was the most complete team. It was my last World Cup and we had so many great players to choose from. Too many! When it came to picking the squad, I remember we had three world-class players for almost the same position: the No10. We had Gerson, Rivellino and Pelé. The papers said, 'This is not going to work.' But it ended up being the best Brazil team that ever played."

Who is your favourite player of all time?
"Oh, there were so many, but Georgie Best I liked very much. I also liked [Johan] Cruyff and [Alfredo] Di Stéfano. Both Bobby Charlton and Bobby Moore. And I played with [Franz] Beckenbauer and he was very good also."

But Pelé was the best ever, right?
"No doubt! But do you know why? Because after me, my mother and father closed the machine. They said, 'No more. No more.'"

Pelé, featured in the Seleção's World Cup wins in 1958, 1962 and 1970 (opposite)

Photographs Getty Images; Rex; Trunk Archive

The Leader

Gareth Southgate

Is there a tournament that sticks out in your mind?
"The 1982 World Cup is the first one I really remember. I had the wall chart, the sticker albums, the whole thing. And I recall coming home from school and watching Bryan Robson score after 27 seconds against France. I had his boots, I tried to run like him... I was really inspired by him and Ray Wilkins and, like them, I wanted to play for England and to play at a World Cup."

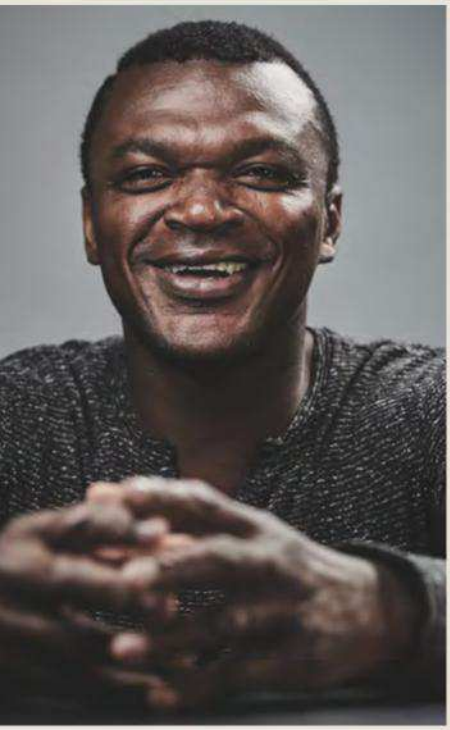
And you did. You were part of the 1998 team that lost on penalties to Argentina. Was that disappointing?
"Oh, it wasn't disappointing. France '98 was a fantastic tournament to be a part of and we were a good team. We made the semifinal of Euro '96, we won the Tournoi De France in 1997, so we were optimistic. But because we lost to Romania [in the group stage], we ended up in the bottom half of the draw and that meant a second-round game against Argentina. When you look back at it, that was one of the classic matches in recent World Cup history."

Russia 2018 is Gareth Southgate's first major tournament as England boss

How hard is it to marry players from the very top clubs with players from the less successful clubs?
"That is the crux of international management. We have to decide how we want to play, our own style, then develop our patterns and drill those into training sessions. The key is getting those ideas across in the days before a match so players are comfortable in their roles and [know] their responsibilities."

Why have England previously underperformed?
"There are a number of reasons and each tournament was different. We have had teams with very good players who have underperformed. We have had a few close exits through penalties. But in some of them we were down to ten men, so that suggests a disciplinary problem. Sometimes we have had strong squads, but other times I would suggest that the squads haven't been strong enough."

What can England achieve at this World Cup?
"With this squad you just don't know what they are capable of. The team isn't ranked as highly as it has been in the past, but they are young and hungry and anything is possible. They are optimistic and, as a coach, I'm excited about their potential."



The Winner

Marcel Desailly

Was winning the World Cup the highlight of your career?
"Well, I'm going back 20 years, but I think I can remember! I would probably say yes. It was even more important because it was in France and the World Cup is the most important moment in the universe."

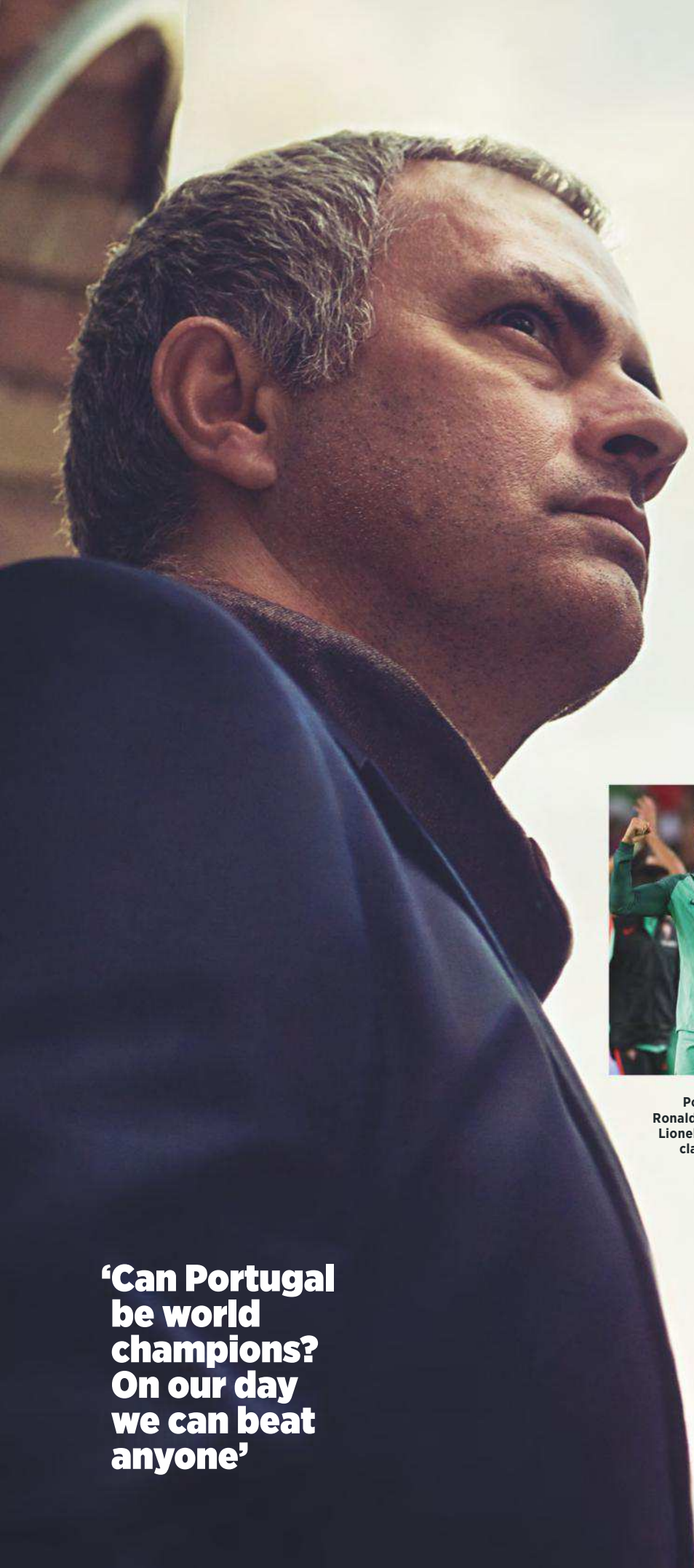
You were sent off in the final. Did that spoil the moment for you?
"Not really. I made a tackle and I got a second yellow card. And I accepted that; I didn't make a fuss. By being calm it allowed my teammates to reorganise and regroup and because we were two goals up we were quite comfortable."

Apart from winning with France, what is your favourite World Cup memory?
"The ticker tape from the [final] in Argentina in 1978, with Mario Kempes and his long hair. I remember the country had a dictator at the time and it made me so happy that football was able to erase all the political issues that they were facing."

What can England do better at this year's World Cup?
"They have a good generation of players and they have a good coach in Gareth Southgate, but what they don't have is a strong leader who can guide them on the pitch. But you never know... maybe England could be a surprise of the tournament, like Belgium could be."

Do you really think so?
"No. But I hope it will happen, because England have lost so many generations of talented players that it would be nice for them to do well when no one expects it."

Photographs Getty Images; Trunk Archive

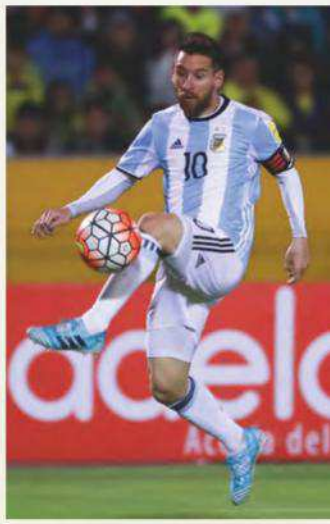


‘Can Portugal be world champions? On our day we can beat anyone’

The Special One

José Mourinho

Who is your pick to win this year’s World Cup?
“Players like [Lionel] Messi and [Cristiano] Ronaldo are so good that they can make their teams better than they are on paper, so I think Argentina and Portugal can do well. Brazil, because of their manager, Tite, can play well tactically and defensively, but they still have that natural talent. And of the European teams, Spain looked really strong in qualifying. They have a mix of experienced players and quality players. But you never know... there can always be a surprise at the World Cup.”



Your parents remember you watching the 1966 World Cup semifinal, age three, when Portugal lost to England. Can Portugal ever go any further?
“Portugal did get to the semifinal again in 2006 and also won the European Championship in 2016, so that means we are among the best teams in the world. Can we be world champions? I don’t dare say that, but on our day we can beat anyone.”

Portugal’s Cristiano Ronaldo and Argentina’s Lionel Messi (top) could claim glory in Russia

As far as football tournaments go, is the World Cup still the “special one”?
“Yes, because it is still special. I think if you were to walk down any street in any country when their team is playing at the World Cup, you could steal a whole shop and no one would notice. It is such an amazing tournament that even people who are not football fans fall in love with the national team.”

You coached a team that included Manchester United fan Usain Bolt at the Hublot Match Of Friendship in Basel, which finished 11-11. Did you feel you got the most out of him?
“[*Laughs.*] We agreed the result before the match: it had to be a draw. But I do think the size of the pitch was too small for Usain. Usain’s best strength is his speed, so he is probably better suited to a full-sized pitch with eleven-a-side.”

A few years ago you said you would manage Portugal when you get tired. Are you any closer to getting tired?
“No. No! I am not close at all. I think being the coach of a club is my job. Because I need to play matches every week and train every day. I would say I am even further away from being tired now than I was a few years ago. GQ

The GQ Father's day GIFT GUIDE 2018

Whether your father is a man of simple pleasures or enjoys the finer things in life, we've got all you need to ensure you pick the perfect gift this summer

Edited by **Holly Roberts**

Photographs by **Matthew Beedle**

Undandy

The sole of discretion

Tailor a pair of shoes to exactly suit your father using the innovative Undandy website

It's always hard to buy something for the man who has (almost) everything, which is why the best solution is to find him something totally unique. In an age of mass production, true luxury now often means something that's been handcrafted or tailor-made. That's where Undandy comes in. Founded in 2015, its made-to-order Portuguese shoes can be customised online at a fraction of the usual price thanks to its direct-to-customer business model, cutting out the middle man.

What really sets it apart is the sheer range of customisable options. In total, its online 3-D designer offers over a billion different combinations, so you can be sure that not only will the shoes be made to order, they'll also be as unique as the man you're buying them for. When you've designed your perfect shoe it will be hand-crafted at a third-generation workshop in São João da Madeira in Portugal, a small town not far from Porto, where Undandy is supported by Compete2020, Portugal 2020 and the European Union. As an extra touch, you can also personalise the shoes by adding an engraving to the soles. Whether that's a message to your father, a favourite quote or in-joke, an anniversary date, or simply a note to remind him they were designed for him by his son, they make for a perfect, one-of-a-kind father's day gift.

BOOTS BY UNDANDY, £205. *UNDANDY.COM*

Leather goods

Ultimate accessories

Treat your father to a piece of luxury this year with this collection of classic and contemporary leather items

The bag

Washbag by Smythson

Perfectly proportioned and beautifully crafted, this leather wash bag from Smythson could be just what the modern business traveller is looking for.

£395. smythson.com

The tablet case

iPad case by Gucci

For the father on the move. Ensure his tablet stays securely (and stylishly) packed away and unscathed. Its streamlined shape means it will fit easily into bags and briefcases.

£144. At yoox.com

The fundamental

Keyring by Louis Vuitton

For the father who has it all, bring it back to basics – because even something as 'normal' as keys deserve a little piece of luxury.

£235. louisvuitton.com

The business

Portfolio case by Bally

Add a touch of quality to your father's on-duty wardrobe with this calf leather portfolio case. Perfectly sized for his daily essentials and elegant enough to team with tailoring.

£475. bally.co.uk

The phone case

iPhone 8 case by Ermenegildo Zegna

Ensure your father's iPhone stays secure with this dark brown leather case in Ermenegildo Zegna's signature woven leather. Why stop at your shoes?

£250. zegna.co.uk

The subtle statement

Card holder by Corneliani

Make a subtle statement with this beautiful olive green leather card holder from Italian brand, Corneliani. The ideal gift for the modern man that won't break the lines of his best suit.

£190. corneliani.com

Ted Baker

Travel essentials

Get back on the road again with these bags by Ted Baker

Whether your father is an experienced globetrotter or he needs a nudge to even take a weekend break, he's going to need some stylish luggage. That tatty old suitcase gathering dust in the attic just isn't going to cut it. Ted Baker's new collection features outstanding carry-on and holdall solutions that are perfect to encourage him to keep adventuring. They feature clean, minimalist designs made from nylon, which makes them lightweight and durable, with a cotton lining that provides protection against the elements. Inspired by Mr Baker's love of fishing, they come in a nautical palette of yellow, blue and grey while the rucksack is influenced by a vintage dry bag and features branded climbing-style carabiner hardware. Perfect for that father-son fishing trip you've always been meaning to take.

RUCKSACK, £99. HOLDALL, £129. BOTH AVAILABLE AT *TEDBAKER.COM*

Grooming

Six steps to perfection

Whether your father is a grooming novice or addict, help him look and feel the part with these bathroom must-haves

The foundation

Colonia face emulsion by Acqua Di Parma

As nourishing as a cream and as light as a gel – give your father a nudge in the right direction this year by encouraging him to hydrate and preserve his skin.

£45. acquadiparma.com

The triple threat

'In two minds' skincare range by Aesop

The new Aesop "in two minds" range consists of a cleanser, toner and moisturiser specifically designed to tackle combination skin (while conveniently looking great in the bathroom)

From £23. aesop.com

The refresher

All-over shower gel by Hermes Terre D'Hermès

Make your father's mornings a whole lot more luxurious with this Hermès all-over shower gel in their signature Terre D'Hermès scent.

£28 for 200ml. At selfridges.co.uk

The all-rounder

Hair and body oil by Jo Malone

Perfect for the busy, yet grooming-savvy, father. This hair and body oil from Jo Malone is the perfect way to condition and nourish both the hair and skin in one easy to use bottle.

£42. jomalone.com

The fragrance

Eau de parfum 'Gyspy Water' by Byredo

Swedish brand Byredo's most recognisable scent, Gypsy Water Eau de Cologne is the perfect gift for the modern man and certainly lives up to the hype.

£142 for 100ml. byredo.co.uk

The finishing touch

Scruffing lotion by Clinique

Help your father maintain clearer skin with this gentle exfoliator from Clinique. The perfect addition to his daily grooming routine.

£18. At harrods.com

Harry's

Shaving grace

A personalised razor from Harry's is a Father's Day gift that's perfect for every other day of the year

A lot has changed since your father first learned to shave. For one thing, we've learned the importance of regularly using fresh razors. For another, we now know that we can stop paying over the odds for the same old handles being resold with flashy colours and trumped up designs. These days, those in the know choose Harry's: an online men's grooming brand that sends out a regular supply of new, efficient razor blades delivered straight to your front door. Naturally, Harry's also provides well-designed handles as well as a range of other products including its new, limited-edition Post-Shave Mist, Shave Cream, Gel, Face Lotion and Post-Shave Balm. Its Winston razor handle, pictured here, is a particular stand-out thanks to its ergonomic shape, which is designed to mimic precision tools, and its knurled rubber grip zones that blend seamlessly into the handle, making the razor easier to hold and control. It can even be personalised with an engraving (such as "DAD", for example) and comes as a set in a stylish gift box - a Father's Day gift he'll appreciate every time he looks in the mirror.

ENGRAVED WINSTON SET, £34. *HARRYS.COM/GQDAD*

Where the heart is

From coffee connoisseurs to loungewear lovers, we've got everything you need to make your father feel the master of all he surveys

The drink

Brewer stand and cups by Tom Dixon

For coffee snobs and interior buffs alike, we may have just found the answer. Perfect as a gift for those who want to really indulge on a break.

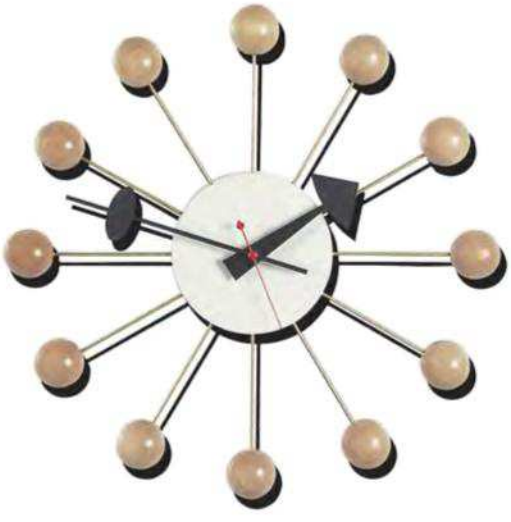
£180. At selfridges.co.uk

The nightwear

Silk 'The Laurent' Pyjamas by Olivia Von Halle

This ultimate in luxury pyjamas provides a flattering silhouette and is effortlessly cool. Perfect for the father who loves to lounge.

£495. oliviahalle.com



The timepiece

Clock by Vitra

Fit for any interiors expert. This Vitra Ball clock will not only keep him on time, but its beautiful looks will also add a touch of classic design to the home.

£230. vitra.com

The nightcap

Bottle and hipflask by Haig Club

This Father's Day bag contains the famous blue bottle of Haig Club, exclusively accessorised with a stylish copper hipflask – offering a true taste of luxury.

£45. At waitrose.com

The accessory

Corkscrew by Le Creuset

For the man who knows his Merlot from his Malbec. Beautifully designed, and let's be honest, pretty damn useful. Don't underestimate the good corkscrew.

£69. At selfridges.com

The style statement

Tank decanter set by Tom Dixon

This decanter set will not only look sophisticated on your father's sideboard, but it is also the perfect vessel for his finest wines.

£130. tomdixon.net

Burton

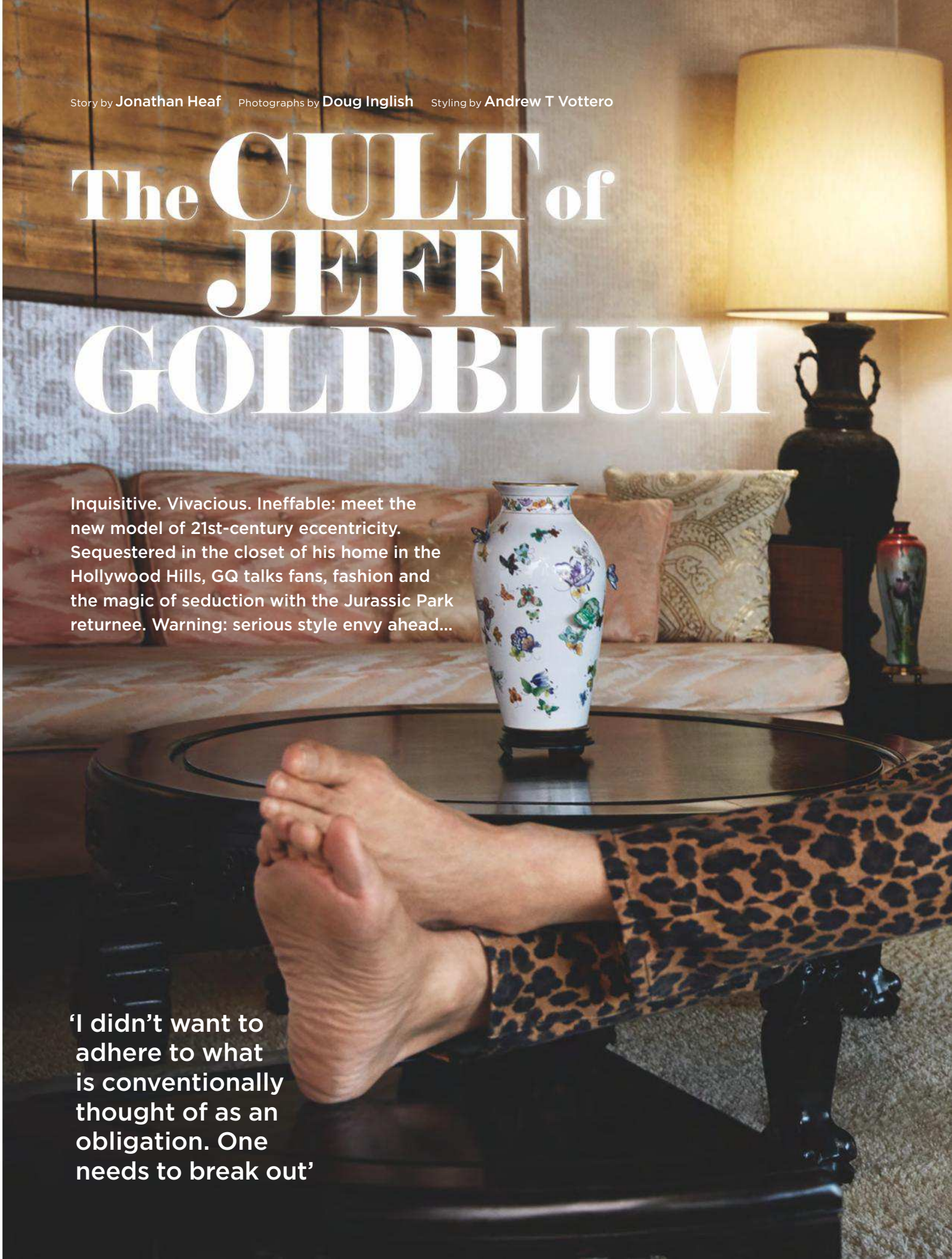
Style update

Revamp his wardrobe with these essential pieces from Burton

If you're looking for fashionable gifts this Father's Day, there's no better place to start than the latest collection from Burton. Its blazer is a particular favourite, with the loose tailoring designed to keep it lightweight and breathable even at the height of summer. The pastel shades and fresco wools and cotton/linen blends make it just as appropriate for sweltering travels through the tropics as for a picnic in the park. Pair it with a denim shirt, some new shades and a pair of slip-on shoes for an instant classic summer outfit that's sure to be such a hit that it will make you wonder whether you should have just kept it for yourself.

SHOES, £39. BELT, £14. SUNGLASSES, £14. SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT, £25. KNITTED POLO, £25. BLAZER, £60. ALL AVAILABLE AT *BURTON.CO.UK*

BURTON
MENSWEAR LONDON



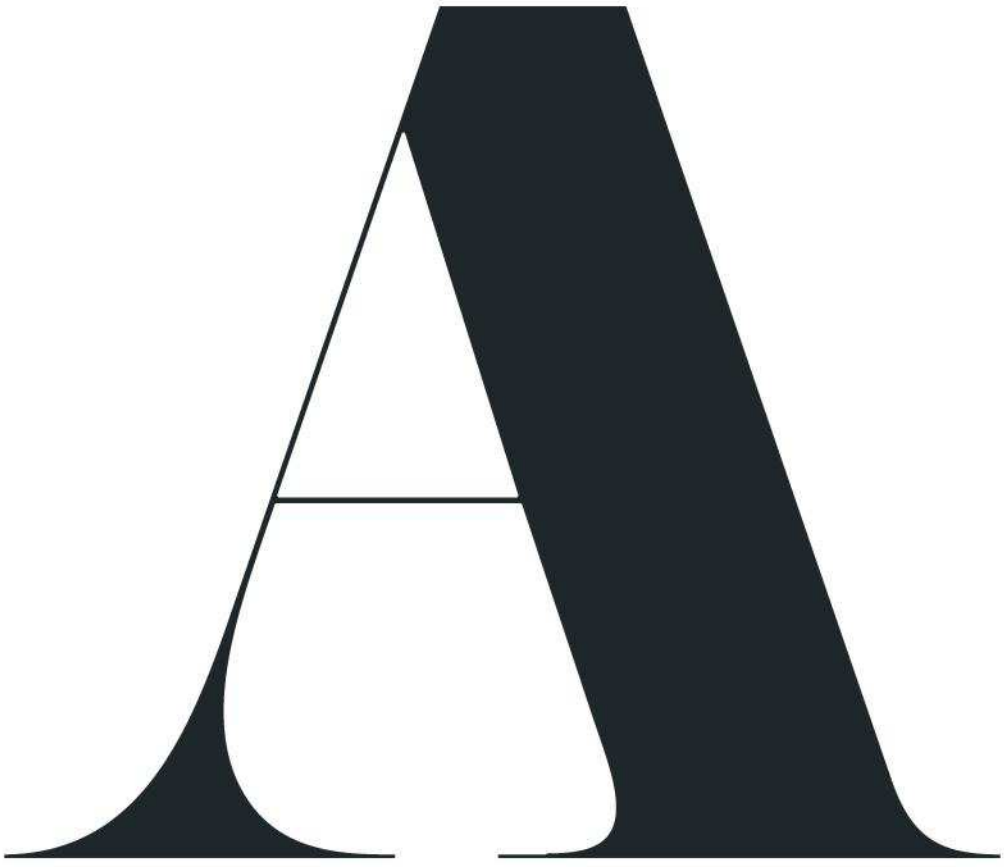
Story by Jonathan Heaf Photographs by Doug Inglish Styling by Andrew T Vottero

The CULT of JEFF GOLDBLUM

Inquisitive. Vivacious. Ineffable: meet the new model of 21st-century eccentricity. Sequestered in the closet of his home in the Hollywood Hills, GQ talks fans, fashion and the magic of seduction with the Jurassic Park returnee. Warning: serious style envy ahead...

'I didn't want to adhere to what is conventionally thought of as an obligation. One needs to break out'

Polo shirt by **Maison Margiela**, £360. maison margiela.com. Jeans by **Tom Ford**, £740. tomford.co.uk. Glasses by **Jacques Marie Mage**, £452. At Black Optical. blackoptical.com



Aren't film stars supposed to be dinky in real life? Like Elijah Wood? Or Sean Penn? All oversized, warped facial features, concealed stacked heels and a volcanic Napoleon complex? Well, Jeff Goldblum is a real film star and Jeff Goldblum isn't short. Nor full of untethered rage and bile. Not in the slightest.

Jeff Goldblum is more like Buddha. Well, if Buddha was a grinning 6ft 4in Jewish man from Los Angeles – via Pittsburgh and then New York, a little transcendental meditation, plus a handful of the biggest (and silliest) blockbusters known to summer – with a voice that dips and fades in pitch and speed like a Sony Walkman (ask someone over the age of 30) running out of batteries. He is also, without question, fully *awakened*.

It's Wednesday night in LA, around 9pm, and I'm not quite drunk yet but feeling the jet lag at Rockwell Table & Stage, a matchbox of a jazz club with a stage the size of a Fiat Panda located in the snug, creative (read: middle class, expensive) enclave of Los Feliz, just north of Silver Lake. The crowd this evening, some of whom booked tickets six months in advance, is just where Jeff Goldblum likes them: at his feet, in his palm and utterly enraptured.

They swoon at every Goldblum tic, mumble and observation like he's some sort of holy man. A holy man in liquid black. This evening, His Holy Vibeiness is dressed in a skinny black suit, an arrow-slit neck tie and a dark trilby hat worn at a jaunty angle that, *somehow*, doesn't make him look like a Tesco Value Don Draper.

Goldblum's skin radiates good health and good vibrations. Up and under the spotlights, the 65-year-old actor – a 65-year-old actor you'd shop your own grandmother to look like, let me tell you – seems to be gliding about and calling the shots with all the anxiety of a good-natured dolphin on OxyContin. Throughout the three-hour show Goldblum doesn't once stop smiling, a smile that seems to spew out of him like some sort of joyous, exuberant exorcism. No one is supposed to be this cheery in 2018.

Stooping and singling out squealing audience members, the actor's hazel eyes are framed perfectly by his Sir-Michael-Caine-as-Harry-Palmer thick-rimmed spectacles. He's myopic. This means when he is required to read aloud from a piece of paper – which he does with some frequency tonight; it's all part of the comedy improv – he doesn't take his specs off so much as balance them on his forehead. This makes him resemble a substitute teacher, one who is having trouble with the pronunciation of an Asian student's surname.

Cooing women scurry to the stage where Goldblum purrs and hugs like a performing lynx

Every Wednesday, for 20 years now, Goldblum has been up front and on the mic at Rockwell Table & Stage and for no other reason than to entertain. Entertain both himself and, if they fancy it, the audience. But mostly himself. He plays word association games; reads out text messages passed up on phones by the crowd; teases our knowledge about well-known but often misquoted lines of Hollywood dialogue; asks members of the audience to come up on stage to sing the Canadian national anthem; and hits the piano with his band, The Mildred Snitzer Orchestra, to sing Thelonious Monk covers such as "Think Of One". For a Wednesday night it's nothing if not delightful. A serious hoot.

That is, until the hugging starts. The hugging isn't so much disturbing as perplexing. Right at the very end of the evening Goldblum invites any audience member who so desires to come up to the foot of the stage for a photograph. In today's age of hyper-narcissism and celebrity worship (especially in LA), this isn't exactly unusual. It's like one of those meet-and-greets pop stars do before their stadium shows, charging £200 a pop for a limp handshake, a two-second, blurry selfie and a rare unsigned copy of their ghost-written biography that came out five years ago.

What is unusual, however, is the ferocity with which both the meeter and the greeter embrace their separate roles this evening. Remember this isn't Justin Bieber. There's no merch being flogged, no endless tour to promote, no social media strategy to activate. This is Jeff Goldblum. It's a Wednesday night. And to the observer it just seems, well, somewhat overly accommodating.

You'd think there might be only a handful of needy, snappy souls after such a photographic memento, right? Wrong. As I look about and try to get the busboy's eye, what feels like the *entire* club stands up and makes their way towards His Goldblumminess. The line, mostly cooing women clutching cold Appletinis, scurries like a human centipede to the stage where the actor purrs and bows and hugs and enthuses like some sort of performing lynx.

He pulls the women in close and beams for their iPhone flashes, he listens intently to their advice about how *he* should raise *his* two small children (River Joe, two, and Charlie Ocean, four) and he gasps when one young lady lifts her skirt (with a delicate modesty) to show him a tattoo located >>

Blazer, £2,090. Trousers, £850. Both by **Givenchy**. givenchy.com. Shirt, £850. Rollneck, £765. Shoes, £510. All by Saint Laurent. ysl.com. Glasses by **Jacques Marie Mage**, £452. At ln-cc.com

‘People want to hug and I want to hug back. I don’t have to do any of it, but I get a kick out of it’

>> on the back of her upper thigh. A tattoo of *Jeff Goldblum's own face*!

It's quite a scene. Can you have an orgy without the sex? Because this is what it must feel like. Dry arousal. One can't help but think of The Sermon On The Mount. Or that documentary about the Rajneeshpuram cult. To be honest, if Jeff Goldblum were to move to a plot in the Oregon wilderness in nothing more than a loincloth and a designer trilby, I'd probably follow him into nirvana. The men and women here tonight certainly would. As I sit back and watch, for almost an hour, the assembled pilgrims paying homage, spilling my drinks off my centre table as they huddle and elbow their way to the front, I am utterly, totally, completely, spellbindingly mesmerised.

Goldblum's charms go beyond pro; this is a deeper level of engaged charisma. He turns to his left, he turns to his right, he touches palms, he grins wildly, he laughs and rests his soft cheek on the crowns of their beaming heads. All the while I can't help but wonder: why? Why, Jeff Goldblum, do you feel the need to do this? To be so tactile? So present? So touchable? I pay the tab and head outside, a doubting apostle turning my back, in need of some answers. Some answers and an Uber.

The following conversation happens in Jeff Goldblum's closet the next day. Yes, his *closet* (or wardrobe if we're being all British about it), the place where Goldblum hangs his clothes. The closet, a small white room with inbuilt arches that contain six or so rails, is just off his all-white tiled bathroom, which itself is in his large (but not ostentatious) house in the Hollywood Hills.

The house, which he has been living in for 30 years, is about a dog walk away from all the heady iniquity of the Chateau Marmont, a hotel where no one goes any more unless they're from out of town and want to spot a Scott Disick type in gaudy athleisurewear hitting on women not old enough to be his daughter.

My conversation with Goldblum – well, *this* particular conversation – is about style and is one that flows quite naturally, much like when two creatures of the same species, and of the same sex, see one another out on the great plains and cluck and concur over certain world-views, colours and cuts. It isn't peacocking per se and there's no competition here, none that I can feel anyway, but more like being locked in a wardrobe with Tan France from *Queer Eye*. It's a journey, man.

Goldblum has got a thing about clothes, you see. Like, a *thing* thing. It's a love he's always had, although, up until now, it's not an energy he's been able to harness – well, not fully. Four years ago, however, Goldblum was on a magazine shoot and he met a man called Andrew T Vottero. Vottero likes cycling – he has all the gear, even (whisper it) Lycra salopettes – and has one of the most impressive beards ever grown post the Neolithic period. Vottero is now Goldblum's official stylist and the actor considers the meeting with this man so significant that when he talks about the day they met, the summer of 2014, he calls it their "four-year anniversary".

First up, shoes. "So, I wore Chelsea boots for a while, but you know what I discovered? A three-and-a-half-inch heel…" Goldblum bends down and picks up what I already know are a pair of Saint Laurent Wyatt 30 Jodhpur boots in polished black leather. "Look at *these*," he instructs. The actor's enthusiasm for luxury craftsmanship would put the cold nonchalance of most shop assistants on London's Bond Street to shame. His engagement, once more, seems to radiate from a higher power source. "It was a revolution, of sorts, yes." Goldblum looks down at my own boots, a pair not too dissimilar, with a high Cuban heel. He smiles widely.

'I can see you know the advantages of being a tall man with an even taller shoe…'

"But I can see you already know of the advantages of being a tall man with an even taller shoe. Where are those from?"

"They are a Swedish brand," I tell him, "Everyday Hero. A little less expensive than Saint Laurent but hard-wearing and just dirty enough." He nods, sagely. We go to his footwear rack. Among the slip-ons, the loafers and patent Diors with the studs, I spot a pair of Balenciaga Triple S trainers, designed by Demna Gvasalia, the ones so wide, so ugly-beautiful, they make one's feet look like those dodgem cars you ride at the fairground. He actually *wears* those things?

"Sure! Yes. Well, I did for a bit. I worked out in them for a while." Jeff Goldblum must be the only man who has worn said fashion trainers to actually exercise in. "Although this morning, running my son to school, I wore these Rick Owens black boots. See?" He picks up an Owens number and spins it so we may observe it from every angle. Together, like style-aeologists, we admire the form. "It was a little drizzly, some moisture on the ground, so they seemed like the right thing do to, a little better for the variable weather…"

Do you know anyone else, other than Kanye West, so into contemporary style? I don't. Not someone who doesn't actually work in the fashion industry anyway. At this point I think it's worth mentioning that not only am I almost the exact same shape as Goldblum – 6ft 4in with a long frame and wide shoulders – but our taste in clothing is disconcertingly similar. It's a bit weird.

We continue through his rails: "These are my jeans. I wear Acne [Studios] mostly, in grey or black. These are white. I like them because they're narrow and not too wide but have a slight" – and we say the next word in unison because, yes, I, too, wear black Acne jeans every single day – "*stretch*." We look at one another and laugh a little nervously. A somewhat quizzical look flickers over his shiny, bright features, a look that wonders, albeit momentarily, "What *is* going on here?" I go coy, as though the cosmos has suddenly winked at me.

We move on to his suits. Alongside the six main rails of clothes, all pretty much compartmentalised – leather jackets, suit separates, statement tops, jeans and trousers, plus a two-foot pile of rollnecks – in the main bathroom is one of those foldable chrome rails on which hang two suits: one black by Saint Laurent; one a chalky, sky-blue three-piece by Tom Ford.

"I wore the black one last night for the show at the Rockwell, which you saw me in, and this blue one I got for a press thing I have coming up. I hang them here as these are the pieces that need a little attention. You know, some of those clothes, it's like buying a sportscar, a house or a racehorse – you have to keep up with the maintenance all the time."

Has he always been so into fashion? "Well, yes, let me tell you about it… But before I do…" Goldblum sashays back into his closet and plucks a trilby off the wall. "Do you like hats?" I have a big head, I confess; I've never had a hat that fits properly. "Oh, well, do you know JJ Hat Center in New York? This is a Borsalino. I wore it last night. It was given to me, and it was a little worn out, but I took it to JJ's and they refashioned it, stuck a feather in the band – Gunner Foxx kind of vibe. You know Gunner? Or Nick Fouquet?"

Gunner Foxx is a hatmaker from LA, known for his traditional yet exquisite attention to detail and customisation. Fouquet is a blond kid who lives in Venice Beach, a new wave of hatmaker whose clients include "The Hat King" himself, Pharrell Williams, and "The Most Stylish Man In American Sports", LeBron James. A note: the sort of man who knows about Gunner Foxx and Nick Fouquet is >>

‘I went to school in the Navajo jacket, the Lennon glasses, the medallion – I was the only one dressed like this’

Blazer, £1,710. Shirt, £850. Trousers, £1,965. Shoes, £510. All by **Saint Laurent**. ysl.com. Glasses by **Jacques Marie Mage**, £452. At Black Optical. blackoptical.com

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‘I find it amazing where a good leather jacket and a pair of white jeans can take you’

Shirt, £610. Tie, £165. Both by **Prada**. prada.com. Jeans by **Gucci**, £600. At Barneys. barneys.com. Trainers by **Golden Goose Deluxe Brand**, £470. goldengoosedeluxebrand.com. Sunglasses by **Saint Laurent**, £355. ysl.com

>> the sort of man who takes his hats, and his hat-wearing, very seriously.

"So clothes, style, yes, I've always liked them," he confesses. "Not so much as trophies or things like that, but the power they have over the image one can project of oneself to the world. It's like costumes for a film. 'Who do I want to be today?' Although it's not so much smoke and mirrors, as just trying to be true to one's inner monologue. I remember as a kid I would go to these painting classes and I would do sketches of collars and ties – I have no idea why.

"That was in the mid-Sixties and shortly after that I went out to get the appropriate hippie attires. I was in seventh grade, so about 13, and I would go to school in the Navajo jacket, the black rollneck, the John Lennon little round glasses and the medallion around the neck. *Whoa*! I was the only person dressed like this at school, let me tell you."

For all his interest in clothes, his private rails are noticeably sparse. Or what you could call exceedingly well edited. "I have always been a minimalist on that front. I don't want to look at things I'm not using. I've wasted time and money on clothing. I have woken up in the morning and said to Emilie [Livingston, Goldblum's third wife, whom he married in November 2014], 'I have to have such and such a T-shirt!'

"Yet I don't have deep knowledge. I just go by my taste. Four years ago, I just went through it all and got rid of everything. *Everything*! Well, apart from those tobacco-coloured Carhartt 'Sid' pants that I like to wear occasionally. It's like my career really. I am not a careerist; I have never thought too much about what the next step might be. I don't look back too much, although I appreciate the journey. You know, Jonathan, I find it amazing where a good leather jacket and a pair of white jeans can take you."

"Yes, Jeff." I smile. "Me too." And at that moment we look at one another, our eyes backlit like phones in the dark and I know we're thinking the very same thing: great style "…uh, finds a way".

We're sitting, our legs crossed, end to end, on Jeff Goldblum's couch. It is patterned with gilded gold arms and located against the far wall in the actor's closet – yep, we're still in the closet.

The couch lies between the floor-to-ceiling shoe rack and a small, knee-high table. On the table sits a lamp and a mini collection of magazines, all of which appear to have the actor on the cover. These magazines, you understand, aren't laid out deliberately, they aren't "on show", so to speak – but, nonetheless, they are here with us, in Jeff Goldblum's closet.

The magazines are, to some extent, much like the two portraits Goldblum has of himself hung in his own house. One, a black screen-print on gold leaf, is roughly about the size of a family dining table. It hangs in the main living room, dominant above an arch, a prop, he tells me, that was used in an advert he did in the early noughties and liked so much that, after the advert wrapped, he asked if he could keep it. "I thought it was funny." The second painting, which you'll have seen before, is the "portrait" of Goldblum as Alistair Hennessey, the character he played in Wes Anderson's *The Life Aquatic With Steve Zissou* – the first of Goldblum's three movies, thus far, he's made with the director. "I know what you're thinking," he says, smiling. "How many portraits can you have of oneself before it slides from irony into deep, dank narcissism?"

Seeing as we're circling the topic of male vanity, I feel now is as good a time as any to talk to Goldblum about the hugging. The show, I tell him, I adored. "Well, thank you.

Goldblum's hands are the hands of a prized Japanese geisha, as smooth as polished silver

You know we have that big dinosaur film coming out" – *Jurassic World: Fallen Kingdom*, the sequel to the rebooted Spielberg original is out in June, with Goldblum once again playing the ladykiller rock-star scientist Dr Ian Malcolm – "and then the band and I are going to record a live album. There will be music and some chat. We've been brushing up the songs and I think we're going to film it too. Isn't that great? We're doing it at the Capitol Records Building in a couple of weeks."

There was certainly a lot of love for him in the room last night. I mention the swarm of groupies who rushed to the stage post-music and post-gags. Has he always been so, how can I put it diplomatically, accommodating? So charming? "I have a zest for life," he chuckles, sensing my drift. "I think I learnt inquisitiveness from my drama teacher when I moved to New York City in '74: 'You're only interesting to the extent you are interested.' That's what makes for real emotions, and that goes for on stage, or film, or even right now.

"I have always been in touch with my curiosity and my enchantment with other people. I remember in kindergarten, I turned to this guy, a fellow pupil, and said, 'You see Karren Bardner over there? I bet I could go over and kiss her on the cheek.' I don't know why I said that, I don't know where I got that idea from, it was just within. Let's call it my vim, or my verve. My spirit."

What happened with Karren? "Well, nothing bad. It was received as it was meant. You saw me in action last night: people want to hug and I want to hug back. It's my drug of choice. And you're right, I don't really have to do any of it, but I get a kick out of it. I mean, otherwise I'd just be at home and go to the guest house where my little studio is and do my two hours of piano homework every day and that would be that. But I enjoy it. It's my thing."

There are lots of stories about Goldblum. Stories about what some would call his "powers of seduction". He likes to read people's palms, apparently. Strangers' palms. He also likes to read aloud to people, to women especially. Once, the story goes, he stopped a woman reading on a flight and asked if he could read the rest of her book aloud to her, seeing as she only had 90 or so pages left to get through and, well, why not?

He's also a very physical human being, generally. As we talk he makes grunts and groans and, sporadically, a strange scratching sound emits from his throat, like he can never quite clear it properly. His tongue flickers a little – just sometimes. His hands, such smooth, youthful hands the colour of weak Earl Grey, dance and tap and wring themselves out as we talk.

He notices my nails at one point, covered in dirt, and I admit, rather proudly, it's the result of a weekend spent demolishing a backyard patio. "They are the best kind of hands," he says, nodding, "buried in nature, sunk into the earth." Goldbum's hands, I notice, are manicured to perfection. They are the hands of highly prized 18th-century Japanese geisha, as smooth as polished silver.

I wonder: does Goldblum consider himself a flirt? I don't want to say the word "creepy", but some of these stories about the actor, if said about any other actor, *would* be considered a little creepy, not least in a post-woke, post-Harvey Weinstein world.

A hesitation. A little intake of breath. "Uh… well, yes, I am a flirt, probably. But I hope not in a way that would violate my otherwise deep devotion to my sweet wife. My flirtations, if we call them that, are not trying to score any results or score points. I certainly don't want to be creepy or do anything that would be thought of as creepy."

Is he aware of his own powers of seduction? "Well, I don't know how powerful I am really. And, of course, it is on a case-by-case basis." Speaking of reading aloud, I present the actor a recent quote from Vivica A Fox, who starred alongside Goldblum in >>

Jacket by **Coach**, £395. coach.com. Shirt by **Bottega Veneta**, £535. bottegaveneta.com. Trousers by **Valentino**, £505. At Barneys. barneys.com. Glasses by **Jacques Marie Mage**, £452. At Black Optical. blackoptical.com

‘With the climate as it is, and with the page turned as it should be in Hollywood now, one has to be vigilant’

>> *Independence Day*: "He has a way of melting the panties off." Goldblum is tickled by this: "Well, some would no doubt say, 'Hey, check my panties, they're fully, uh, dry!' But here and there I have enjoyed my connection to a few wonderful relationships, yes. It is nice. I do like the physical form and, yes, people's hands do interest me. Is that a bad thing?"

I feel like I'm breaking the spell. Like I'm peeing all over Goldblum's vibe, his Goldblumminess, with my chivvying, my accusations and mean-spirited misreading. "Yet, you're right," he agrees, in a hushed timbre that bubbles like a pan of water just coming to the boil. "With the climate as it is, and with the page turned as it should be in Hollywood now, one has to be vigilant. Never would I want to do anything that is disrespectful or diminishing and I am more aware of that now than ever. I hope I have always amplified people's enjoyment rather than abuse it. It was never creepy and I hope my ways have been gracious and full of good will, even in my robust moments of enthusiasm for whomever it was. It is only with good will. And so far, it still feels like I can be me."

Jeff Goldblum is odd. He's charming and engaged and ludicrously talented, an icon's icon and open to any strand of conversation. But odd. He's right, however: not creepy-odd, but surreal-odd. He's not lascivious, he's not potent in that way, yet there is something indisputably unique about him and his manner. Goldblum has a powerful force field. Maybe this is what is so charming: his profound, otherworldly originality.

Yet, it is when we talk of his parents that I realise this uniqueness isn't just serendipity, not entirely anyway. It comes from a ferocious inner drive to listen and follow his own special, hand-wringing, floaty, spellbinding monologue. To seek out, listen to and nourish his own spirit. If this sounds like mumbo jumbo, just ask the line waiting outside Rockwell Table & Stage every Wednesday night. They'll tell you, over and over again.

On the wall behind us, the one directly opposite his clothing rails where he pulls on his skinny jeans, his tobacco-coloured Tom Ford polo shirt, his jazzy Prada sweater, his chosen costume for the day, are a series of small artworks. There must be around 15 or so: screen-prints, palm-sized oil paintings, the odd framed black-and-white photo.

"These are all my deceased relatives," Goldblum explains, as if having all one's dead relatives hanging as miniature works of art inside one's walk-in wardrobe is the most natural thing in the world. "And my late pets. This is my deceased mum, who died a few years ago. She's here as a wood block. My sister made many of these. Here is my deceased father, who died in '83 when he was 63, a couple of years younger than I am now. These are my grandparents – you know, he died of a heart attack in his forties. Anne, my maternal grandmother, she died when I was 13. Here is my first dog, a poodle named Ginger. And these are my two late brothers. Rick, the handsome fellow here, died aged 23 from kidney complications…"

Was Goldblum close to his parents? "Well, early on." Early on? But not throughout his life? "Well, no." Did he know them up to their deaths? "Well, no," he repeats. He has gone quiet for the first time since being in his orbit. "I didn't really see them, not all that often." Why not? "Well, there came a point, you see, when I just realised I wanted to separate myself from my parents."

Every particle in the room has stopped moving. "Do you think this is unusual?" I tell him I think it is. "Did they not approve of you in some way, of your profession," I ask? "No, they were tickled by it, I'm sure. I remember my father came to see me in a play

'That's what it's all about really. To live for the sake of art and for the sake of my own survival'

off Broadway in '75, *City Sugar*, and he came backstage and threw his arms around me in tears. Can you imagine?"

Goldblum can sense I am a little shaken. "They did nothing wrong, I suppose," he adds. "Have you ever read Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*? It's about a lot of things, about rebellion, about breaking out of the norm, about not doing things you are expected to do and going against the grain, not being a cliché. I read this at 13 and realised I had to make some adjustments. I didn't want to repress or be repressed.

"People of my parents' generation were of the type to typically say, 'Smile, don't be sad' and to control all those instincts. The repression was great. I had a fever to let it out. And that ultimately led me to acting and to find an environment within which to do that. That's what all this is about really. To live for the sake of art and for the sake of my own survival. Maybe I could have found a way to do that and have a healthy, close relationship with my mother and father, but I didn't feel I had the ability. I didn't want to adhere to what is conventionally thought of as an obligation. One needs to break out."

It is silent in Jeff Goldblum's closet. Silent, but safe and warm. Slowly, the air begins to swirl again. We finish our conversation by discussing, bizarrely yet somehow suitably, poetry. Goldblum, you see, believes in romance and science rather than religion, prayer or magic words. Neil deGrasse Tyson rather than God.

For no particular reason I find myself telling him I like the works of WH Auden, especially a poem called "The More Loving One". And then something happens: I'm Jeff Goldblummed, without even realising it. Talking in a whisper as we both look out into the rails of Prada and Saint Laurent that glitter like stars in a pitch-black night sky, the actor recites a Robert Frost poem by heart, just for me and all the twinkly assembled luxury accoutrement of a man in his own fantastical universe:

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

It's time to leave this particular planet. Funny, I think, as I say goodbye to the actor at the gates of his beautiful home: turns out, Jeff Goldblum knew precisely why Jeff Goldblum is quite so special all along. It's only now that the rest of the world is, once again, catching up. Before I go, I hug him. It feels good. **GQ**

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‘I read Portnoy’s Complaint at 13 and realised I had to make some life adjustments’

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Henry Taylor

Painting, polemics and play: a primer on the LA-based artist whose remarkable portrait of Jay-Z travelled the world on a hashtag

Story by **Dylan Jones** Photograph by **Liz Kuball**

If anyone were still in any doubt as to the continuing power of print media, they need look no further than the Jay-Z interview carried in the *New York Times* at the end of last year. Beyoncé's beau was featured on the cover of the *NYT*'s style magazine, *T*, but instead of a photograph of the entrepreneur and hip hop star on the cover, there was a painting by the LA-based portraitist Henry Taylor. While certainly renowned, Taylor has spent much of his 60 years quietly creating work in his studio near Skid Row and it wasn't until the appearance of his work in *T* last November that he suddenly went viral.

Now, there's no stopping him. Flattered by art critics, pursued by magazine journalists, being treated as something of a star, it feels as though Taylor's time has finally come. Fuelled by influences as diverse as Alice Neel and RB Kitaj via Robert Colescott, Bob Thompson and David Hockney, Taylor's paintings tackle everything from domesticity to celebrity, with the occasional polemic thrown in for good measure. "Artists sometimes, we have to be the ones to speak out and we talk about what we know," Taylor says. "Let's be real. There's a re-enslavement of black people on and off the court. Every successful black person has 18 members of his family living in the projects and we all know someone who's in the system."

And he says all this with a smile.

By definition, he is a social realist. While there is a playfulness about much of his work, he doesn't shy away from depicting the black experience. "It takes courage to do a lot of things," he says. "But, in a way, it doesn't actually take courage, because you are free to do it. It's like jumping in the water. The water's cold, but you just jump in. You've got to just jump in all the time."

Empathy is everywhere in his work. He paints the transients who stalk his downtown studio, he paints his family, friends, acquaintances from the worlds of sport, art and politics, as well as capturing what has been called the "allegories of spiritual trauma in the land of the free". In one picture of Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver he plays with art history by referencing "Whistler's Mother" and in another he unapologetically paints an erect phallus: "I had a really good friend at Cal Arts named Richard Ocampo. He had a stroke when he was 28 years old and was paralysed from the head down. But he was so positive. His wife said to me, 'He can still fuck.' I said, 'Right on.' One day I was making a painting of him and that's what happened with the painting. He was a badass dude."

It would be retrograde to describe Henry Taylor in the same fashion, but affable dissident sounds about right. GQ

Artist Henry Taylor in his studio near LA's Skid Row, 2017

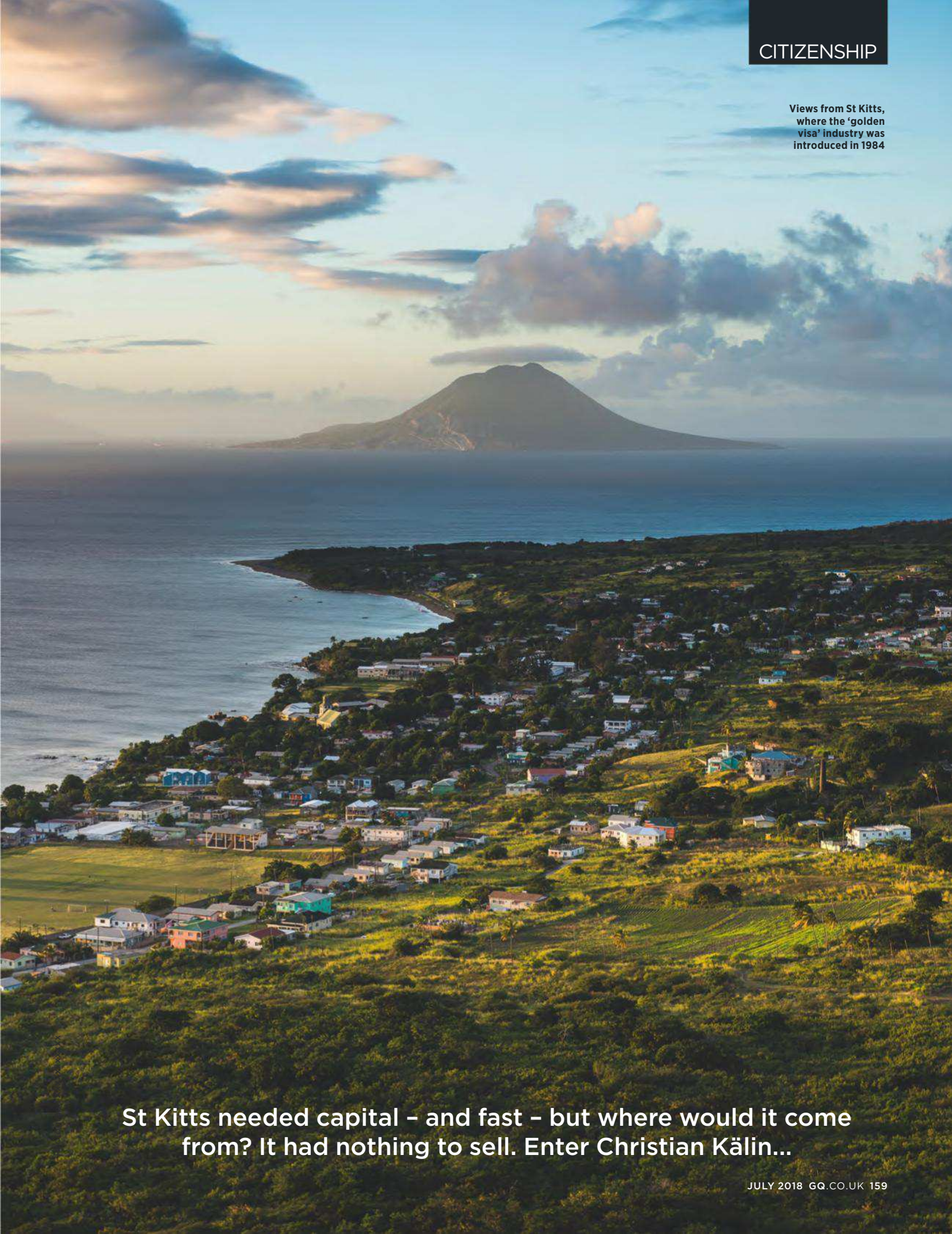
'Every successful black person has family living in the projects. We all know someone who's in the system'

PASSPORTS FOR SALE

While Britons rush to immigration offices to claim dual nationality ahead of Brexit, the world's elite are simply buying it through programmes that sell door-opening passports in return for economic investment. One nation practising the scheme is St Kitts And Nevis, whose offering of visa-free access to 128 countries has sold exponentially thanks to one man. But is it lucrative for all involved? GQ investigates...

Story by **Oliver Bullough**

Photograph **Michael Runkel/Robert Harding**



Views from St Kitts, where the 'golden visa' industry was introduced in 1984

St Kitts needed capital – and fast – but where would it come from? It had nothing to sell. Enter Christian Kälin...

The Swiss have an uncanny ability to make extraordinary things sound dull. No country in modern history has been implicated in more scandals. Nazi looting, Italian mafia scams, Nigerian kleptocracy, American tax dodging – there's always a Swiss angle. Yet in no country on earth are the citizens so rootedly bourgeois, so ready to look at you sidelong if you absentmindedly put your feet on a chair while sipping your Americano.

Dr Christian Kälin and the waitress were settling the bill. Lunchtime was ending. Sleek diners were gathering their possessions, having had their fill of the excellent cuisine. The fish had come straight out of the Zürichsee, which was so near to the restaurant that its reflections danced on the ceiling. Kälin turned back to me, the bill dealt with, to explain once more about the business he's in.

"It falls into the category of selling, or making available for investment, part of a country's sovereignty. It's like selling stamps. Some countries made a very good business out of creating beautiful stamps for investors. [This is the] same thing," he said. He was comparing his trade to philately or, more accurately perhaps, to the provision of philatelic solutions. And few things sound as mundane as that. Kälin is Swiss, you see, and he was doing his best to make an extraordinary thing sound dull. So I'm going to have to do his boosting for him.

Kälin sells passports. He sells them legally and he sells them by the thousands. He has transformed the lives of his clients and the economies of the countries he's advised and he has made a fortune while doing so. Christian Kälin has changed the world – he thinks for the better, many other people think very much for the worse.

If you are a citizen of a Western country, you probably haven't given passports much thought, but Kälin spends his life thinking about them. His company, whose board he chairs – Henley & Partners – publishes an annual Quality Of Nationality Index, which assesses the merits of 159 different citizenships around the world.

This year, France knocked Germany off the top spot, with the UK some way behind in 13th. Somalia came last, behind Afghanistan and Iraq. An accompanying map was coloured blue for citizenships that Henley reckoned to be of the highest quality – Western and Central Europe, North America, Japan, the Antipodes and parts of South America. The rest of the world was green, orange or – worst of all – red, to reflect places where a passport can be as much of a hindrance as a help.

The citizens of rich countries enjoy much greater travel and settlement rights than those of poor countries and the logic behind this is obvious. The citizens of rich countries are far less likely to be illegal immigrants than those of poor countries and far more likely to be tourists. For both of these reasons it makes sense to ensure the borders are porous for them and impermeable for everyone else, so that's what the world does.

I have a British passport by birth and a Canadian passport (33rd in the world) from my father, and the primary irritation they cause me is that they require different-sized photographs when I need to renew them. They will take me, visa-free, to 159 and 158 countries respectively and I pass border posts with a minimum of friction. For the citizens of poor countries, people such as Kamal Shehada, no matter how rich they are, things are very different.

I sat with Shehada in the bar of the Marriott Resort on the Caribbean island of St Kitts, where we drank rum cocktails. His parents were from Jerusalem, but he was born in Gaza, grew up in Libya, studied in Britain and became a successful entrepreneur in Dubai, supplying chafing fuel to hotels and restaurants. Yet all the time he suffered the indignity of a passport that gave visa-free travel to just 41 countries. If he had been born an Israeli, his passport would have given him access to 100 more countries. He had lived in Dubai for nearly 40 years, employed dozens of people and contributed millions to the local economy, but he still needed to apply regularly to a bureaucrat for permission to stay. It was awful.

"When my father died – and he died all of a sudden – his dream was to be buried in Gaza," Shehada said. "We managed to get approval from the United Nations, from the Red Cross, for him to be buried in Gaza, so we flew him from Dubai. But they wouldn't let him into Egypt. He was in 14 airports in a coffin because he's Palestinian."

So, Shehada bought a new passport. He is one of more than 10,000 people who have paid for themselves and their families to become citizens of St Kitts And Nevis, a two-island federation of 55,000 people. With his new travel document, Shehada now has visa-free access to 128 countries – more than the citizens of Serbia or Turkey, for example, and almost as many as the Emiratis. He can now buy a plane ticket to all the countries of the European Union without worrying whether he'll get through passport control at the other end. He could even go to Israel.

Shehada could buy that passport and can travel the world, because of Christian Kälin. And that is a lot more interesting than stamp collecting.

Although St Kitts was not well known, its passport was attractive thanks to its Commonwealth connections

The way Kälin told it, as he filleted his fish, he had always been interested in citizenship. Growing up, he watched Eighties news reports from Ethiopia and obsessed over an alternative universe where he had been born into a starving family of subsistence farmers in Africa, rather than into a middle-class household in the heart of Europe. "I'm from Switzerland, so we have this really nice time eating this really nice fish here," he said. "But if you and I had the bad luck to be issued a bad passport at birth, the odds would be – if you survived at all – that you'd toil away on a farm or in a cellar. So this is what bothered me."

As a child, he collected different countries' citizenship laws, writing to their embassies and requesting assistance from no doubt slightly baffled diplomats. He discovered that there are basically two different approaches to citizenship, which all countries have in some form or in combination. The oldest of the two is *ius soli*, or right of soil, under which countries consider you to be a citizen if you are born there. A more recent idea, which dates from 18th-century France, is that you are a citizen if your ancestors were – this is known as *ius sanguinis*, or right of blood. Perhaps the most famous example of the latter approach is Israel, but it is not >>

Entrepreneur Valmiki Kempadoo at his luxury Kittitian Hill development, January 2016

The fact that this heavenly resort exists at all is thanks to selling passports

>> alone. Britons with an Irish-born grandparent are enjoying this right when they look to Brexit-proof their life by applying for an Irish passport; so too are Americans who apply for a US passport for their UK-born children.

The way young Christian Kälin saw it, this was absurd. "The system we have is inherently unjust, it's completely illogical, this nation-state system. Just because you were born in Britain or Canada or somewhere, or to a British or Canadian mother or father, you have a really privileged life," he said. "If you were born in South Sudan your life would be very different than as a British-Canadian and that's mainly a factor of citizenship. If you're born in South Sudan but have an American passport, well, you're OK."

How a country confers citizenship is its own business, but it remains one of the touchiest matters in modern politics. There is clearly no chance of Western politicians letting in unlimited numbers of people from Ethiopia or South Sudan, even if they do privately agree that it is unfair for those countries' citizens to lack the benefits we take for granted. And that is why Kälin became interested in a third principle of citizenship. He calls it *ius doni*, the right of gift; others call it *ius pecuniae*, the right of money – and it is present in the small group of countries that sell their passports to anyone able to afford them.

There is, of course, nothing new about selling passports. Crooked officials have sold passports for as long as passports have existed, just the same as they have sold anything of value. But Kälin was not interested in breaking the law or in making deals with corrupt bureaucrats. He wanted to find a way to buy a passport legally, one that conferred rights identical to those enjoyed by people who had obtained citizenship in the traditional manners. And one of the countries that would be prepared to do that was St Kitts And Nevis. The twin-island state's archives are extremely chaotic, so it's hard to tell exactly why, in 1984, they decided to start selling passports, but it appears they thought it might attract investment.

This was a better idea than it might at first seem. Although St Kitts was – and remains – little-known, its passport was attractive. Thanks to the country's Commonwealth connections, Kittitians enjoyed visa-free travel to Canada and the UK, as well to many other English-speaking countries. If St Kitts had approached this opportunity properly, it might have raised a lot of money.

However, this was far from the case. Only a few dozen passports were sold and these went to clients who wanted to change their identities for nefarious reasons – drug dealers, tax dodgers and the like – which hardly improved the reputation of the country.

At the time, Kälin was trying to make a go of his business idea, trying to obtain better passports for people who were held back by their nationalities and he found the St Kitts situation extremely frustrating.

"It was really dysfunctional, in the sense that it took too long. There were three or four ministries involved. You saw the archives in the country – now imagine you need a signature from this ministry or that ministry. They were just not efficiently organised," he said. He needed the country to let him redesign its programme. He could supply the clients, St Kitts could supply the passports, and together they could get rich, if only they would listen. And, finally, his chance came.

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Freddy Gray
31 March 2018

A Spectator article about Christian Kälin and Cambridge Analytica, 31 March 2018

At the time, St Kitts' main industry was sugar, but that was a tough way to make a living, vulnerable as it was to global price fluctuations, dependent on large numbers of unskilled labourers and constantly competing against larger and better-capitalised rivals on the mainland. St Kitts had nationalised its plantations and kept them alive with government subsidies long after most neighbouring islands had given up and switched to tourism. The ruling Labour Party was deeply embedded in the sugar workers' union and the industry was central to its worldview.

Around three-quarters of the island's agricultural land was given over to sugar, seven per cent of the island's workers were employed in the fields and sugar accounted for almost a quarter of its exports. Then the European Union lost a trade dispute over sugar quotas and the shock came. Previously, the EU had provided preferential access for former colonies such as St Kitts And Nevis, but now it had to cut the price it paid for their sugar by more than a third. "We could not continue to subsidise sugar," remembered Denzil Douglas, then prime minister of the federation and now leader of the Labour Party in opposition. His government decided to follow the obvious path for a Caribbean island to earn a living: tourism. "But how were we going to turn the economy very quickly from one dependent on sugar and agriculture to services, especially led by tourism and hospitality?"

Almost half of the population of St Kitts was already classified as either poor or extremely poor and the sugar workers would be losing their jobs when the 2005 harvest ended. Those tourism jobs couldn't come soon enough, but there was no apparent way of creating them.

The island of St Kitts lacked the world-class accommodation that could attract the kind of high-spending tourists that visited neighbouring islands such as Antigua and it lacked the flights from major global cities that would bring them to the island. This was a vicious cycle: no one would build hotels without flights and no one would lay on flights without hotels. The island needed capital – and fast – but where would it come from? It had nothing to sell. Enter Christian Kälin and Henley & Partners.

"They basically steered us," said Douglas. Kälin's idea was to make passport-selling scalable, predictable and reliable. A passport would no longer be bespoke, but would drop off a production line. The Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost might be the most valuable car ever made, but it was the Model T Ford that changed the world. Under Kälin's direction, Douglas' government created a one-stop shop for passport sales – the Citizenship By Investment Unit – and a transparent model whereby new citizens could either buy $400,000 worth of property or invest $250,000 in a national trust fund (the Sugar Industry Diversification Foundation) in exchange for their passports. The applicants would all be carefully screened by international due-diligence agencies and assured of an answer within 60 days.

Kälin marketed these passports as a clever financial product for the super-wealthy. Partly, they acted like a super-visa. If you were a rich citizen of a poor country, this one-time purchase would let you waltz straight into Britain, Canada or the European Union, without the indignity suffered by your less-wealthy fellow citizens. Passports were also a "plan B" in a world beset by tyranny, unrest, revolution and bloodshed – you might never need a second passport, but if you did, you

really would. The wealthy people buying a passport, with its handsome crest of two pelicans flanking a shield, already kept their money and their children offshore, so keeping their citizenship offshore was merely the logical next step. "I went to several capitals, spoke to private bankers in particular, in Hong Kong, in Switzerland, in Dubai," said Douglas. "My job, as the prime minister and minister of finance, was to present the country to them and show them the sights."

He and Kälin were a convincing double act and the programme was a triumph. In 2005, the year of the last sugar harvest, St Kitts And Nevis sold just six passports. In 2013, the number exceeded 2,000 a year for the first time and it stayed there – reaching a grand total of 10,777 in the ten years leading up to 2016. And these were just primary applicants, most of the successful ones will have brought spouses, children and parents with them.

It's not impossible that, one day, the number of St Kitts And Nevis citizens who bought their passports will exceed the number that didn't and the impact on the country has been huge. In 2010, when the number of passports sold first passed 500, the country's national debt was more than half as large again as its economy. By 2020, national debt is forecast to be 50 per cent of GDP. St Kitts will have paid off a debt burden equivalent to its entire economy in a decade. How else could it have done that, short of striking oil?

The International Monetary Fund sent a team of analysts to take a look and their slightly incredulous assessment was published under the title "Too Much Of A Good Thing?". The report described how selling passports had pulled St Kitts And Nevis out of a four-year recession, as well as "supporting economic recovery, improving key macroeconomic balances and boosting bank liquidity". The fees paid by applicants alone came to 13 per cent of GDP, with payments into the country's trust fund and a construction boom on top of that. They tried very hard to find a downside but, as far as anyone could see, Kälin's idea didn't have one. It was free money for St Kitts And Nevis, and it has changed the island completely, as Valmiki Kempadoo explained.

Kempadoo is a British-Trinidadian businessman and dreamer, with a wide smile and bags of charm. He had long fantasised about building a new kind of resort for the Caribbean – one where the money stayed on the island to the benefit of the local community rather than the enrichment of distant businessmen. He looked around for somewhere to realise his vision, checking out sites in Grenada and Dominica, before discovering what he called Kittitian Hill.

Kittitian Hill lies on the slopes of Mount Liamuiga, the 1,156-metre volcano that dominates the northern end of St Kitts. Its cottages and villas look out to sea, towards the Dutch island of St Eustatius. On a clear day, you can see the French island of St Barts and sometimes even the British island of Anguilla. At this altitude, a steady breeze blows through the airy rooms and the outdoor dining areas. Market gardeners produce most of its vegetables on site and 100 varieties of mango grow on its trees, monkeys permitting. "We've had lots of issues with food, because of the monkeys and so on, but once we get that sorted out, I would say we'll get to the point when 90 per cent of the ingredients come from St Kitts or the region," Kempadoo said. The resort has its own seafood restaurant down on the beach, as well as a golf course, a gym and multiple infinity pools, including one with its own bar and underwater bar stools.

When Kempadoo bought the site back in early 2008, it was an abandoned sugar plantation. He had no experience of building top-end resorts and then the world economy went into spasm so he had no money either.

New citizens could buy $400,000 worth of real estate or invest $250,000 in a national trust fund in exchange for passports

The fact that this heavenly resort exists at all is thanks to passports. "It was 2009/2010 and there was absolutely no capital available. The international banks wouldn't lend any more, so there was almost nothing available for the Caribbean," he said over lunch in the resort's open-sided dining room. Those were the years when the double act of Kälin and Douglas were charming wealth managers in Singapore, Hong Kong and Zurich. "It's because of Citizenship By Investment that we got out of the blocks," Kempadoo said.

Since Kempadoo launched Kittitian Hill, other developers have built dozens of property schemes backed by passports. The neck of land around Basseterre, the federation's capital town, is now thick with condominiums, hotels and other construction projects. Some of them are ambitious to the point of lunacy. The new development of Christophe Harbour linked a salt lake to the ocean, turning it into a superyacht marina, built dozens of new villas, a Park Hyatt hotel and more – all on a part of the island that was previously completely uninhabited.

That is extraordinary, but it is not a patch on Kempadoo's balmy, airy haven from the world. On balance, I don't think I have ever seen anywhere that I would more like to spend the rest of my life. It's easy to understand why an extremely wealthy person would be delighted to spend a few hundred thousand dollars for the right to own a chunk of it, particularly if doing so brought them a new travel document as well.

"Our main markets are Russia and the CIS countries – the Middle East and China, primarily. Those are the big three markets and remain so," he said. "People who come from first-world countries cannot even conceive of, or understand, what it's like to be a very wealthy person holding a passport that means you can't travel anywhere without a visa. We had one man in here, a South African who was flying around the world. He'd just bought a private jet. He said to me it was the best half a million dollars he'd ever spent in his life. With a South African passport he couldn't go anywhere."

Kempadoo acknowledged Kälin's role as presiding genius over this novel way to fund development, but he recommended that I look into quite how much money Henley & Partners made for itself, rather than just for St Kitts. "The people who really profited from this are the international agents," said Kempadoo. "They all made significant profits because they all charged fees up front and took that money off the table, took it out of the region, and left the developers with the long-term costs. So, in some ways, the access to that capital became more expensive because of their margins." >>

>> Kälin said that his firm received $20,000 each time money was deposited in St Kitts' national trust fund. That was how it took its payment, since the government could not afford to pay up front for Henley's work designing and marketing the programme. One minister from Douglas' government told me that Henley's gross takings approached $250 million over its time as the exclusive marketing agents for the island's passport – not bad at all. And it was only the start.

In 2012, Kälin terminated Henley's arrangement as exclusive agents for selling the citizenship of St Kitts And Nevis. He does not like to talk about why this happened, beyond some vague comments about how the programme was going in directions that he did not feel comfortable with. Douglas, however, was more outspoken, saying the problem was that Kälin had taken the scheme he created for St Kitts and was marketing it to other countries. While Douglas' government wanted him to continue selling St Kitts And Nevis passports, Kälin was thinking bigger.

An insight into what this might mean emerged recently thanks to the scandal surrounding Cambridge Analytica and its parent company, SCL. Emails leaked to *The Spectator* show Kälin telling the opposition leader in St Vincent And The Grenadines – who had employed SCL – about what investments he could bring in if he implemented a passports-for-sale scheme. As it turned out, even SCL's wizardry did not win the 2010 election for the opposition and St Vincent has not started selling passports, but it was a sign of the ways Kälin was working to expand his idea as widely as possible.

Dominica was already selling passports using the St Kitts model and then, with Henley's stewardship, Antigua And Barbuda joined in. Two other Caribbean countries – St Lucia and Grenada – were looking into selling their citizenship as well and suddenly

Maltese church-goers pay tribute to the murdered journalist Daphne Caruana Galizia at a mass to commemorate her death, 16 April 2018

the marketplace was starting to get crowded. With the countries competing with each other for clients, and those clients coming through Henley, Kälin's role as gatekeeper began to make him more powerful than Douglas or his colleagues were comfortable with. "He was slotting countries where he thinks they ought to fit. And we didn't think we wanted to be slotted," said Douglas. "One person should not direct who should come into our programme. That was the thinking of my cabinet colleagues."

Kälin stopped overseeing the St Kitts And Nevis passport-selling programme and, perhaps coincidentally but probably not, it went badly wrong shortly afterwards. In May 2014, the US government's Financial Crimes Enforcement Network (FinCEN) issued a warning that "illicit actors" were buying passports "for the purpose of evading US or international sanctions or engaging in other financial crime". The St Kitts government had decided to remove the "Place Of Birth" field from its passports, meaning that it was hard for foreign governments to tell whether someone had bought their citizenship or not, and the Americans were worried that these Kittitians could be Iranians in disguise. November brought even worse news: Canada cancelled visa-free travel for Kittitians, out of concern for the programme's "identity-management practices". A source told Canadian media that the government was concerned about terrorists and organised criminals sneaking into the country.

"A few things were not going in the right direction in St Kitts, in our opinion," Kälin said. "Things become a victim of their own success. The government sees all this money and they become a bit less careful." By 2017, the five Caribbean countries had got into a bidding war and St Kitts And Nevis had cut the price of its passport to $150,000. Kälin had intended a Kittitian passport to be a prestigious financial instrument, a super-visa and an insurance policy, but the politicians got greedy and that vision was gone. But by this time Henley had outgrown St Kitts altogether. Kälin had his eye on a market with far greater potential and was building the next stage of his dream.

The best citizenships on Henley's map are coloured dark blue and among them is the Mediterranean archipelago of Malta, the smallest country in the European Union, which is home to just under 450,000 people. Malta liked the idea of free money as much as St Kitts did, looked across the Atlantic Ocean and decided that it wanted some of the action. In September 2013, Malta asked Henley and Kälin to design a programme whereby it could sell passports too.

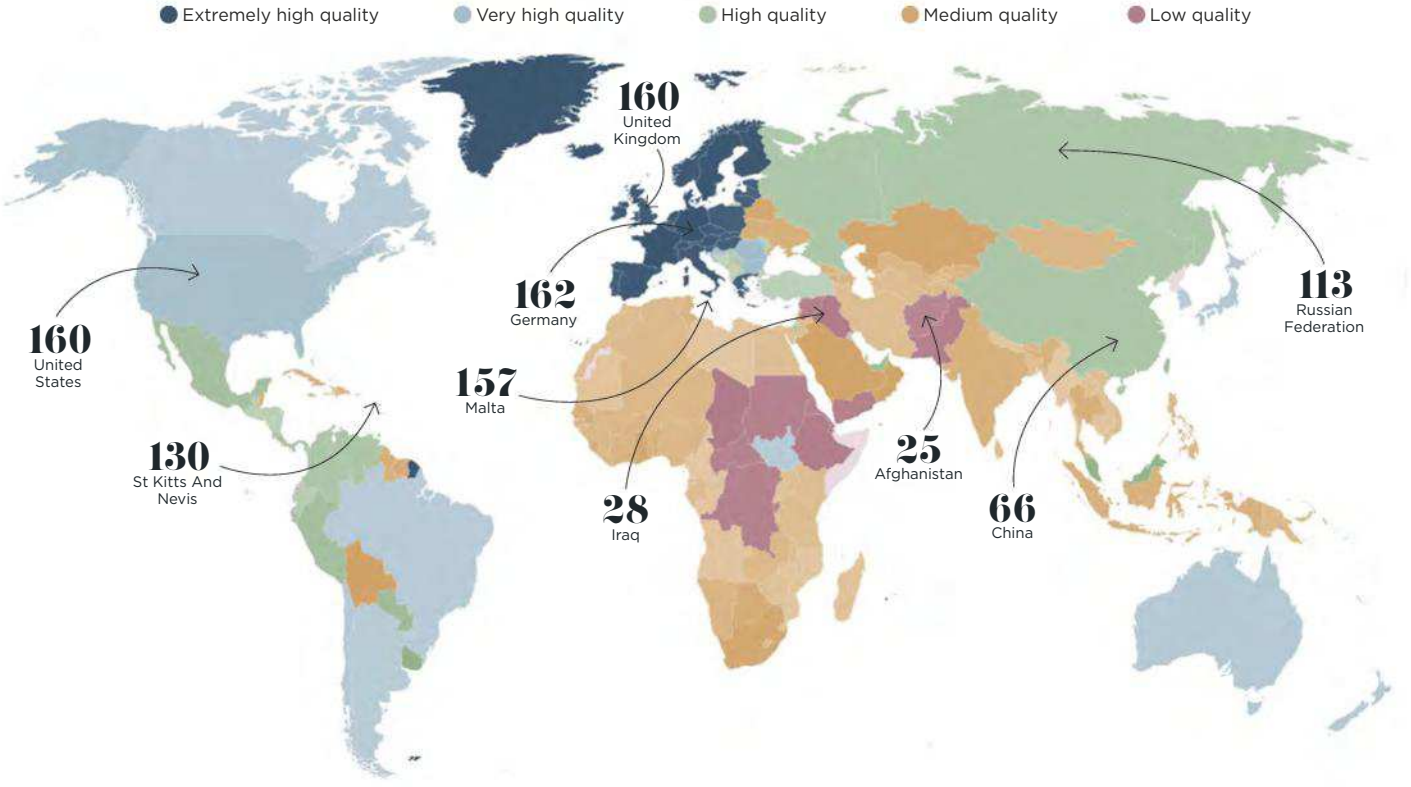
This crazy idea that Kälin had conceived of when writing letters to embassies to ask them how people obtained their citizenship, this idea that passports could be sold off the shelf like some kind of financial derivative, had now penetrated to the heart of the EU. This brought with it scrutiny of a whole different kind. European politicians objected to Malta's deal with Henley because European countries share a citizenship and yet Malta would be keeping all the money for itself. "Do we like the idea of selling the rights provided by the EU Treaties? My answer is: certainly not. Citizenship must not be up for sale," Viviane Reding, vice-president of the European Commission, told the EU's parliament in January 2014, during a heated debate. "It is saying that some people are born equal, but others are more equal than others and the rich will always dominate. It is a disgrace," thundered Sean Kelly, an Irish MEP. The vote went against Malta by 560 to 22. But citizenship is a function of sovereignty and Malta can decide for itself who

The idea that passports could be sold off the shelf like some kind of financial derivative had penetrated to the heart of the EU

Photograph **Getty Images**

How valuable is your passport?

Henley & Partners' Quality Of Nationality Index ranks the worth of 159 citizenships based on various economic and political factors. But how many countries does each passport allow you to access visa-free?



its citizens are. Its government made some cosmetic changes to appease Brussels, then got on with the business of making money.

The European debate raised an important question: if selling citizenship feels disloyal, should Kälin be doing it at all? If someone buys citizenship, then the relationship is entirely transactional. Can they be relied on to support their country if things go wrong or will they just head off on the nearest private jet? Also, what about fairness? If a rich Syrian, say, can buy a passport, he has access to the world. An ordinary Syrian, however, has to rely on people smugglers to reach a Greek island, where he is stuck. Isn't this entrenching the inequality that rots the world's social fabric?

Malta's programme has been politically divisive, with the Labour government's opponents – including journalist and blogger Daphne Caruana Galizia – attacking Kälin personally for introducing it. "Malta is not St Kitts And Nevis… You can behave like a colonial power, throwing your weight about against the press and legitimate criticism in St Kitts And Nevis, but you can't do it here," Caruana Galizia wrote to Kälin in May 2007, in one of the many testy email exchanges between them she published on her website.

Caruana Galizia died in a car bombing in October 2017 in an incident unconnected to Kälin, but other journalists have continued her campaign, despite Kälin's insistence that he is doing nothing wrong. "We're helping people to move around more. Yes, we help wealthy people, but at least we're helping them. And at least we make the world a little bit more transparent and movable," he told me. "The problem is actually the system we have, not what we do within the system."

In November, the Maltese government's regulator published a report revealing it had made €509m from selling citizenship. That is more than a €1,000 for every person on the island, even after Henley & Partners took its share of €19m. Regulators are normally restrained in their comments, but this one could not contain its enthusiasm: "This has been a year when the success of this programme has evinced no bounds." Its passion was easy to understand, since government fees were only a part of the money pouring into Malta. New citizens have to buy or rent property worth €350,000, to buy government bonds worth €150,000, and will spend money in restaurants and shops. The island's true earnings from Kälin's programme are counted in the billions. And Malta was not the end. Cyprus started selling passports in 2013, other countries are set to follow and Henley is one of many companies offering to broker the deals. Selling passports has ceased to be one man's radical dream and has become an established business, with the stresses that competition brings.

"When we started eleven years ago, we did the first conference on citizenship and people thought we were nuts," said Kälin with a wry smile. "There was no such event at all. We had to pay a conference organiser in advance because they thought it wouldn't fly. I was in Asia last year and there was an average of three-and-a-half events per week, just in Asia, on that topic. Per week – can you imagine? When I saw these figures I didn't believe it myself. I asked and they said it was really true, they gave me the list."

Conferences: making an extraordinary thing sound dull, worldwide. GQ

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Illustration **Henley & Partners** Data **passportindex.org**

THE HUNTED

In the Philippines, President Rodrigo Duterte's war on drugs rages on, its death toll of 8,000 dwarfed only by the estimated million more condemned by the president's 'kill lists'. GQ reports from Manila, a city caught in the crossfire of state-sponsored hits, where an indiscriminate death row has thousands of the accused living in perpetual fear of an assassin's bullet

Story by **Jonathan Miller** Photograph by **Daniel Berehulak**

'Drug lords, don't be complacent with me. I will have you killed'
President Rodrigo Duterte

Photograph by Daniel Berehulak

Crime-scene investigators inspect the body of Michael Araja, gunned down by two men on a motorbike in Pasay City, 2 October 2016

Raphael is on the run. He is a softly spoken, middle-aged man of wiry build – and he is wired. The friend who put me in contact with him said that Raphael had been in this hyper-adrenalised state for months, ever since he had learned he was on the police "watch list". A local councillor had casually asked him to pop down to the police station one day and, when he complied, he realised he had inadvertently "surrendered". Now, like more than one million other Filipinos, Raphael is on the "kill list" database. Being on it doesn't necessarily mean he will be taken out, but the chance is always there.

"But if I've been killed by the time this comes out, feel free to use my real name," he told me with gallows humour. This was a man spending his life glancing over one shoulder and listening out for motorbikes.

Assassins wear a smoked-visor helmet over a black balaclava. They wear black T-shirts, black jeans, the barrel of an unholstered Colt 45 "Duterte pistol" [in 2017, the Philippine president distributed 3,000 guns to his armed forces] jammed into the pillion's belt. This is the uniform of the Philippine army of freelance executioners tasked with interpreting the dog whistles of their godfather-president. It's lucrative enough work – the going rate is rumoured to be at least £140 for a hit on an addict or local pusher, the money divvied up among the kill team. Each night's handiwork is faithfully reported in the media within a day or two, a paragraph here or there and then nothing. No investigation. No risk of getting caught.

Raphael was being monitored and didn't want me coming to his city, which he refused to even let me name. We decided to meet on neutral territory, in a crowded place. We ate well and had a couple of Red Horse beers to take the tension down a notch, though at no point did Raphael look relaxed. In better days he might have had a rakish charm. But these were not good days. He came with very strict conditions of total anonymity – Raphael is not his real name – which was a shame because, in real life, he is a compelling character with a colourful story.

He'd had it rough. Raphael grew up with his grandmother in Tondo, a sprawling Manila slum, before accidentally killing his violent, drunken uncle with a karate kick and then wisely moving far away. His aunt, possibly grateful for this intervention, had not pressed charges, although money did change hands. But the odds on Raphael having a long life himself had recently got a lot shorter. He had been informed by a couple of friendly police officers that his name was not only on the watch list, but also on the police high-value target (HVT) register, identifying him as a purveyor of methamphetamines and licensing the henchmen of the Fillipino president Rodrigo Duterte's war on drugs to shoot to kill. He was now even more likely to be dispatched in one of the notoriously fatal buy-bust operations, with alleged dealers entrapped by police or liquidated by "vigilantes", who are actually off-duty officers.

Raphael had also come to discover that once his name was on a list it would stay there for as long as Duterte was president or for as long as Raphael survived.

Though in the "barangay" slums [a small administrative district] drugs watch lists predate Duterte's administration, he has used them to instil fear and to impose a paranoiac's version of social order. Despite a reported spike of more than 50 per cent in the national murder rate [according to figures from July to November 2016 vs the same period in 2015], Filipinos are said to feel safer with Duterte's nationwide "peace and order project" in full swing.

[Of the same time periods] the government has claimed there has been a 42 per cent drop in crimes such as carjacking and theft. The police have said the number of crimes overall has dropped by 30 per cent. The reality is that nearly eight out of ten adult Filipinos fear that they or someone they know will be taken out by the men in black on motorbikes.

'I lie awake at night. I don't know when they will come, but I know they will'

These sinister riders bear Duterte branding, his grisly *modus mortis*. Some of the killings have been caught on CCTV and have occasionally been posted online. The grey, low-resolution clips run like silent snuff films, cold and brutal.

"How am I supposed to live like this?" Raphael asked.

He is no exception. Hundreds of thousands of people in the Philippines have lived like this since the day Duterte was inaugurated in June 2016, having found themselves on one list or another.

Every single barangay, in every single town, in every single city, has drawn up watch lists and HVT lists and Duterte himself has a personal kill list, a voluminous sheaf of papers he brandishes during threat-laden after-dinner speeches. With two exceptions, the only other Filipinos I had knowingly encountered who had been on one of these lists were already dead by the time I set eyes on them.

"I lie awake at night," said Raphael. "I don't know when they will come. But I know they will. Every time I hear a motorbike, every time my dog barks, I think it's them." He paused. The stress had placed unsustainable pressure on his relationship. He and his partner of 20 years no longer talked. His eldest son was a *shabu* (methamphetamine) user, he told me, and was also on the watch list, making the strain unbearable.

"I've done a lot of bad things in my life," he said, "but it's my son I'm worried for. I'm old. He's just 19. He is frightened. I'm used to living with danger, but he's not."

Raphael claimed that a local community leader bore a personal grudge against him and this was their revenge, it had nothing to do with drugs.

I had heard stories of how the drugs war was being used as a pretext for settling personal vendettas. In late 2017, the Philippine National Police (PNP) adopted a sinister new tactic: deploying public drop-boxes outside police stations into which anonymous informants could post the names of their neighbours in the hope they would be placed on drugs watch lists.

Raphael was insistent that although he'd once been involved in the drugs world, he had long ago left it behind. He hated *shabu* and hadn't smoked the stuff in 20 years. In the late Nineties, he had used it for two months, each time unable to sleep or eat for days on end. Finally, he said, he'd overdosed, nearly died and hadn't touched it since.

"I also didn't like to be around users unless they were really close friends," he said. "Even then they would turn into something I didn't recognise. They get paranoid when the high starts to wear off. And then they get violent."

The destructive, character-warping effects of crystal meth on users' personalities are matched in intensity only by the psychological and social damage it inflicts on those around them. As I sat questioning and cross-examining Raphael, it was clear to me that he was not a *shabu* junkie. Overwhelmed by feelings of his powerlessness, he had taken to self-medicating with Red Horse beer, he said, to counter what he called a well of "deep, black depression and rage".

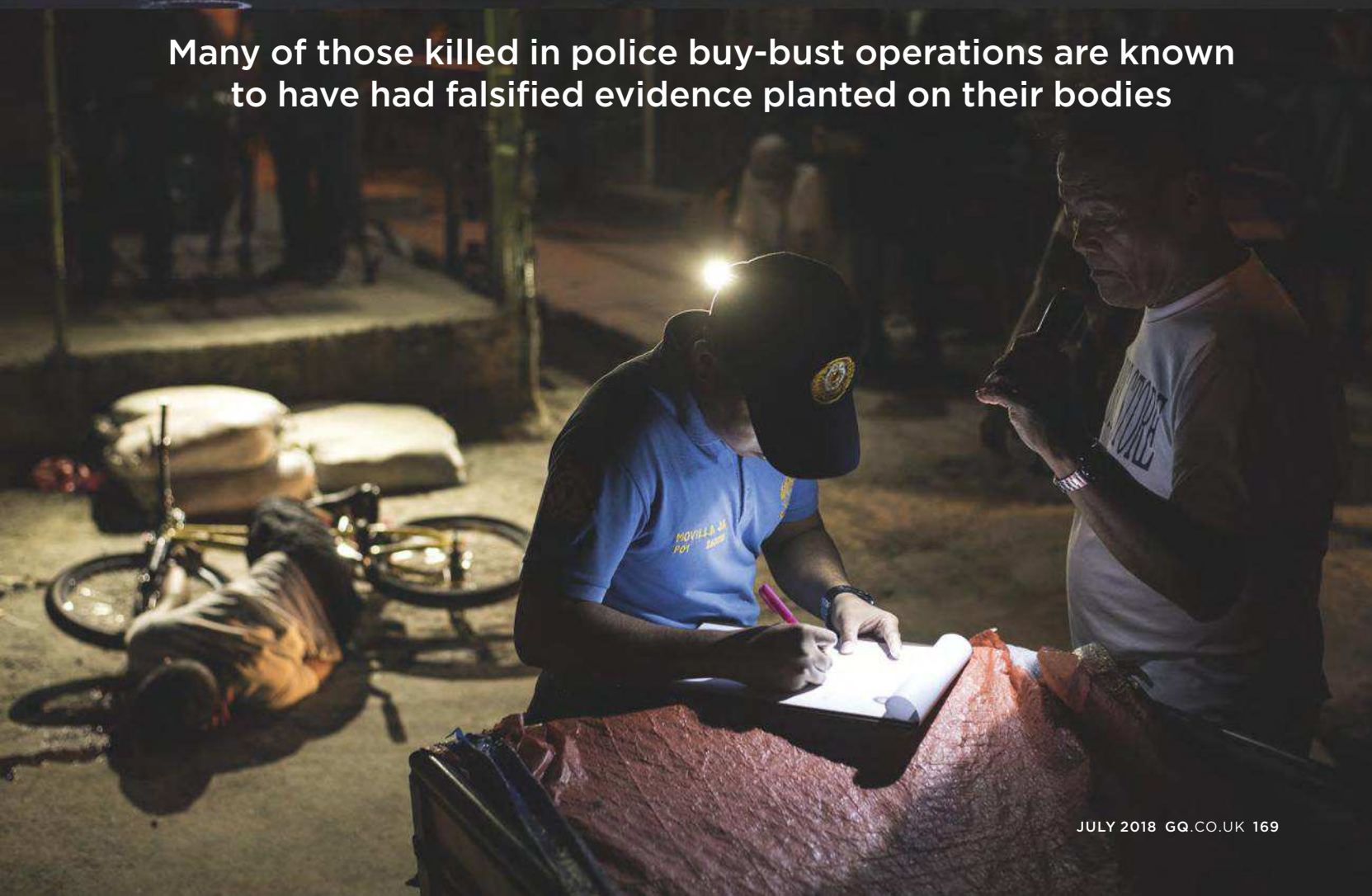
Raphael said the number of people he knew who used *shabu* had increased dramatically over the previous decade. Many, like his own son, were teenagers and changed the mood in the barangay. "The kids are all stealing." And with the petty crime came violence.

In the early days, crystal meth was mostly coming in from China, dropped off at sea, off the Philippine coast, in plastic containers which Filipino drug lords and dealers would salvage and bring ashore. That was "the stuff that kept you awake for days". But, as the years went by, small labs began to spring up everywhere. The *shabu* was increasingly >>

Photographs **Getty Images; Raffy Lerma**

Jennilyn Olayres cradles the body of her partner, Michael Siaron, killed by unidentified gunmen riding in tandem in Pasay City, 23 July 2016; (below) police at the scene where an alleged drug dealer was shot dead, 23 March 2018

Many of those killed in police buy-bust operations are known to have had falsified evidence planted on their bodies



>> being locally produced, which meant the quality and potency decreased.

Scores of labs have been raided by the Philippine Drug Enforcement Agency (PDEA) in recent years, with regular big busts since Duterte became president. By the end of the first year of the drugs war, police said they had dismantled nine labs and confiscated nearly 2,500kg of *shabu* with a street value of £174 million. The labs all contained the tell-tale equipment – drums and pressure tanks, tubes and packing facilities – familiar to anyone who's watched *Breaking Bad*.

The labs were and still are disguised as legitimate factories, hidden in warehouses, abandoned mines, remote poultry farms and inner-city apartments. Their discovery has almost always been accompanied by the arrest of Chinese nationals. In one case, police seized a floating *shabu* lab aboard a converted fishing boat in Subic Bay. Another was uncovered in a village piggery.

"Our barangay was considered a hotspot," Raphael said. "The number-one dealer is in my neighbourhood. He was selling drugs to my son, who started stealing from [us]."

Raphael was crippled by regret. Back in 2012, he told me, he had been arrested and charged with dealing drugs, but when his case came to court (after spending two-and-a-half years in prison on remand) he was acquitted. He conceded that he had, in fact, been an irregular, small-time dealer, but claimed to have stopped years ago for the sake of his family.

Ah, so he was a dealer, I surprised myself by thinking, as if Raphael's inclusion on two kill lists was somehow justified because of this. Of course, this is exactly what has happened in the minds of many Filipinos as killings have been normalised and Duterte's views have gone mainstream.

Raphael painted a bleak picture of his own drug-infested barangay, a place where neighbours spied on neighbours and where small disputes found lurid means of resolution. Drugs war drop-boxes began to appear at police stations for informants to post the names of suspects. If you had an influence, or could convince someone else who did, death sentences could be handed to your enemies simply by adding names to lists.

During the five hours I spent with him, Duterte's name came up frequently.

"*Shit*," he suddenly exclaimed, as though struck by the insanity of the situation he was in. "Duterte is crazy, man. Crazier than I am. He's a psychopath."

Whose name is on which list is common knowledge. List compilers are leaky, as are the police. The listed become socially toxic and are publicly ostracised. Months of stigma and exclusion generally precede violent death. Several listed individuals Raphael knew had already been shot dead.

The first to die in Raphael's barangay was a dealer he had known, who was killed on the very day of Duterte's inauguration. The man had served 20 years for murder and on his release in 2014 had set up as a *shabu* "distributor", as Raphael called him, and tried to recruit him as a dealer. Raphael said the man had been supplied by the police, who took most of the profit. The barangay sounded like a typical poor urban district. It could have been anywhere in the Philippines – a place where everyone knew everyone else, but where community spirit had been shattered by suspicion and consumed by fear since Duterte was elected president. Many, including children, had witnessed the regular street assassinations.

President Rodrigo Duterte speaks at an event with the Filipino community in Hong Kong, 12 April 2018

Death sentences could be handed to enemies by adding names to lists

Raphael related two chilling encounters with masked men on motorbikes in detail, both right outside his house. Once, two men, who did not bother to remove their helmets or balaclavas, stopped in front of his house and asked for him by his full name. He saw his tenant talking to the men and pointing up. There was no avoiding it, so, heart in mouth, he had gone down.

The riders claimed to be working for a courier company, he said, although neither wore a uniform. To his horror, one reached into a sling bag strapped across his chest and went to pull out what Raphael was sure would be a pistol. The man hadn't pulled a gun, though. It had been an envelope, with a label identifying its sender as his aunt, who lives abroad. He hadn't been in contact with her for months. (And, no, it wasn't the same aunt whom he had inadvertently widowed years earlier.)

As Raphael showed proof of identity and scribbled his signature, he'd wondered whether he'd just signed his own death warrant, confirming for his would-be assassins that he was indeed their local HVT. Nervously, he made a joke of it and said to the riders, "I really thought I was going to die. I thought you were riding in tandem."

"When I explained," Raphael said, "they just *laughed*. Then they roared off."

The terror of the experience was written all over his face, even in the telling of the story. It had really spooked him.

As it turned out, the envelope contained a prepaid Visa card – a common means by which many Filipinos receive remittances from family members working overseas. "But when I tried to use it there was no money on it," he said. When he called his aunt to thank her for her "gift", she had no idea what he was talking about.

Raphael was required to sign in once a week at his local police station and attend lengthy state- and church-run drug-rehab programmes three afternoons a week. These "rehab" programmes involved addicts hooked on crystal meth attending lectures. There was no medication on offer, Raphael said, and no other form of psycho-social intervention. Narcotics Anonymous sessions took place every weeknight ("except they weren't anonymous") and in the community hall every Sunday afternoon. Missing even one of these sessions would be a problem. On completion of these compulsory programmes, it was promised that the names on the lists would be submitted to the city mayor and police chief for "delisting". It never happened. New requirements were always drawn up. No one was delisted. That was when Raphael realised he was on the lists for life.

I have remained in regular contact with Raphael. The good news is that, at the time of writing, I still have to use his pseudonym.

He has remained unable to get himself delisted, however. Finally, having toughed it out for a year, he recently messaged me to ask whether I could put him in contact with someone who could help him disappear. He wanted to go into hiding with his 19-year-old son, in the hope that one day their nightmare would be over. A nascent network, operating by word of mouth, had begun to provide sanctuary and protection for people who have found themselves on Duterte's death lists. But the safe houses, it turned out, were all full.

One Sunday evening, in a noisy café on the University Of The Philippines campus in Manila's Quezon City, I met Jose Manuel "Chel" Diokno, the country's best-known human rights lawyer and one of Duterte's most daringly outspoken critics.

Diokno has publicly disparaged the president's war on drugs, condemned the surge in extrajudicial killings and lamented the erosion of the rule of law. He is incensed by Duterte's murderous threats to human rights activists and lawyers. Diokno is also the dean of De La Salle University College Of Law and has discovered a thing or two about Duterte's lists.

"When he was mayor of Davao, Duterte didn't keep his lists a secret. And if you look at how his government is conducting its drugs war now, it's based on these watch lists. There is no difference between what is happening here today and how the Japanese operated, with their Secret Police or how the SS operated in Nazi Germany," he said, fixing me with a steady, solemn glare over the rims of his glasses. "The more I see, the more disgusted I am."

Diokno chairs the Free Legal Assistance Group (Flag), which for years has handled cases dating back to martial law under Filipino dictator Ferdinand Marcos, as well as those linked to Duterte's kill squads. Diokno's late father, Jose "Ka Pepe" Diokno, also a distinguished human rights lawyer as well as a senator, was widely regarded as a legendary opponent of Marcos.

When military rule was declared in 1972, Diokno senior was arrested without charge and held incommunicado in solitary confinement. The young Chel, who was in those days not even a teenager, spent two years not knowing if his father was alive. Ka Pepe founded Flag when he was released and, four decades on, his son is following in his footsteps.

Chel sipped his strong black coffee. He was well-versed in Duterte's patterns of behaviour. Now, he confirmed exactly what I'd heard from Raphael.

"There are several kinds of lists… Names on the typical watch list are supplied by local barangay officials… Then there are the HVT or 'wanted' lists. Those names come from the PDEA and PNP agents monitoring drug activities. I don't know it for a fact," he said, "but it's not beyond this government to compile a list of human rights activists and lawyers too. What I do know is that once your name is on a list it's pretty much impossible to get off it."

Diokno told me about two lawyers he knew, one in Mindanao and one in Luzon, who had sought to have their clients' names removed. The first had a transgender client who had gone to the lawyer with a drugs-test certificate to prove to the police that she was clean. They went to the PNP, he said, asking them to please remove her, but were told, "Sorry, the list is now at police HQ in Manila and we don't have the power."

A pistol lies near the body of a suspected dealer killed in a shoot-out with police in Manila, August 2017

'There's no difference between today and how the SS operated'

In Luzon, it had been exactly the same story with another client. "Unless you know someone high up in the PNP or in Malacañang Palace [the president's official residence and primary workplace] it is impossible to get delisted."

Those who have managed to get themselves delisted are about as rare as survivors of tandem hits or police buy-bust operations.

In late September 2016, Duterte did something very out of character: he publicly apologised to a congressman and former provincial governor whom he had maligned as a named kingpin of what he'd called a "drugs matrix", which supposedly ran operations in and out of the country's biggest prison.

Unsurprisingly, Duterte's critic-in-chief, the senator Leila De Lima, who was named as "boss" of this drugs ring, received no such apology. But the president said he was "very sorry" to have implicated representative Amado Espino Jr and two other senior provincial officials in this supposed "matrix". He described this mistake as a "lapse" and conceded that "somehow we were negligent in counter-checking".

It was Raphael who reminded me of this incident. He added, "If Duterte can mistakenly put a congressman's name on a list and then admit it and say sorry, how much more uncertain is it for ordinary people?" Then Raphael asked, "Even if they do say sorry, what's the point when you are dead?"

Those documenting the spiralling death toll believe that, among the thousands killed by either police or hitmen, there is likely to have been scores of cases of mistaken identity. Many of those killed in police buy-bust operations are known to have had falsified evidence – sachets of *shabu* or homemade revolvers, oftentimes both – planted on their bodies.

A source in counter-narcotics told me, "They're not even trying to cover it up. Guns with identical serial numbers turn up in different incidents. Shells don't match the calibre. Revolvers are found in the right hands of left-handed people."

According to US online campaign stopthedrugwar.org, 49 people were killed in the United States in police drug-bust operations during 2016, with about one police officer killed for every ten dead civilians.

In the Philippines, meanwhile, according to government statistics, just 36 police personnel were killed during more than 50,000 drugs operations in Duterte's first ten months in power.

Compared with the US, counter-narcotics operations in the Philippines are not particularly dangerous for police, but all-too-often fatal for the suspect.

In addition to the watch lists and HVT lists, Duterte has his own personal "narco list", which he can be seen waving around during live televised addresses. >>

Photographs **Eyevine; Getty Images**

>>This list began with 158 government officials whom Duterte named and shamed, accusing them of involvement in illegal drugs activity right across the country. They included several serving or former congressmen and seven judges, as well as mayors, governors, scores of senior police workers – including generals – and military officers.

Speaking at the central command of the Philippines Army camp in Cebu City a month into his premiership, in July 2016, the president said, "These drug lords, these mayors, these governors – don't be complacent with me. I will have you killed."

He had presented no evidence against those whom he accused. It quickly transpired two on the list had already died.

In legal circles, the president's evidence-free allegations were a cause of growing concern. Father Ranhilio Aquino, dean of the San Beda Graduate School Of Law, where Duterte earned his law degree, said, "There is no basis for removing them from office."

Then the Philippines' Supreme Court chief justice, Maria Lourdes Sereno, entered the fray, pointing out that, given the number of judges who had been assassinated over the years, the president had rendered those he had named "vulnerable and veritable targets… in the war on drugs".

The next day, the president lashed out: "I'm giving you a warning," Duterte said. "Don't create a crisis… Don't order me. I'm telling you. I hope you are listening… Or would you rather I declare martial law?"

This was the first time the president had publicly threatened martial law. It wouldn't be the last. Sereno hit back, saying the thousands of brazen and unresolved killings of suspects on these lists had severely eroded perceptions of justice in the Philippines. In September 2017, congress began the process to impeach chief justice Sereno.

As the months went by and the drugs war plumbed new depths of brutality, Duterte's narco list lengthened dramatically.

He began to unfurl large drugs war diagrams that looked like genealogies, complete with photographs, annotations and flowchart arrows connecting the accused. The number of alleged narco judges grew to 40. Numbers in all the other categories also rose relentlessly. Duterte repeatedly asserted that "the problem is now all-encompassing, it is destroying our nation".

By early 2017, the PDEA announced that the president's narco list contained the names of more than 6,000 "suspects", although the *New York Times* would soon report that there were anywhere between 600,000 and more than one million names on the list (hardly surprising given that Duterte has claimed there are more than three million addicts in the country). One of the names on the presidential list was the mayor of Albuera, a town in Leyte province in the Eastern Visayas region, Rolando Espinosa. His son, Kerwin Espinosa, was also named.

"I have ordered people to look for him and shoot on sight like a dog," Duterte said.

And that, a few weeks later, is exactly what happened. The mayor voluntarily surrendered within 24 hours of the president's initial ultimatum. He publicly urged his son to do the same. There had been no warrant out for him, but police had raided his family home, shot dead six of the mayor's bodyguards and apparently discovered a stash of eleven kilograms of *shabu*. Espinosa was released, then rearrested and, while in jail, was shot four times, thrice in the head, inside his cell, by police who claimed he had a gun and had shot at them. They also claimed they had found sachets of *shabu* in Espinosa's cell and in those of an alleged accomplice, who was also shot dead in a neighbouring cell.

PDEA agents arrest an alleged dealer during a drug raid in Maharlika Village, 28 February 2018

These brazen killings have severely eroded perceptions of justice in the Philippines

In March 2017, a gutsy judge in Leyte issued arrest warrants for murder against superintendent Marvin Marcos and 18 other policemen for Espinosa's killing. They surrendered to their own police unit.

In July 2017, the PNP's director general, Ronald "Bato" Dela Rosa, ordered them to return to work.

While in jail, Espinosa had signed an affidavit, without a lawyer present, implicating 226 police officers, as well as senator De Lima, in a drugs ring allegedly run by his son, Kerwin, who had meanwhile fled the country. Three weeks after Espinosa senior's "unfortunate" death, Kerwin was tracked down in Abu Dhabi, where he was arrested, then deported. Within days of his return, Kerwin was paraded, wearing manacles and a bulletproof vest, before a senate hearing where he confessed to being a drug lord. He also accused De Lima of bankrolling her senatorial election campaign with the proceeds of drugs trafficking, testifying that she had received three separate tranches of *shabu* cash. De Lima claimed she had never met him and dismissed his testimony as a "nice script", advising Kerwin that his "cooperation" would not save his skin. "May God forgive you for all your lies about me – and I forgive you," she said to him in the senate.

I was in Davao when the hearing took place and so was Rodrigo Duterte. At a news conference, I raised with the president the dramatic escalation of the killings. He countered by raising the case of Espinosa, warning that other mayors involved in illegal drugs would suffer the same fate. "There are still mayors, still there," he said, "playing the narco-politics game and I'm warning them again. You might not want to hear it. You will not only lose your funds, you will lose your life." He then berated me for my impertinence in asking the question in the first place.

A week before Espinosa's death, another mayor, Samsudin Dimaukom, was gunned down in the autonomous Muslim province of Maguindanao, west of Davao City.

At the end of July 2017, a third mayor, Reynaldo Parojinog of Ozamiz City in Mindanao and also on Duterte's list, was shot dead, along with his wife and 13 other people, in a series of simultaneous predawn raids at several of the family's properties. CCTV cameras had been disabled. Not a single officer involved in the "shoot-outs" was injured.

Conspiracy theories swirled around these killings. In the cases of mayors Dimaukom and Espinosa, there were rumours that both men knew secrets Duterte did not want out.

By the first anniversary of Duterte's "narco list", one thing stood out: apart from some

murdered mayors, there had only been a tiny handful of arrests and the only alleged narco-politician to face charges was the former human rights commissioner, justice secretary and Duterte-inquisitor De Lima, who is now a recognised Amnesty International prisoner of conscience.

Prior to her arrest, De Lima had traded accusations with Duterte about the other's involvement in the drug trade, with Duterte calling the former justice secretary "the mother of all drug lords" and De Lima repeatedly alleging that Duterte was the drug lords' "number-one protector".

The president's list served a key purpose, however, by allowing a cloud of suspicion to hang over those he so publicly accused, all of whom were then forced to live in perpetual anxiety, imagining they could be hit by an assassin's bullet at any time.

Beyond doubt, the most iconic image from the drugs war is a picture taken by Raffy Lerma, a night-shift photographer for the *Philippine Daily Inquirer*. It depicts a weeping woman, Jennilyn Olayres, barefoot in the street, her arms and legs wrapped around the half-upright but limp body of her partner, 30-year-old Michael Siaron.

Siaron had been a pedicab driver in Pasay, Metro Manila, who, at 1am on 23 July 2016, was shot dead by killers riding in tandem. In the photograph, a crowd is gathered behind Olayres, held back by yellow police tape. In the foreground, you can make out the scrawled word "pusher" on torn cardboard, which was left on Siaron's body. The rest of the sign read, "I'm a drug pusher. Do not emulate me." A chalk circle on the tarmac rings the spot where police found a bullet casing. There are what looks like blood stains on the road. To many, the image evoked Michelangelo's "Pietà", the sculpture of Christ's limp body lying in his mother's lap after he was taken down from the cross.

Lerma's tragic but beautiful photograph went viral, published on the front page of the Sunday edition of the *Philippine Daily Inquirer* and in newspapers around the world. It seemed to capture the shock wave reverberating around the Philippines over the sudden rash of killings. It gave a face to victims who the president had said were scum, not even human. One newspaper commentator wrote of how the picture of Olayres and Siaron had "immortalised their powerlessness".

Duterte was not happy. In his first state of the nation address, he railed against the melodrama of the photograph and mocked Siaron's bereaved partner: "There you are, sprawled on the ground, and you are portrayed in a broadsheet as Mother Mary cradling the dead cadaver of Jesus Christ."

Olayres went into hiding. It took time to track her down, but, less than a month after Michael Siaron's death, I found her. The *Philippine Daily Inquirer* had photographed the "home" she had shared with Siaron, a dilapidated patchboard, tin-roofed shack, about eight foot by ten, built on rickety stilts above a disgusting canal of stagnant water, surrounded by a carpet of floating rubbish. They really were the poorest of the poor.

Relatives of Leover Miranda, who was killed by police in an anti-drugs operation, 20 August 2017

A cardboard sign was left on his body: 'I'm a drug pusher. Do not emulate me'

I met Olayres at Pasay City Cemetery, where Siaron had been buried.

It was threatening rain when she arrived by sidecar. She was wearing a white T-shirt with a Mickey Mouse print on the back and a black baseball cap embroidered with a disco dancer. Her long black hair was tied up in a ponytail and threaded through the back of the cap. Olayres was still fragile, and teary from the start. She had come with Siaron's father and little sister and brought some yellow lilies to place on the grave.

We meandered together between the cluttered tombs to what locals call the "Duterte Compound", a high-rise matrix of graves on the back wall where the remains of many of the victims of his drugs war are interred. Halfway along the wall of concrete box-graves and three layers up, a plaque with as-yet unfaded gold-leaf lettering read:

RIP
MICHAEL C SIARON
26 October 1985 - 23 July 2016
Family Remembrance

Olayres lit a tall votive candle, reached up and placed it in a pool of melted wax, then stood in silent prayer, crying quietly. After a few minutes, she gathered herself and wandered over to a nearby tomb. At the invitation of the graveyard watchman, she sat down on top of one and it was right there, among the dead, that we talked. She told me how her life had disintegrated, how she felt completely crippled by what had happened and that she had been scared by Duterte's mocking of her. She explained why Siaron had occasionally smoked *shabu*: to keep him going as he worked ever longer hours to try to make ends meet. Olayres denied he had been a pusher or a dealer and said that he had even voted for Duterte. I asked her about the photograph and she started to cry again.

"I couldn't think of anything else to do but to cradle him, to find out if he might still be breathing," she sobbed. "I just wish these killings would stop. If only his death had ended all this. He's gone. He cannot speak for himself any more." But this was only the beginning. My graveyard interview with Olayres was brought to a sudden stop by an ear-splitting crack of thunder. Fat, heavy raindrops began to hit us and splatter like water bombs on the tops of tombs. Within another minute, it was tropical-torrential. The anvil-headed storm clouds had welled to bursting and the deluge could no longer be contained. The rain cascaded down onto the paupers' graves in the Duterte Compound, extinguishing the candles. **GQ**

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FROM DUTERTE HARRY: FIRE AND FURY IN THE PHILIPPINES BY JONATHAN MILLER (SCRIBE, £14.99), OUT ON 14 JUNE.

Photographs **Getty Images**

‘I feel comfortable playing for England. In every game you’ve got to play with no fear’

Is Jesse Lingard England’s secret weapon?

He’s been down, but never out. And now, thanks to his recent transformation from grey man to silver bullet, the Manchester United player’s collateral is soaring, boosting his nation’s hopes. As the 2018 World Cup slides into view, GQ meets the rising star of English football to talk old scores, being the last man standing and whether there’ll be light at the end of the tunnel in Russia

Story by **John Naughton** Photographs by **Tomo Brejc** Styling by **Tony Cook**

Jacket, £1,100. Jeans, £650. Bag, £2,970. All by **Louis Vuittion**. louisvuitton.com. T-shirt by **Gucci**, £340. At mrporter.com. Trainers by **Grenson**, £160. grenson.com. Watch and jewellery, Jesse's own. Towel by **Adidas**, £65. adidas.co.uk

His Manchester United teammate Marcus Rashford calls him Jessparagus (in response, he uses the moniker Rash Beans). He calls himself J Lingz, while his fans (and there are many) call him Messi Lingard. Most importantly, after his best-ever season at Old Trafford, Gareth Southgate looks set to call him up – for this summer's World Cup in Russia. Many observers believe that if the England team are to make any impression on the tournament, attacking midfielder Jesse Lingard will need to play a big part.

"It's massive," admits Lingard, 25, fresh from one of his final training sessions of the season. "It's one of the pinnacles of your career as a player and it will be my first World Cup so I've got to enjoy every minute, whether I start or if I've got to make an impact from the bench. And I do think we will do well because of the team spirit we've got."

Lingard's rise to the England ranks has been remarkable. Last year he was a peripheral figure at Old Trafford, scoring just one Premier League goal. This year, in no small part due to United manager José Mourinho moving him to a more central position, he'd scored eight by February alone and became a regular starter.

In England's last friendly, away to the Netherlands in March, Lingard scored his first international goal as England beat the Dutch 1-0. In a single season, he'd gone from England outsider to someone many expect Southgate to start in their opening World Cup group match against Tunisia on 18 June.

"He's a really intelligent footballer," says former England midfielder Jermaine Jenas. "Any time the game goes through him, things happen quicker because he sees things quicker. There's lots of one or two touches. He's gone from strength to strength, but a lot of that is just down to how quickly his brain works."

Lingard enjoys all the trappings of success associated with life as a Premier League footballer, with a weekly pay packet of £100,000 and a £3 million mansion in Cheshire. It's a stratospheric change in fortune for a working-class boy who grew up on an estate in Longford, Warrington.

Lingard started at Old Trafford aged seven. He remembers it as a time when "it was all about the football – playing with no worries, with complete freedom". But then he was given a choice, to either sign for Manchester United or Liverpool.

"My heart was with United," he recalls. "I felt comfortable there."

His first impressions were of the "aura" carried by the then boss, Sir Alex Ferguson.

"He used to hit me on the head quite regularly," Lingard says, laughing. "It was always messing around, joking, but pretending to be serious." And Ferguson always took the youth team seriously. After all, it was the Class of '92, the youth team of Giggs, Scholes, Beckham et al, that secured Ferguson his future at the club. Suddenly, it seemed that Lingard's year might be destined to repeat the feat. A team driven forward by Lingard and Paul Pogba took United to the semifinal of the 2011 FA Youth Cup against Chelsea.

Suit by **Paul Smith**, £685. paulsmith.com. Vest by **Ermenegildo Zegna Couture**, £760. zegna.com. Football table, £4,250. At gamesroomcompany.com

After five minutes, the physio was called on to attend to Lingard. He'd been sick on the pitch.

"It was a hot day," Lingard remembers, attempting to set the record partially straight. "I did a lot of running and they had a corner. As they took it, I was spewing. It was just bile really. I hadn't really had any food. It was a little bit of nerves, but it was a really hot day." Lingard recovered nevertheless and went on to score, a feat described in the *Guardian* thus: "Jesse Lingard, pipe-cleaner thin but spirited and fearless, swept in the loose ball."

That team went on to win the Cup, to immediate Class of '92 comparisons. But it wasn't to be. Pogba fell out with Ferguson and was dispatched, returning two seasons ago for a world-record fee of £89m. Centre-half Michael Keane went to Burnley and then Everton for £25m. The rest disappeared to different clubs, lower leagues and anonymity. A case in point is Larnell Cole, praised in the same *Guardian* report, now plying his trade at Tranmere Rovers in the National League. Fine margins.

Lingard was soon the last man standing of the Class of '11. Did he ever fear he would be let go, particularly given his slight stature?

"Not really," he replies. "I think United always had a plan for me. They nurtured me. Sir Alex said that when I was 23, 24, that's when I would make it and he was right. I believed in him and trusted him."

It's tempting to believe that surviving in such a ruthless world for so long has fed into the delight Lingard so often displays on the pitch. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow it's Tranmere, as it were. Nowadays, he is as famous for his goal celebrations as he is his goals.

Such tomfoolery proved too much for former United player Rio Ferdinand, who tweeted, "They haven't won anything yet. Until you win something, that's when you go out and do stuff like that."

Ferdinand later apologised for his harrumph, but what did Lingard make of such criticism?

"As long as I put 100 per cent into the game and I'm fully focused, I don't think anyone can criticise me," he reasons. "You've got to be a role model to the younger generation who look up to you, but it's always good to have fun. That's what the goal celebrations are about really. I think if you score you've got to have fun, otherwise what's the point? I like to put a smile on people's faces."

Lingard is irrepressibly upbeat in his outlook, an asset as important as his quicksilver feet and clever passing, particularly for an England side haunted by past failures. "I actually feel more comfortable when I play for England than United," Lingard says. "Every game, you've got to play with no fear."

Whether playing for United or England, he has proven himself fearless, consistently scoring in both EFL and FA Cup finals. It's to be hoped he gets the chance to continue that form in Russia. He'll be cheered on there by many, including his motormouthed brother Louie, a YouTube regular and dance instructor who offers voluble sibling support.

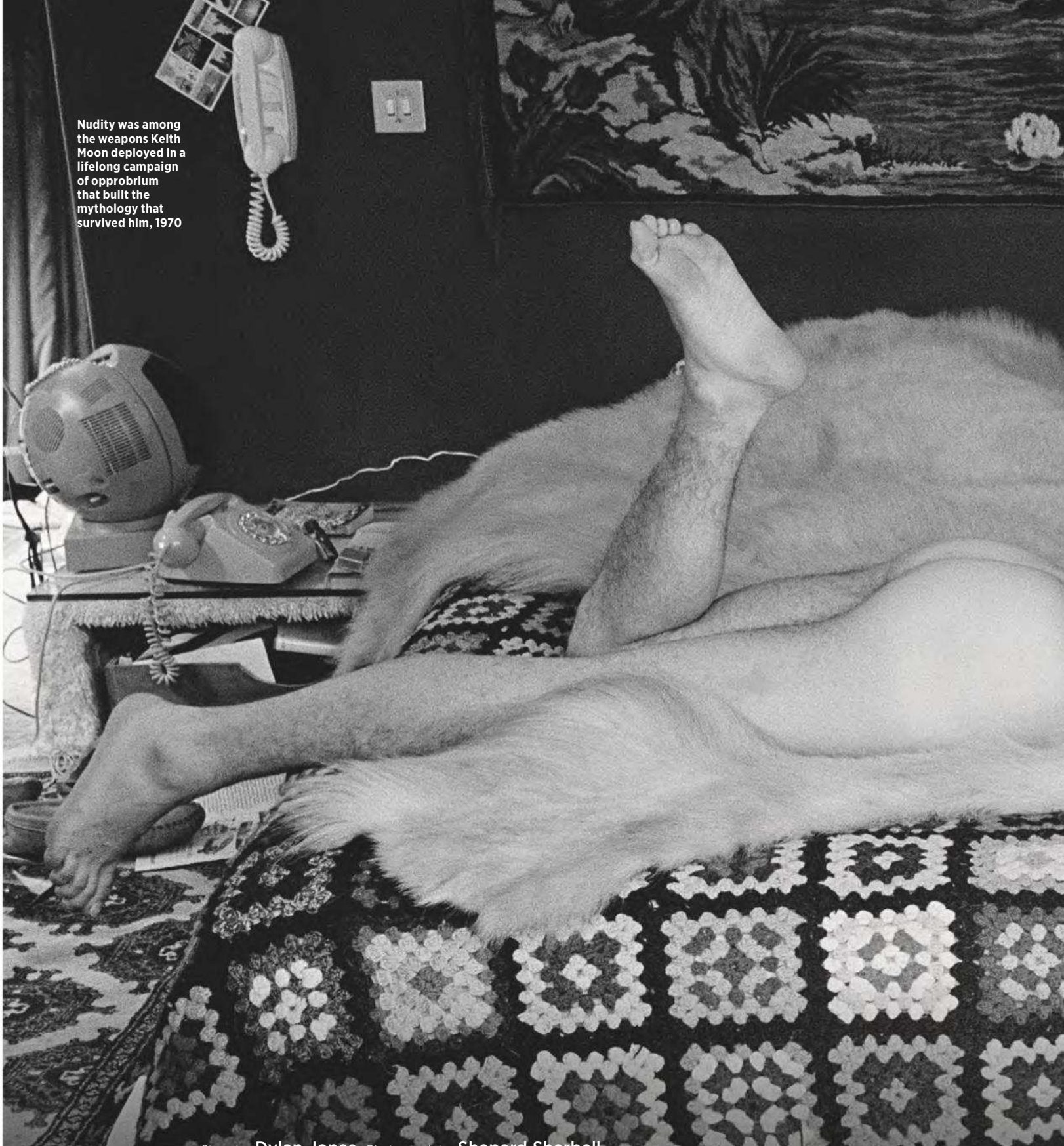
"Louie should be on the England talking team," laughs Lingard. "But he's great for my self-belief. Always positive vibes in the Lingard camp."

Never a truer word. GQ

Grooming **Elvire Roux**

‘It’s my first World Cup, so I’ve got to enjoy every minute. We will do well because of the team spirit we’ve got’

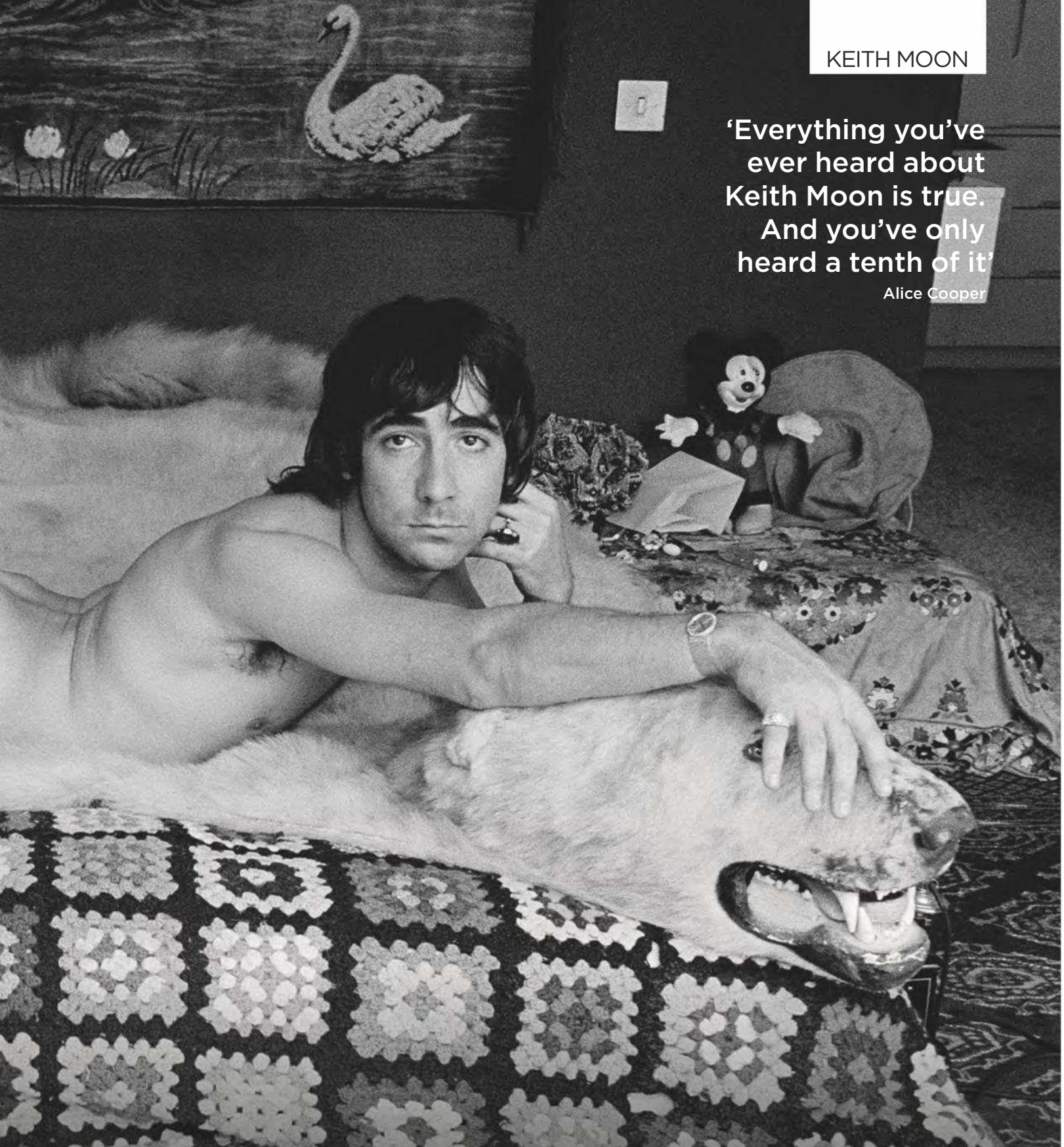
Polo shirt by **Gucci**, £440. At mrporter.com. Trousers by **Paul Smith**, £335. paulsmith.com. Watch and jewellery, Jesse’s own. Ball by **Adidas**, £129.95. adidas.co.uk



Nudity was among the weapons Keith Moon deployed in a lifelong campaign of opprobrium that built the mythology that survived him, 1970

Story by **Dylan Jones** Photograph by **Shepard Sherbell**

The man who died before he got old



‘Everything you’ve ever heard about Keith Moon is true. And you’ve only heard a tenth of it’

Alice Cooper

As Roger Daltrey prepares to publish his long-awaited autobiography and release his compelling new solo album, The Who’s singer – probably the most garlanded and most singular frontman in the annals of rock – opens up about how his recent brush with death altered his attitude towards mortality. All this in a year that sees the 40th anniversary of the band’s last great studio album, Who Are You, and the 40th anniversary of the death of one of the 20th century’s most notorious wild men, the thought-to-be indestructible Keith Moon. ‘He was much misunderstood,’ says Daltrey. ‘There was madness in his eyes, but he had sophistication and he had terrible sadness’

By 1978 Keith Moon was already a legend in his own Bacardi and Coke. Not just the one, mind. The Who's perpetual-motion machine of a drummer was long established as the quintessential rock'n'roll reprobate, a man who would go out drinking on a Friday night, come back the following Wednesday and then ask his long-suffering girlfriend, "Why didn't you pay the ransom?" This is the man who once drove his car through the glass doors of a hotel, who then drove all the way up to the reception desk, got out and asked for his room key. His antics were considered so outrageous that he made Keith Richards, Jim Morrison and Ozzy Osbourne all seem like mischievous altar boys.

It is extraordinary what he got away with: in the early days of The Who, their piñata of a performance usually ended when Pete Townshend smashed one of his guitars or stabbed it into a speaker stack. This was then followed by Moon – looking like a demonic Wotan, with a demented glint in his eyes – upending his drum kit and letting off various smoke bombs. When the band made its US television debut on *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* in 1967, Moon loaded his bass drum with rather more flash powder than usual; the resulting explosion blew the band off the stage, blinded the TV cameras and – legend has it – caused their fellow guest, the actress Bette Davis, to faint. A few months later, on tour in the UK with pop band The Herd, he put firecrackers in their piano and rigged up a wire-and-pulley system to the gong used by their drummer, so every time he attempted to bang the gong it would slightly move just out of his reach.

There was more (there was always more with Keith Moon). He soon developed a habit for destroying his hotel rooms while on tour, deliberately breaking the furniture and throwing things out of the windows (particularly TV sets). In 1972, in Copenhagen, he asked Townshend to help him put his waterbed into the hotel lift, so he could send it down to the lobby. When it burst – when was it not going to burst? – he rang the hotel manager, complained that the bed had ruined his stage clothes and was promptly upgraded to a bigger, antique-filled suite. Predictably Moon destroyed the room later that night. He also enjoyed breaking into bandmates' rooms, removing all of their furniture and then relieving himself on the curtains. He would drive through villages in his Rolls-Royce, blaring out bogus public service announcements, dress up as a bald vicar and swear at people in the street, hire people to throw lemon pies at friends at Hollywood film premieres and once marched into Marks & Spencer on a mission to buy some one-legged trousers.

"When you've got money and you do the kind of things I get up to, people laugh and say that you're eccentric," said Moon, "which is a polite way of saying you're fucking mad."

One of the most famous stories regarding Moon's behaviour – and one that seems to become embellished with each telling – revolves around his 21st birthday party at the Holiday Inn in Flint, Michigan on The Who's first American tour in 1967. By 10am, The Who, Herman's Hermits (who, bizarrely, they were supporting) and their entire road crews were celebrating in and around the hotel's outdoor swimming pool. By noon, there was so much booze in the pool that someone christened it the world's largest Martini. As the day dragged on, with more people arriving and more booze flowing and with people starting to get naked in the pool (some taking fire extinguishers with them), a gigantic five-tier birthday cake was produced, which Moon proceeded to throw at anyone he could see (even though at this point he was finding it difficult to see anyone). Unsurprisingly, the police soon arrived, which is when Moon thought it a good idea to jump into a Lincoln

Moon put his waterbed in the hotel lift. When it burst he was upgraded

Continental in the forecourt (in other versions of the story it's either a Cadillac or a convertible Roller) in order to make a speedy getaway. Without any keys and with the handbrake released, the car slowly drifted into the pool area before becoming submerged in the water. Chastened, but still paralytic, "Moon The Loon" was then arrested, while the band received an immediate lifetime ban from all Holiday Inn properties.

Another apocryphal tragicomic story has him riding in a limo on the way to LAX before insisting that they return to their hotel, saying, "I forgot something." At the hotel, he apparently ran up to his room, grabbed the TV and threw it out the window into the swimming pool below. He then jumped back into the car, saying, "I nearly forgot." Longtime friend and personal assistant Peter "Dougal" Butler said, "He was trying to make people laugh and be Mr Funny. He wanted people to love him and enjoy him but he would go so far. Like a train ride you couldn't stop."

Alice Cooper, the "School's Out" goth rocker who experienced his own fair share of extravagance in the Seventies, says this: "Nobody could compete with Keith Moon. Think of it this way: about 40 per cent of what you've heard about me or Iggy or Ozzy is probably true. Everything you've ever heard about Keith Moon is true and you've only heard a tenth of it. He'd come to Los Angeles and he'd stay at the house for a week. So I'd go out to a recording session and come back and he would be dressed like a French maid."

"Keith lived his entire life as a fantasy," says the band's singer, Roger Daltrey. "He was the funniest man I've ever known, but he was also the saddest; I've seen Keith in some terrible times. I saw him at his height, but then I saw him at his lowest. Keith is someone I love deeply, but who was a deeply troubled character. I think he was possibly autistic, maybe even with a touch of Asperger's. He had an incredible talent but was completely uncontrollable. Not just a little bit uncontrollable, *completely* uncontrollable. So when it came to the things that he really wanted to do, like becoming an actor, he could do one take and it would be wonderful. But when you're making a film you have to do that ten times and of course every take he did was completely and utterly different. But he was brilliant."

Daltrey himself has been busy of late. While still relentlessly touring the world with Townshend as part of The Who's apparently never-ending farewell tour – and they are playing again this year – he has recently found time to release two unexpectedly dynamic records: the 2014 collaboration with Wilko Johnston, *Going Back Home*, a partnership kick-started when the pair bumped into each other at the *GQ* Men Of The Year Awards, and this summer's solo release, *As Long As I Have You*. Largely an album of excellent cover versions, it contains Daltrey's interpretations of everything from Stevie Wonder's "You Haven't Done Nothin'" to Nick Cave's "Into My Arms". The standout is obviously the title track, a cover of the 1964 R&B classic by Garnet Mimms, which, in Daltrey's hands, becomes as much of an homage to the genre as to the song itself. If you are a Led Zeppelin aficionado you will have already heard many live versions of this song, although the original tends to be ignored by the people who sequence radio programmes and Spotify playlists. Considering that many out there won't have heard it before, Daltrey's version could actually act as the original for some, an urgent, refreshingly unfashionable record that houses a widescreen key change that can stun at 100 paces. Townshend plays guitar on most of the album tracks and actually encouraged Daltrey to persevere after the singer briefly abandoned it, while the collab could be seen as an arbiter of future Who recordings – possible with Daltrey and >>

'I was kind of an antagonist to him in the beginning, because I stood in front of him,' recalls Who frontman Roger Daltrey of bandmate Keith Moon

Photograph **Tom Sheehan**

'Every facet of Keith's life was in his eyes. Joy. Humour. It was almost like he was schizophrenic in a lot of ways' Roger Daltrey

>> Townshend writing together. If there is to be one final Who album – *Who's Last*, maybe? – it seems it might be the duo's first and final collaboration.

Death has swirled around Daltrey recently. Not only did he live through Wilko Johnson's gruelling battle with pancreatic cancer (the former Dr Feelgood guitarist electing to forgo chemotherapy in favour of radical surgery), but he also experienced his own brush with death when he contracted meningitis while on tour in 2015. After weeks of tests and yet more weeks of uncertainty, Daltrey – a rock star who has always seemed like the most robust survivor of his generation – felt that it might be his time, that mortality had indeed finally caught up with him.

"I'd started making the record and then we did a couple of very hot gigs in Europe when they had that huge heatwave. We were playing in 120F heat and I lost so much sweat, as I suffer from low salt. Within two weeks of that I was crawling into The London Clinic on my hands and knees with nothing working. It was scary, really horrible.

"They spent ages trying to find what was wrong with me. They took bone marrow, I had brain scans, four lumbar punches, you name it, they gave it to me. They didn't know if it was leukaemia, TB, but after about a week they told me I had meningitis, which I know a lot of people don't come back from. That first week I really didn't think I'd make it. I was trying to fight it but I was going mad. Once the brain starts to get pressured, weird things happen. I kept trying to escape from hospital with all these wires and tubes coming out of me. I was a nightmare patient. I was on Skype to some of my mates one day and I said, 'I don't think I'm gonna get through this…' because it was absolute agony. But then I laid there, I'll never forget it, I laid there that night on the worst day and said, 'Rog, it doesn't matter any more, this is getting ridiculous. Think about what you've done in your life, where you started, could you have ever dreamed about what you've done in your life? All the gigs we've done, all the people I've met, all the wonderful experiences I've had, being in the White House, being in Buckingham Palace, where kids like me growing up, where we came from, you'd never dreamed you'd get there. I just laid down and thought about all my kids. I haven't left anyone in trouble. No one's in debt, my wife is fine, everyone is taken care of. What are you holding on for?' And this incredible peace came over me and all I can tell you is that it's like being wrapped in cotton wool. I just let go, I stopped fighting it. And within two days I was starting to feel a bit better. It was incredible. It changed my thinking completely. I never saw any lights at the end of tunnel, but I was being wrapped in something and it was wonderful. And after that I couldn't wait to get back in the studio."

He had originally been so dismissive of the album that he tried to buy it back from the record company ("People don't realise how much I hate my voice"), but spurred on by Townshend, who liked the album so much he volunteered to play on it, Daltrey eventually finished it and seems as happy with this as he has been with anything else in his life. "I suppose it was a brush with mortality, but even though I was energised when I came out of the hospital, I've always been driven. That's never been a problem for me."

From left: Keith Moon, Pete Townshend, John Entwistle and Roger Daltrey in 1966

This drive is something that every member of The Who had and Keith Moon was no exception – although his work ethic didn't always manifest itself in the way you might expect. One of Moon's favourite stunts was flushing explosives down toilets (he loved an explosive, did Keith, who once dubbed himself the "Patent British Exploding Drummer"). This began in 1965 when he bought a case of 500 cherry bombs, moving to fireworks and then eventually dynamite. "All that porcelain flying through the air was quite unforgettable," he said. "I never realised dynamite was so powerful." A hotel manager once called the drummer in his room and asked him to lower the volume on his cassette because it was making "too much noise". In response, Moon invited him up to his room, excused himself to go to the lavatory, stuck a lit stick of dynamite in the bowl and shut the bathroom door. He asked the manager to stay for a while, as he wanted to explain something. Following the explosion, Moon turned the recorder back on before saying, "That, dear boy, was noise. This is The Who."

The phrase "Phew! Rock'n'roll!" could have been invented for Keith Moon. So could "Imperial vandalism".

"Moon came into a room and he wanted to be the one who was the light bulb," said the band's manager, Bill Curbishley. "He wouldn't just walk into any room and sit down and listen. He was an attention-seeker and he had to have it. I could never see Moon growing old gracefully."

I used to know someone who knew Moon extremely well and who hung around with him during the Seventies. My friend said that the excitement of spending time with Moon, and the anticipation of great fun and frolics, was always tempered by a latent fear that something terrible was going to happen. "You could never tell what kind of mood he was going to be in until, of course, he arrived and then you knew immediately. You could see it in his eyes. It wasn't often premeditated, but when he was in moods like this you knew he was going to pick on someone and then all hell would break loose. He loved to cause havoc; one of his favourite things was going up to someone's wife and saying, 'You're going to get dumped tonight.' He wouldn't just do this down the pub; he'd do it backstage at Madison Square Garden. Light blue touchpaper and retire, or rather light blue touchpaper and drink a bottle of brandy."

Since Moon's death, almost 40 years ago, on 7 September 1978, the rest of The Who have become increasingly protective of their friend, while Townshend and Daltrey have both gone out of their way to present a different kind of Moon: one who didn't just play the fool.

"When I think of him, it is not as a drummer or a crazy man who indulged in stunts, >>

The Who on stage at Paris' Fête De L'Humanité music festival, 9 September 1972

Photographs Getty Images; Colin Jones

The anticipation of great fun and frolics was always tempered by a latent fear that something terrible was going to happen

>> but as someone whom I admired, whom I enjoyed being with, whose small foibles all seemed attractive and engaging to me," said Townshend recently. "He was, above all things, very funny, with a great memory for gags and finding ways to bring them into everyday conversation. But he was also earnest and imaginative and it was very rare that I bored of being in his company.

"Sitting opposite him at a table, one would watch him take a toothpick and pick absentmindedly and without reason at his front teeth. He always kept his mouth closed when he did this. His almost black eyes would look into the distance and his mouth would pout and then in one of his most characteristic mannerisms he would swing the pout to one side as though he was using it as a rudder. It would be a signal. The faraway look would disappear and he would return to the room and in the early days come up with some joke or secondhand story that he thought would amuse. In later days it might be the signal for him to demand money, without saying why, and generally I gave it to him."

By 1978, after a decade of continuous hellraising, Keith Moon was a bloated, shadowy version of his former self, a man who figured he had a lot more behind him than in front.

"The 'loon' stuff was a big part of Keith's world," says Townshend. "His stunts created a constant flow of PR for The Who. Otherwise we might have discouraged him. They were mostly very funny, but not always. I often felt sorry for Keith when he was in his most ostentatious mode, off stage. It was almost as though he felt his stage work was not enough, that he had to keep performing."

For some time now Daltrey has been working on a film of Moon's life, although having had many false dawns he still doesn't have a workable screenplay. His latest collaborator is Jeff Pope, who wrote *Philomena* with Steve Coogan. "Jeff gets what we're trying to do with it," says Daltrey. "We're trying to avoid making *Carry On Keith*, because it's much more of a story than that. He's involved in something at the moment, but hopefully after that we can start working on a script."

His next task will be to cast it, which he says he'll have to do from the eyes down. "Moon's eyes had a look. You rarely see it but when you do, you see this incredible depth. Every facet of life was in his eyes. Joy. Humour. It was almost like he was schizophrenic in a lot of ways. Always different. But it has to be these big brown Moon eyes. And finding that actor is not going to be easy because he'll have to be one hell of an actor. When Keith died he was 32, but he looked 60. He really hammered it. When it came to hammering himself, he was a professional."

For years I had one of Keith Moon's drumsticks, thrown into the audience at a gig in 1975. It moved everywhere with me, from bedsit to flat to – oh, damn, where did it go? I'd kept it as it was always the drums I liked most about The Who, the drums that first appealed to me, the drums that I thought made the band sound so wild, so anarchic, the drums that filled me with such an urgent sense of immortality. If you listen closely (in truth, you don't have to listen that closely) to the drums on *Who's Next*, it's not only the supercharged "Baba O'Riley", "Bargain" or "Won't Get Fooled Again" that sound so important, it's the other songs too: "My Wife", "Going Mobile" and "Getting In Tune". Take away Moon's feverish bashing and the songs sound almost prosaic. On some songs, you can even imagine Moon sitting down, picking up his sticks and starting to drum away on his own little journey, obviously never oblivious to what was going on around him, but knowing he could make it to the end without needing

'Keith was one of the few people who made Peter Sellers laugh'

to turn himself into a human metronome. "Six 34? Sure, I'll set off now and see you at the end." Moon's magic was actually gold dust, adding a sparkle and at least an extra 40 per cent to every record he ever played on.

Pete Townshend is a genuine musical and lyrical genius who wrote generation-defining songs, sung by an accomplice – the incomparable Roger Daltrey – who had no problem singing them, yet, like no other band before or since, The Who were defined by their drummer. Moon's style was so idiosyncratic, so brutal and so surreal, that it became impossible to imagine the band without him. Which is why it was so difficult for them when Moon died in 1978 and why their frenzied noise was never the same again.

The best way to understand The Who's very particular dynamic is to read James Wood, writing in the *New Yorker* in 2010: "The Who had extraordinary rhythmic vitality and it died when Keith Moon died, 32 years ago… Pete Townshend's hard, tense, suspended chords seem to scour the air around them; Roger Daltrey's singing was a young man's fighting swagger, an incitement to some kind of crime; John Entwistle's incessantly mobile bass playing was like someone running away from the scene of the crime; and Keith Moon's drumming, in its inspired vandalism, was the crime itself. Most rock drummers, even very good and inventive ones, are timekeepers. There is a space for a fill or a roll at the end of a musical phrase, but the beat has primacy over the curlicues… Keith Moon ripped all this up."

We love the power chords (how easy it is to drown in the aural pyrotechnics of "The Kids Are Alright", "Substitute", "Pinball Wizard", "5:15", "How Many Friends" and all the rest; we love the abrasive complexity of Townshend's stripped-down ballads ("Blue, Red And Grey", "Too Much Of Anything", "They Are All In Love"); we love the studied belligerence of the microphone-flailing Daltrey; and we love the way Entwistle used to walk on stage as though he were looking for his dog. Most of all, though, we love the madman on the riser, eagerly creating harmony from chaos.

Keith Moon was born on 23 August 1946, spending his formative years in Wembley, not far from the famous stadium. His mother bought him a drum kit when he was 14 and it was soon apparent that he was a natural. His style was idiosyncratic, involving tom-tom work, cymbal crashes and incessant drum fills. As he had been a hyperactive child, this was perhaps not so surprising. His art teacher at Alperton Secondary Modern said, in his report, that Moon was "retarded artistically. Idiotic in other respects." His music teacher meanwhile said that he "has great ability but must guard against a tendency to show off".

Having bashed around for a while with bands such as The Escorts and The Beachcombers, in 1964, aged 17, Moon teamed up with Daltrey, Townshend and Entwistle to form The Who, a band that would soon turn out to be one of the greatest in the world. Moon's manic, seemingly chaotic style of drumming helped the band become London's most dynamic live attraction. Flamboyant and vaudevillian, in person he was like his drumming. There was no compressional wake like there is ahead of an earthquake: *Boom*! He was in the room. The song had started. Even the name "Moon" had a duality about it, "evoking both the round cherubic face and saucer eyes of the demonically possessed choirboy he appeared to be during the early years of The Who", the rock biographer Charles Shaar Murray once said, "and the transformational powers ascribed to the nocturnal heavenly body".

Like many of the more important creatives of his generation, Townshend's work was informed not just by his post-war childhood, but with the highly particular melding of >>

'Moon The Loon' in the mid Sixties; (below) with Paul and Linda McCartney at London's Peppermint Park the night before he died, 6 September 1978

Photographs **LFI; Richard Young**

'The group had finally found a New York hotel that would not just put them up, but would actually put up with them'

>> post-National Service freedoms and inherited Second World War trauma. This, coupled with an acute identity crisis (something that many others of his generation experienced) made him a more than formidable writer and performer. But then everyone in The Who was acting out some form of identity crisis, especially on stage, where it was possible to reinvent yourself as an amplified version of yourself (in The Who's case, quite literally).

"Trauma is passed from generation to generation," Townshend once said. "I've unwittingly inherited what my father experienced." In his 2012 autobiography, *Who I Am*, he wrote, "So many children had lived through terrible trauma in the immediate post-war years in Britain that it was quite common to come across deeply confused young people. Shame led to secrecy; secrecy led to alienation. For me, these feelings coalesced in a conviction that the collateral damage done to all of us who had grown up amid the aftermath of war had to be confronted and expressed in all popular art – not just literature, poetry or Picasso's 'Guernica'. Music too. All good art cannot help but confront denial on its way to the truth."

This was one of the reasons Townshend was such a trenchant songwriter (the other reasons being his extraordinary gift for melody and dynamics). Denial. Frustration. Fear. Anger. Hate. Self-hate. It's all still there whenever you see him on stage or on film slashing at his guitar like a frenzied windmill. For Townshend, music was physical, but then it was for the rest of The Who too (someone once said they formed a kind of collective sculpted destruction), especially the human hurricane that was Keith Moon. His freedoms, like many of his generation, were as confusing as they were liberating. Unable to articulate this newfound emancipation, he bashed things instead.

Moon's style of drumming was obviously unique and yet his bandmates often found his unconventional playing frustrating, with Entwistle complaining that he tended to play faster or slower according to his mood. "He wouldn't play across his kit. He'd play zig-zag. That's why he had two sets of tom-toms. He'd move his arms forward like a skier." Still, his style, as well as his persona, was the basis for Animal in *The Muppet Show* – the puppet even looked like him (as one critic observed, Wyndham Lewis could have dreamed him up just so Jim Henson could clone him). For such a larger-than-life character, it's fitting that he came up with the name Led Zeppelin. When he briefly considered leaving The Who in 1966, he spoke to Entwistle and Jimmy Page about forming a sort of supergroup. He said the suggestion had gone down like a "lead zeppelin" (rather than lead balloon), a name Page kept in his back pocket for when he actually needed it a few years later.

Moon liked to play-act and would affect a pompous English accent, influenced in part by one of the band's former managers, Kit Lambert. He also started using the phrase "dear boy" when addressing people, something else he stole from Lambert. He loved to waltz around London, too. Mayfair has often been the home of dandies and show-offs, especially during the Sixties, when nascent pop stars roamed the neighbourhood in search of entertainment and expensive trousers. At this time the postcode seemed to encourage a kind of sartorial extremism, almost as though it were some sort of fashion theme park. Over in Soho, on the other side of Regent Street, the Carnabetian Army may have been marching in time to the metronomic reveille of seasonal trends, but in and around Berkeley Square the fops, coxcombs and recently emancipated young musicians from the suburbs were wandering around in bright feather boas, snakeskin boots, Regency suits, kipper ties, extravagant scarves, fur coats and feathered hats.

One of Moon's favourite stunts was flushing dynamite down toilets

And then there was Keith Moon. As the flamboyant drummer with the loudest, most anarchic group on the circuit, The Who's baby-faced wild man was already carving himself a place in rock history because of his erratic behaviour and his phenomenal capacity for drink and drugs. So it was perhaps not so surprising that he also became something of a fashion plate, too, embracing the generational penchant for peacock fashions and proto bling. Before joining The Who he would look in the window of men's outfitters Cecil Gee and stare at the outlandish suits on display – slightly retro teddy boy creations in canary yellow and lilac, for instance, or blood-red crimson and lime green. One day a friend pointed to one of the Cecil Gee suits, a monstrous gold lamé number, and said to Moon, "But who on earth would have the guts to wear that?" The drummer's response was predictable: not only would he have the guts to wear it, one day he actually would. And he did.

His sense of humour was challenging, to say the least – the morning after Mick and Bianca Jagger's wedding in 1971, the bride apparently remembers waking to find Moon abseiling through her window, naked except for novelty glasses and a pair of knickers on his head – and yet his self-deprecating nature made him dangerously appealing. He did, obviously, have a habit for leaving the house dressed as a nun or a member of the SS and while he would never limit his fancy-dress escapades to those venues that perhaps encouraged them, he was always mindful that he would be accompanied by photographers wherever he went. By which I mean that while he was often caught in inappropriate clothing, he made sure he looked stylish while he was being offensive.

Moon spent a lot of his time in New York, usually staying at the Hotel Navarro. In the Seventies, the Navarro was as much of a rock'n'roll hotel as 44th Street's Iroquois Hotel became in the Eighties, playing host to everyone from The Who and The Rolling Stones to The Grateful Dead and Led Zeppelin. As Tony Fletcher writes in *Dear Boy: The Life Of Keith Moon*, "The group had finally found a New York hotel that would not just put them up, but would actually put up with them. The Navarro, on Central Park South, had as its manager a genial Irishman by the name of Mr Russell who seemed, almost impossibly, quite content to let The Who stay on his premises for as long as they desired." According to Fletcher, when the band was staying at the hotel during the abortive attempt to record *Lifehouse* (the follow-up to *Tommy* that ultimately morphed into *Who's Next*), Moon was frustrated by his inability to get into the sound engineer's room to hear some of the demos. Since the rooms were adjoining, Moon simply started carving a hole in the wall with a knife stolen from room service until he eventually loosened a brick and, covered head to toe in dust and looking like an Ealing comedy villain, appeared in the room to retrieve the tapes.

The Navarro was turned into a Ritz-Carlton, then an InterContinental before becoming the Westin Central Park South. Twelve years ago it was converted into condominiums, an anodyne building that echoes so much of what passes for modern architecture in the city. But although it is more than 40 years since Moon stayed here, you can still find various people in the hospitality business in the city who talk in hushed tones about the day that The Who drummer paid nine cab drivers $100 each to block off the street outside the hotel, then, having ensured the blockade was in place, proceeded to go back up to his room, where he threw the entire contents out the window. "Not even Led Zeppelin behaved like he did," one aged Upper East Side concierge said to me recently. >>

Moon's primitive and impulsive drumming drove The Who's records and live performances before his death aged 32 in 1978, the year this photograph was taken

Photograph **Getty Images**

Moon ingested a mixture of brandy and tranquillisers before the concert, then passed out behind his kit

>> Moon was especially fond of touring, since it was not only a chance to regularly socialise with his bandmates, it was also an opportunity to socialise with everyone and anyone else. Moon loved to party so much it was almost an occupation in itself, an excuse to massively show off. At various points in his career he attempted to move into films, but while he had a cameo in Frank Zappa's *200 Motels*, the rock'n'roll film *That'll Be The Day* and its sequel, *Stardust*, as well as the movie version of *Tommy*, he didn't have the discipline to make a serious go of it. The producer David Puttnum said, "The drinking went from being a joke to being a problem. On *That'll Be The Day* it was social drinking; by the time *Stardust* came around it was hard drinking." And this was 1974.

Having said that, even when he was at home he behaved as though he was on tour. "People would come to deliver a pizza or do a mural and be there four weeks," Richard Barnes, one of the band's biographers, once said.

For Moon, life was a lark, an opportunity to cause chaos. He was the life and soul, a radiator, not a sponge. And it was no surprise when life caught up with him. Predictably, Moon's legacy has been burnished by time and a complex character has become traduced by the music industry's willingness to turn him into a cartoon. As the *New Yorker* wrote last year about Bob Marley, he became "a myth capacious enough to absorb every new revelation". This happens with all dead rock stars, particularly the ones who spent their time on earth pushing their own personal envelope as hard as they could.

This autumn sees the publication of Daltrey's long-awaited autobiography, a book that was eventually sold at auction for a figure rumoured to be more than £2 million. He isn't one for setting the record straight – whenever Daltrey has needed to do that, he has tended to do it in person – although he describes in some detail the various ways in which the band complemented each other.

"Pete always said that we made a fortune out of misery and yet in the thousands of pictures of us we're always laughing our heads off," says Daltrey. "I've got a thousand pictures and we're always in fits of laughter. Basically, I just wanted to see if I had a book in me. So I paid someone to do interviews with me and he wrote it all down and I started to piece it together. And then I wrote over it, because speaking is not the same. You have to kind of dig at it. You have to craft it. So lo and behold I now have a book and everybody seems to like it. My memory has been pretty good of the past, [but] if I've got anything wrong and I've insulted anybody in it, apart from the ones I've meant to insult, I apologise!"

There is also a lot of Moon in the book, perhaps because Daltrey doesn't feel he's been done justice elsewhere. "Moon could talk forever about things that you would never believe and he had an education way beyond his schooling. His vocabulary was unbelievable. He did a lot of reading. He was one of the few people who made Peter Sellers laugh. Peter Sellers loved him. He was a miserable bugger, but he made Pete laugh just by being Keith. He was fearless. Just to think he used to go to film premieres in LA dressed as Hitler! My God! He was mates with Mel Brooks so he got away with it, but can you imagine it today?

"He was the best mimic I've ever known. He did a wonderful John [Entwistle]. On John's birthday, I think in 1976, we spent a whole day on John. I spent the whole day getting Keith a wardrobe, making him dye his hair, gluing on a Fu Manchu moustache, building

Is a Who record that doesn't feature Keith Moon actually a Who record?

a 'John Entwistle'. And John got so pissed off. He had all the mannerisms, all the things John used to do. He had a strange gait, a John Wayne gait. He did it perfectly."

By 1973 Moon's excessive lifestyle started to effect his reliability. That year, at the Cow Palace in Daly City, California, he ingested a mixture of brandy and tranquillisers before the concert, then passed out behind his kit during "Won't Get Fooled Again". The band stopped playing while their roadies carried their drummer off stage to give him a shower and a cortisone injection. Half an hour later he was back on stage, before passing out again, this time during "Magic Bus". The band continued without him for several songs before Townshend turned to the crowd and asked, "Can anyone play the drums? I mean somebody good?" A drummer in the audience, Scot Halpin, came up and played the rest of the show. Over the next few years Moon would do this time and time again. At the end of their 1976 US tour he spent eight days in the Hollywood Memorial Hospital.

Moon had already been marked by tragedy. In 1970 he accidentally killed his friend, driver and bodyguard, Neil Boland, outside a pub in Hertfordshire. Some regulars had started to attack Moon's Bentley, and Moon, drunk, began driving to escape them. During the fracas he hit Boland. After the investigation, coroners ruled Boland's death an accident, with Moon receiving an absolute discharge. However, he was haunted by Boland's death for the rest of his life.

The Who released surprisingly few albums, only eight by the original band, if you discount their extraordinary genre-defying audio vérité album, *Live At Leeds*, from 1970. The Beatles managed 13 while, in their time, The Rolling Stones have delivered 25, about the same as The Kinks and David Bowie. Each Who album is its own curiosity. Their debut album, *My Generation*, from 1965, is vital, incendiary, but, even by the band's own standards, uneven; *A Quick One*, from 1966, is full of nonrepresentative song choices, accessorised by Townshend's growing penchant for experimentation; *The Who Sell Out*, from 1967, is genuine pop art, but a bugger to play live. Then in 1969 came *Tommy*, the original concept album, a behemoth that would eventually overshadow many of the excellent songs it contained, an album that would go on to influence the band's second great concept album, 1973's mighty *Quadrophenia*. In between came 1971's *Who's Next*, not just the group's greatest album, but justly acknowledged as one of the greatest albums of all time. There would be one more album – 1975's masterful curate's egg, *The Who By Numbers* – before 1978's *Who Are You*, a record that stands as their last great studio excursion.

Who Are You was released in August 1978 but had started life a year earlier as Townshend's riposte to punk. It was not only the last Who album to feature Moon, it was also really the band's last hurrah, as after this they were never able to fully engage with the zeitgeist. (I remember being at the band's comeback performance at the Rainbow in May 1979 and watching as Townshend continually berated their new drummer, Kenney Jones, for what looked like minor percussive misdemeanours, but which were probably more fundamental: he was berating him because he wasn't Keith Moon.) They would continue to tour sporadically, becoming one of the biggest live attractions in the business, and perform at some of the most high-profile events of the next 40 years – Live Aid, the closing ceremony of the 2012 Olympics, 2016's Desert Trip – but in the studio this was the last time they came out of the blocks with anything resembling their old panache. One of the fundamental reasons is because this was the last time Moon would be heard on a Who record. Which answered a question no one in the band ever wanted to ask: is a Who record that doesn't feature Keith Moon actually a Who record?

"The word I would use to describe Keith's drumming is 'free' rather than 'anarchic'," says Townshend, "he knew no boundaries. Buddy

Rich liked Keith's playing and so did other jazz drummers I met. Charlie Watts also loved Keith's fluid style. I think Keith's biggest fan was John Bonham, who always watched Keith intently when he could, sitting in for the entire recording of 'Won't Get Fooled Again'."

"My relationship with him was quite strange, really, because I was kind of an antagonist to him in the beginning, because I stood in front of him," says Daltrey. "Keith always thought the drums should be at the front of the stage and that the singer should be out the back. But that was Keith, so what can you say? So we started off as kind of enemies and ended up as the best of friends. But maybe that's because I was the only one who was solid. Because the other two were addicts, too. You know, maybe I was always the serious one, the one who flushed the drugs down the toilet because I cared about the music, [the] band. Maybe underneath all that there was something of what I was, something solid and grounded that stayed with him. Maybe. Or maybe I was just the last one who answered the phone."

The title track of *Who Are You* has been called The Who's greatest "Christ! I'm hungover… what happened last night?" song. The lyrics recount an incredibly drunken day in which Townshend followed a rancourous meeting at the band's accountants with a trip to London's Speakeasy club, where he bumped into Steve Jones and Paul Cook from The Sex Pistols. The trio drank themselves into musical oblivion, with Townshend apologising for his band's dinosaur status and the ingenues paying homage to one of their few genuine musical heroes. On leaving the club, he passed out in a Soho doorway before being woken up by a policeman and told to scarper. It was at this point that Townshend apparently slurred, "Who the fuck are you?", although on record the cry is directed also at Cook and Jones as well as himself.

"Who Are You" has become something of a classic, a status confirmed by its use as the title theme of *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation*, a blustering, almost anthemic crowd-pleaser with something of a complex middle section. It juxtaposes bombast and tenderness in a way that only The Who (and maybe Led Zeppelin) could ever do convincingly. The other classic song on the album is "Love Is Coming Down", a tale of alienation with a terrific melody that wouldn't have been out of place on *Quadrophenia*. Another song worthy of inclusion in any greatest hits package is Entwistle's "Had Enough", a trundling road film of a song that could have been designed to be listened to in a large vintage car driving through the streets of West Hollywood. Elsewhere, the quality varies. "Sister Disco" and "Music Must Change" wear their ambitions rather too vividly on their sleeves, while the chug-a-lug "New Song" sounds like something they'd rattle through during a sound check. The album occasionally sounds a little dated today, although there is more than enough here to keep both devoted and new fans happy. And even though Moon wasn't in the best physical or emotional state, his performances are just fine. The only song he had a problem with was "Music Must Change", which was in 6/8 and something Moon couldn't play (they ended up putting footsteps on the track instead). Unlike on previous Who albums, most of the band's parts were recorded separately, mainly due to Moon's faltering abilities. Recording wasn't helped by a maintenance engineer announcing every day at 6pm, "Gentlemen, the bar is open." There were the occasional fisticuffs in the studio, but then this was par for the course with The Who. "We used to fight regularly," remembered Moon in later years.

Released in August 1978, *Who Are You* was a huge hit, reaching No2 on the US charts and going platinum in the process. The title track, released as a single the previous month, reached No18 in the UK and No14 in the US, yet all of this was overshadowed by the untimely death of Keith Moon on 7 September, dying in his sleep having accidentally overdosed on sedatives. Ironically, on the album cover he is sitting in a chair labelled "Not To Be Taken Away". At the session, the photographer Terry O'Neill had asked him to straddle the chair Christine Keeler-style in order to cover up his paunch.

'Keith thought the drums should be at the front and the singer out the back'

"*Who Are You* seems like yesterday but, more importantly, it's 40 years since we lost Mooney," says Daltrey now, finally free of meningitis but forever mourning the passing of his friend.

Moon's death happened after another night partying, caused by an accidental overdose of Heminevrin, a sedative that was intended to combat alcoholism. Police reports indicate that he took nearly a third of his 100-pill prescription, although Moon had always had a habit of taking pills by the handful. "It was just a habit that he had," said Townshend. He had been taking the medication for some time. Quelling any craving for alcohol, it nevertheless left users in a docile state, but it worked. In the days before his death, Moon had apparently been seriously cutting back on his intake.

On 6 September, Paul McCartney had thrown a party at the Covent Garden diner Peppermint Park to celebrate what would have been Buddy Holly's 42nd birthday. The former Beatle had acquired Holly's publishing rights and a biopic, *The Buddy Holly Story*, was premiering the same night. Along with many other celebrities, Moon turned up to the party, along with girlfriend Annette Walter-Lax, the paparazzi cameras clicking like cicadas. She had warned him about drinking too much and guests remember seeing the drummer in a surprisingly sober state. After the party, the couple went across to watch the midnight premiere of *The Buddy Holly Story* at the Odeon in Leicester Square, although after about an hour into the film Moon insisted they go home. Once there, she cooked him some lamb cutlets – a favourite – before he swallowed his pills and went to bed around 4am. Three-and-a-half hours later he was awake again, demanding more food – lamb cutlets again – taking more pills and going back to sleep. When Walter-Lax woke up just before 4pm she found him dead. An ambulance was called but he was officially pronounced dead at 5.50pm at Middlesex Hospital. The autopsy revealed he had 26 undissolved Heminevrin tablets still in his stomach. He was just 32.

As he has been ever since, Daltrey was immediately protective of Moon, irritated by the media's almost instant desire to turn him into a clown. "I was very close to Keith towards the end," says Daltrey. "[My wife] Heather and I were really the last people picking up the phone to him at four o'clock in the morning, almost every morning, with him crying on the phone because he was trying to sober up. It was a terrible time. Everybody had given up on him. And I was trying to get him fit. I said, 'You get fit, Keith, and I'll get Pete back on the road.' And Keith just… well, look, that's part of the story."

To paraphrase Charles Shaar Murray's fitting testament, it was Pete Townshend who wrote, "I hope I die before I get old," it was Roger Daltrey who ended up singing it, but it was Keith Moon who actually went and did it. **GQ**

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ROGER DALTREY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS OUT IN OCTOBER. AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU IS OUT NOW.

Wave PATTERNS

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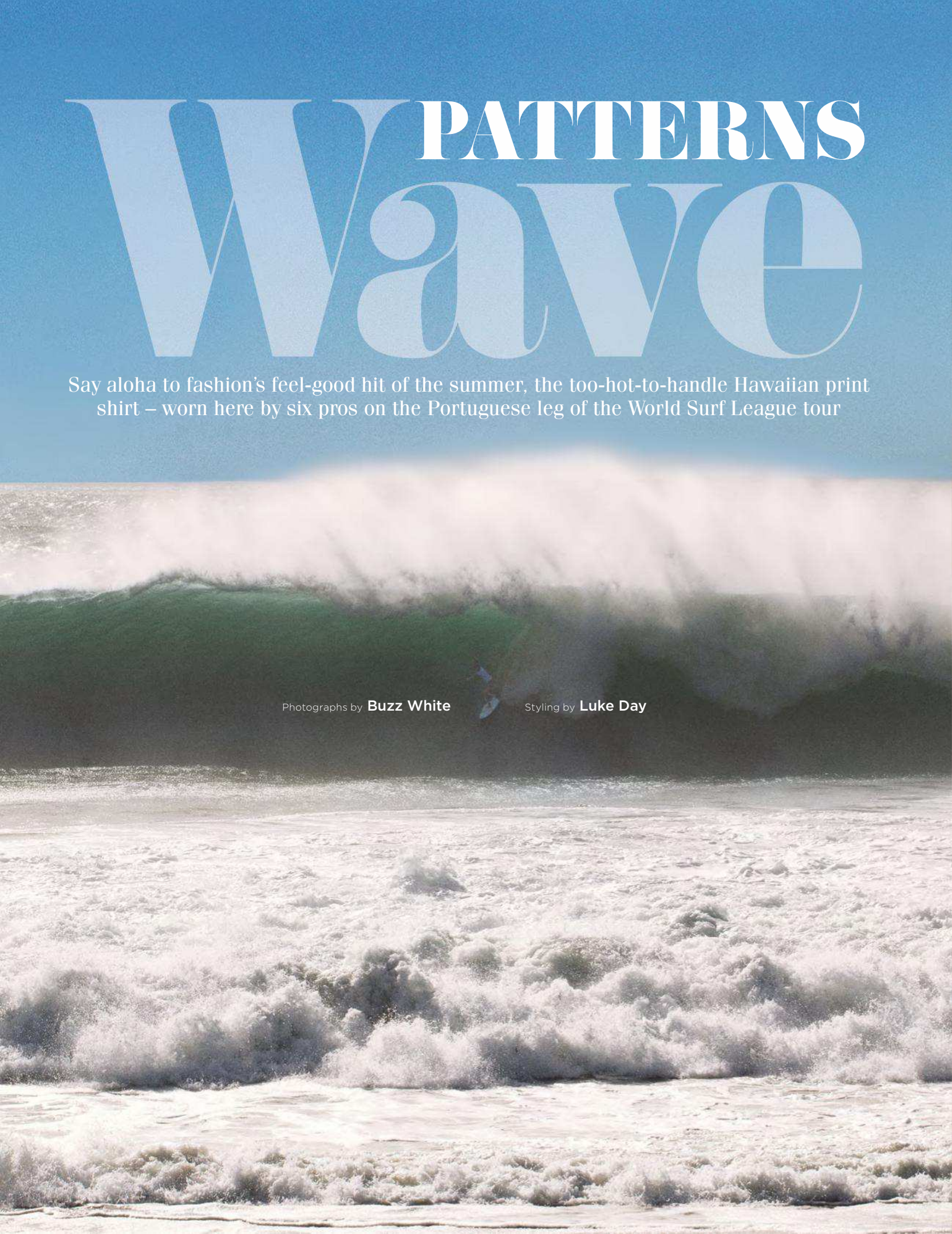

Photographs by **Buzz White** Styling by **Luke Day**

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Hair **Liz Taw using Aveda**
Photography assistants **Andras Bartok; Jack Snell**
Style assistants **Georgia Medley; Emily Tighe**
With thanks to Amy Denman at World Surf League and Stephen Bell **GQ**

FIX UP. LOOK SHARP

Photographs by **Ben Parks**

Styled by **Luke Day**

From statement grunge to indie insouciance, this season is dizzy with Nineties influences. Choose lightweight tailoring, super neutrals and baggy silhouettes for a refined new take on your inner demolition kid

Al wears coat, £2,860. Blazer, £3,050. Shirt, £1,870. Trousers, £1,990. All by **Ermenegildo Zegna**. zegna.co.uk. Trainers by **Boss**, £179. hugoboss.com

From left: Jack wears blazer, £1,900. Jumper, £590. Shirt, £860. Trousers, £390. Bracelet, £230. All by **Dior Homme**. dior.com. Boots by **Givenchy**, £795. givenchy.com. Takuya wears blazer, £494. T-shirt, £212. Trousers, £176. All by **Michael Kors**. michaelkors.co.uk. Trainers by **Boss**, £269. hugoboss.com. Socks by **Falke**, £15. falke.com. Al wears blazer, £1,010. Polo shirt, £260. Trousers, £280. All by **Corneliani**. corneliani.com. Boots by **Coach**, £425. coach.com. Socks by **Falke**, £15. falke.com. Wilson wears shirt, £115. Trousers, £145. Boots, £220. All by **Calvin Klein**. calvinklein.co.uk

From left: Jack wears jacket by **MCM**, £1,650. mcmworldwide.com. Vintage T-shirt, £23. At **Rokit**. rokit.co.uk. Trousers by **Coach**, £150. coach.com. Al wears blazer, £449. Trousers, £249. Both by **Tiger Of Sweden**. tigerofsweden.com. Boots by **Coach**, £425. coach.com

From left: Takuya wears blazer, £516. T-shirt, £169. Trousers, £179. Trainers, £179. All by **Boss**. hugoboss.com. Vintage T-shirt (worn underneath), £159. At **Rokit**. rokit.co.uk. Jack wears bomber jacket. Jacket. Vest. Trousers, £1,060. All by **Berluti**. berluti.com. Boots by **Givenchy**, £795. givenchy.com

From left: Jack wears jacket, £1,300. Trousers, £150. Both by **Coach**. coach.com. T-shirt by **The Kooples**, £68. thekooples.com. Boots by **Givenchy**, £795. givenchy.com. Takuya wears blazer, £680. Trousers, £410. Both by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com. Shirt by **The Kooples**, £155. thekooples.com. Boots by **Coach**, £425. coach.com. Al wears blazer by **Salvatore Ferragamo**, £1,205. ferragamo.com. Trousers, £150. Shoes, £375. Both by **Coach**. coach.com. Wilson wears blazer, £2,480. Jacket, £2,010. Trousers, £580. All by **Hermès**. hermes.com. Trainers by **Boss**, £269. hugoboss.com

Wilson wears suit, £1,550. Shirt, £175. Both by **Canali**. canali.com. Vest by **Tiger Of Sweden**, £69. tigerofsweden.com. Boots by **Coach**, £425. coach.com

Production **KO Productions**
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Grooming **Ben Jones using Éclat Et Transparence De Chanel and D-Pollution Essentiel and Bumble And Bumble**
Prop stylist **Joanna Goodman**
Casting **Paul Isaac**
Models **Jack C and Al Gill at Elite; Takuya at Models 1; Wilson at Storm**
Photography assistant **Joe Wiles**
Styling assistants **Anastasia Busch; Emily Tighe**
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DAEDALUS £11,600
RONKKOWATCHES.FI

1. Forge Poise are known for their unique design and recognisable by their unrivalled quality and craftsmanship. The Forge Poise Excalibur Low Tops are handmade from a premium Italian suede upper coupled with soft Italian leather in black and a white rubber cup-sole. The minimal silhouette features their exclusive blade heel pattern and piped toe cap **2. Moonbronze** is the world's first Swiss Made decagon watch with a worldwide protected design and a 10 year warranty. The limited 222 timepieces will get you a plot on the moon. On the backside of your watch the coordinates will be engraved which makes it truly unique. Discover at moonbronze.de **3. Edench** is a New York based brand inspired by individual lifestyles and expressed through the creation of functional daily wear with a modern interpretation. **4.** The Dutch brand **Pig&Hen** produces handmade bracelets in Amsterdam. By using stainless steel shackles and shiprope you'll have a unique piece which will last a lifetime. Shop the complete collection at pighen.com **5. Dalgado** is a German design studio obsessed with sourcing the finest materials and crafting them into fairly-priced, timeless accessories which are made to last. Their philosophy integrates minimalist designs with premium leathers brought to life by revered artisans. **6. Baxter&Baxter** offer handcrafted accessories for the modern gentleman with an unrivalled dedication to quality and artisanal excellence. Shop handmade bracelets, neckties, pocket squares, scarves and lapel pins. Use promo code 'GQ2018' for 10% off your order (expires 31/08/2018). Shop online at baxter-baxter.com **7. Vertikal Eyewear** is an independent eyewear brand that plays with the duality of vintage and modern styles, to express the evolution of simplicity through innovative materials, handcrafted processes and timeless designs. Working with only the highest quality materials for their lenses and frames this brand ensures that each pair of vertikal glasses carries its' own unique story and stands the test of time. **8.** All of **Kathrine Zeren**'s apparel and accessories are made in the USA with sustainably sourced fabrics. The fabric in this speckled grey and blue necktie was hand dyed as part of a collaboration with artist Kari Breitigam. **9.** Presenting Ronkko Watches, unique timepieces by watchmaker **Antti Rönkkö** inspired by the ancient myth of Daedalus. Only ten of each are made ensuring the highest degree of exclusivity.

TO ADVERTISE CALL 020 7499 9080 X3705

TO ADVERTISE CALL 020 7499 9080 X3705

The Fashion Collection... Continued

10

TWO-TONE COTTON SHIRT £185
U.MI-1
UMI1.CO.UK
IG: @YOU.ME.ONE

11

THE AUTHENTIC $60
BOTINI
IG: @BOTINIACCESSORIES
BOTINIACCESSORIES.COM

12

SNAKE HANDS T-SHIRT £28
KILL IT DEAD
KILLITDEAD.COM

13

346 CREW-NECK SWEATSHIRT €139.90
MERZ B. SCHWANEN
MERZBSCHWANEN.COM

14

PANAREA LINEN-COTTON SHORTS £95.00
LUCA FALONI
LUCAFALONI.COM

15

AK PLAYING CARD RING $180
AKINGSNY.COM
IG @AKINGSNY

16

SUMMER RETRO LINES
POCKET SQUARE $95
POCKETSQUARE.CLUB
IG: @POCKET2CLUB

17

SAMPLE JOGGERS $28.50
KIMFY
KIMFY.COM

18

FABIAN IN BELUGA £165
SANDQVIST.COM
IG: @SANDQVISTBAGS

19

SILK SATIN TIE CURRY £90
THE SILK TIE COMPANY
THESILKTIE.COM
IG: @THESILKTIECOMPANY

20

THE AURORA TEE £25
ORIGINAL HUSKY
ORIGINALHUSKY.COM

21

INCEPTION WATCH FROM $749
LYTT LABS
LYTTLABS.COM
IG/FB: @LYTTLABS

22

CROPPED SILK KIMONO £850
CLOH
CLOH.CO.UK
IG: @CLOH.CO

23

THE PORTSEA ANCHOR £47
PORTSEA CLOTHING CO.
PORTSEACLOTHING.COM
IG: @PORTSEACLOTHING

24

THE ASSCHER ID NECKLACE $65
MIKKA MAN
SHOPMIKKA.COM
IG: @MIKKA.MAN

25

THE ROMAN DUFFLE $379 AUD
WANDERERS TRAVEL CO
WANDERERSTRAVELCO.COM
IG: @WANDERERSTRAVELCO

10. U.Mi-1's unique design aesthetic offers a modern interpretation of Nigerian tribes through a conscious cross-pollination between British tailoring and Japanese minimalism elements, creating thought-provoking silhouettes through creative construction. Featured is their two-tone cotton shirt. **11. Botini.** Premium bracelets handcrafted in Morocco with tiger's eye stone, wood beads and gold platted chain. Designed for people who stay true to themselves and their style. **12. Kill It Dead** is a UK based clothing company that focuses on individuality and statement pieces that can be worn with pride in any setting. Their collections include bold artwork designs, as well as a more subtle classic range, this gives KID a place in any wardrobe. **13.** The revival of **Merz b. Schwanen** began with an idea to use authentic worker's clothes from the 1920s and iconic classics as inspiration, blending them with a modern design. Founded in 1911, today Merz b. Schwanen manufactures high-quality essentials in Germany, all made of certified organic cotton with over a century of character and history. Merz b. Schwanen seamlessly joins experience and authentic craftsmanship in each garment. Warped entirely on original loopwheeler machines, each garment is lovingly made with honest dedication. **14. Luca Faloni.** Crafted in Northern Italy from a premium linen-cotton blend, for a soft and refreshing feel. A tailored yet comfortable silhouette, to be used from the beach to casual wear in the city. Free worldwide delivery and returns available. **15. Akingsny.** Alan King Signature Silver Ring. The hottest accessories designed by Alan King (Alan Cheung). Each piece is handcrafted with impeccable attention to detail – truly a cut above the rest. **16. Pocket Square Club** is a distinguished accessories brand for the modern man. Delivering only the highest quality hanks, they make men look dapper, versatile and contemporary. Each piece is exquisitely and skilfully handcrafted in some of Europe's oldest mills. **17. Kimfy.** The Sample Joggers are simple enough for young creators throw on for a relaxing day but saucy enough to style for a fashionable outing. Available at Kimfy.com **18.** This on trend favourite bag brand right now is Sweden based **Sandqvist**, always presenting stylish Scandinavian design that is functional, durable and sustainable (100% organic cotton, recycled synthetic materials and in-house Repair Shops). **19. The Silk Tie Company** evokes a sense of enlightenment through integrating age old wisdom and classic aesthetics into the very fabric of their brand. They produce the finest luxury silk ties and have established themselves as a top tier men's accessories brand. **20. Original Husky** prides themselves in the versatility and timelessness of their collections. With their high-quality fabrics and ethical production process, Original Husky is your new go-to brand for everyday apparel that you will not have to stress about co-ordinating the rest of your outfit with. Take a look at their website originalhusky.com to browse their collection of minimalistic, wearable and laid-back apparel. **21. Lytt Labs.** Inspired by urban environments, the Inception boasts a technical design with beautiful details. A truly modern timepiece that uses rotating discs and fixed anodised indicators to display the time, with hand placed chrome markers on the turbine style outer dial. Housed in the unique and striking cushion shaped casing with sapphire crystal and integrated strap fixtures, the Inception is available with a steel or gun metal PVD casing in four colours. **22. Cloh** is an exciting new clothing label with a conscience. Designed for customers seeking a more ethical lifestyle. Everything is handmade in Glasgow. Garments are not mass produced; once a Cloh order is placed, the team ethically source fabric most like the original piece to recreate the garment. This means no two garments are the same. **23.** The **Portsea** Anchor short showcases the very best of Portsea style, where their obsession with 'fashion meets function' takes precedence. In order not to take away from the handcrafted shorts themselves, the Portsea Anchor print has purposefully been colour muted, creating a classic design with crisp white anchors contrasting against a silky royal navy blue background. The Portsea Anchor is destined to be a true classic and staple for summer, and are guaranteed to never go out of style. **24. Mikka Man** is a collection of men's jewelry inspired and designed with an heirloom aesthetic. With the purpose to invoke a unique vision of iconic yet classic masculinity this is their Matte Black high density Rhodium plated necklace with a Figaro chain and textured minimal ID pendant tag. **25. Wanderers Travel Co** are committed to creating the most durable, practical and luxurious products. Crafted from the softest full grain leather, their designs are inspired by traveling distant lands, the people they meet and the rich history of this world. These bags are made for Wandering.

26

KA/NOA SUPER LIGHT NAVY BLUE HOODIE
KANOAITALIA.COM

27

HELMETS TEE $35/£25
LANB
LANATIVEBRAND.COM
IG: @LANATIVEBRAND

28

LAFAYETTE LEATHER BACKPACK
£495
ALLEN ST.
ALLEN-ST.COM
IG: ALLENST.PARIS

29

NO-2, GRÄDDE £165
NORT-89
NORTH-89.COM
IG: @NORTH89OFFICIAL

30

THE SALLY T-SHIRT £25
JEMIMASARA
JEMIMASARA.CO.UK
IG: @JEMIMASARA

31

SG ROGUE SPORT WINGTIP BOOTS
– COGNAC + TWEED $235.00
S-GENTS.COM
IG: @S_GENTS

32

SAMURAI POLO SHIRT €156
FORTUNA TOKYO
FORTUNA-TOKYO.COM
INFO@FORTUNATOKO.COM

33

CROSS TRAIN BRIEF
$29
JACK ADAMS
JACKADAMS.COM

34

DUST BLUE WAVE LOGO T-SHIRT £20
OVER SEAS APPAREL
OVERSEASAPPAREL.COM
IG: @OVER_SEAS_APPAREL

35

W.I.M.U. WHERE IS MY UNDERWEAR
WI-MU.COM
IG: @W.I.M.U_SUBSCRIPTIONBOX
FB: W.I.M.U.SUBSCRIPTIONBOX

36

FRONTIER JEANS £150
&SONS
ANDSONS.CO.UK

37

CHRONO SILVER 'STEEL' £239
KAPTEN-SON.COM
IG: @KAPTENANDSON

38

K'ÉEWEL SLIM WOOD WALLET £25
COBAWALLET.COM
USE CODE 'GQSUMMER' FOR 15% OFF
IG: @COBAWALLET

39

NEW BLACK €99,95
EMIL ENZ
EMILENZ.COM
IG: @EMILENZ

26. KA/NOA Super Light Navy Blue Hoodie piquet with tone sur tone logo embroidered and kangaroo front pocket. Innovative sew fabric realised with a patented technological sewing machine working entirely circularly and allowing to assemble the finest and most comfortable cotton yarn. Only and Exclusively Made in Italy. Visit kanoaitalia.com **27. LA Native Brand** is a mix of Southern California street, skate, film, and art culture. Each collection is limited edition and stocked exclusive quantities. Printed on super soft cotton this is the brand of the locals and beloved from coast to coast. To view the full collection including hoodies printed on Champion®, visit lanativebrand.com **28. Allen St.** Born in NYC, designed in Paris. Inspired by travel and fortunate human encounters, Allen Street's leather goods are a combination of the exotic and the classic. Handcrafted in France at the brand's private atelier, each product is the result of painstaking traditional craftsmanship and premium materials. **29. North-89** is known for their seasonal approach when designing their collections. The No-2, Grädde is the perfect summer sneaker featuring extremely breathable cotton mesh combined with premium Italian leather. **30. JEMIMASARA** promotes equality, self-love, empowerment and confidence. The brand mission is to inspire ladies and gentlemen to love their genuine, unaffected and fabulous self. JEMIMASARA sells clothing, jewellery, bags, prints and more. All clothing is locally screen printed in the U.K. Shop online at jemimasara.co.uk Use promo code 'GQ18' for 10% off your order (expires 1/09/18). For further information email info@jemimasara.co.uk **31. Southern Gents** strongly believe in the characteristics of a true Gent, Southern or otherwise. They include but also expand beyond execution of style and eloquence alone. Through delivery of a wide array of enlightening information and contemporary yet classic style, this brand focuses on the multi-faceted dimensions of the modern man. **32.** Loyal to their "Made-in-Japan" trademark of quality, **Fortuna Tokyo**'s polo shirts have a unique Samurai motif in the collar and sleeve embroidery work. The fabric is quick dry to facilitate sweat absorption, all in a slick sheen stylish design. An ideal item for outdoor and sports such as golf and tennis. **33. Jack Adams.** The Cross Train Brief are a performance style brief, perfect for any activity, providing you with great fit, and long-lasting comfort. This fashionable performance brief features a no fly, contour pouch, giving you optimal lift and support. Made of 95% Cotton and 5% Elastane. **34. Over Seas Apparel** are a Cardiff based clothing brand that bring you new, stylish and affordable clothes for any occasion. They love fashion, art and travel and everything in between. Keep it cool. Other colours and designs are also available at overseasapparel.com **35.** Are you tired of your old and boring underwear? **W.I.M.U.** is here to help you: by subscribing to their luxury gift box you will receive by mail a surprise package with a pair of underwear and socks. All products are 100% Made in Italy. **36.** The **&SONS** brand is a range of unique workwear clothing designed by and for craftspeople, artisan makers and creative pioneers in their chosen fields of endeavour. The Frontier jean has a cinch strap for bike riders and a handy chore pocket that can be worn inside or outside the main pocket. **37. Kapten & Son.** The Chrono Silver "Steel" is the modern interpretation of a classic chronograph. The 40 mm large, white dial of the chronograph is kept in a pure Scandinavian design and gets protected by a scratch resistant sapphire dome glass. The centrepiece of the valuable wristwatch is a durable quartz movement by the Swiss company Ronda. The sturdy stainless-steel strap is nickel-free and features a butterfly lock. **38. Cobá Wallet.** Made using a single piece of Tzalam, one of the finest hardwoods found in the Yucatan Peninsula. Full grain leather band with a brushed copper fastener Designed to fit comfortably in your front pocket and has the capacity to fit 4-5 credit cards / ID. Also perfect as a business card holder. Custom laser engraving available on all wallets (+£4). Use code 'GQSUMMER' for 15% off (expires 31/07/2018). **39. Emil Enz** stands for new interpretation of men`s accessories. Timeless design reinterpreted with highest quality standard – all made in Germany. Each bowtie is minimally different in shape as each is molded individually by hand. They are an eye-catcher due their unique and modern design. Business meetings, weddings or casual looks – Emil Enz bowties suit every occasion.

TO ADVERTISE CALL 020 7499 9080 X3705

TO ADVERTISE CALL 020 7499 9080 X3705

The Fashion Collection... Continued

40

ORIGINAL COLLECTION 44MM $100
TIPE WATCHES
TIPEWATCHES.COM
FB: TIPE WATCH
IG: @TIPEWATCHES

41

NO. 56 'RUSSET' HARNESS LEATHER FIELD BAG $485
STOCKANDBARRELCO.COM
IG: @STOCKANDBARREL

42

MECHANICAL PEN $90
INVENTERY
INVENTERY.CO

43

STARK BRACELET £75
TISSUVILLE.COM
IG: @TISSUVILLE

44

WATERMAN HAT $30
SWIM WITH SHARKS
SWIMWITHSHARKS.US
IG: @SWIMWITHSHARKSNY

45

STERLING SILVER PALM TREE PENDANT
CHAINED & ABLE
CHAINEDANDABLE.COM
IG: @CHAINEDANDABLE

46

LORENZO TASSEL LOAFERS $362
SCARZZA
SCARZZA.COM
IG: @ SCARZZASHO

47

ERYN TIE 100% SILK TWILL € 75
ERYNSHOP.COM
IG: @ERYN__OFFICIAL

48

YELIR WORLD LOGO TEE £55
YELIR WORLD
YELIRWORLD.COM
IG: @YELIRWORLD

49

QUICK DRAW BIFOLD £34.99
BRYKER HYDE
BRYKERHYDE.COM

50

BESPOKE LEATHER WEEKENDER €250
BLYTHE LEONARD LLC
BLYTHELEONARD.COM
IG: @BLYTHELEONARDLEATHER

51

BOXER BRIEFS £14-27
HOMMES
HOMMES.CO.UK
IG:@HOMMESLONDON

52

MARCATO $89.99
THE CADENCE COMPANY
THECADENCECO.COM

40. Don't settle for ordinary. **Tipe Watches** were designed to make you stand out from the crowd, because who wants to be ordinary. The Original Collection spared no details and was meticulously crafted with high quality materials. The straps are interchangeable and made of 100% genuine leather and stainless steel. Check them out at tipewatches.com **41. Stock & Barrel** is a family run business that specialises in leathery. They craft a range of luxury bags, accessories and wallets that are made with the same leather used in the alluring craft of saddlery and western tack. Russet harness vegetable tanned leather tanned by one of the most illustrious tanneries in the U.S, Wickett and Craig, est 1867. **42. Inventery.** Designed for the desk, the Mechanical Pen is precision machined from a single brass rod to achieve a unibody construction. The pen is outfitted with an all brass click mechanism by Schmidt, not a standard plastic part. Features a single undercut facet and is individually marked with a unique serial number. **43. Tissuville** is a Luxury Scandinavian jewellery and accessories brand. Each piece has been meticulously handcrafted In Stockholm. The combination of the highest quality materials with the exclusive designs bring uniqueness to the range. The collection exudes character and vivacity for the stylish sophisticated wearer. **44. Swim With Sharks** is a New York based lifestyle brand. Mixing a minimal, clean aesthetic with classic coastal living, they strive to provide quality clothing and accessories with timeless design. **45.** Sterling Silver Palm Tree Pendant Necklace by **Chained & Able.** Handmade In Britain, featuring a fine chain, ring fastening, chain length – 20 Inches. Visit chainedandable.com **46.** Stylish, sophisticated, casual: the style trifecta every GQ man needs this summer. These Houndstooth loafers by **Scarzza** are handcrafted in Italy by experienced artisans and are made with only the finest Italian materials. Get yours this season and stand out with class. **47. Eryn** is a traditional company, located in the South of Italy. Eryn creates high quality tailored ties for those who dress with class and sportiness. Made in Italy, handmade ties have always been the true passion of the brand. **48. YELIR WORLD** is the new British based menswear brand that's reinventing luxury. With a collection of t-shirts, shorts, trousers, tracksuits and accessories, YELIR WORLD embodies a modern luxury lifestyle where ease and comfort meet quality and style. **49.** The Quick Draw Bifold by **Bryker Hyde** is handcrafted out of the finest leather with detailed stitching throughout. Carry the things you need and access them easily with the exterior Quick Draw pockets. Easily remove any card with a single touch of your finger or thumb.. Available at amazon.co.uk and for more information email team@brykerhyde.com **50. Blythe Leonard LLC.** Made in the USA. Each leather good is handmade one at a time by Blythe in the workshop and never mass produced. Blythe not only wants to express her creativity everyday by creating quality made luxury leather goods, but also to help others in her community at the same time. **51. Hommes** blends classic continental design with quintessentially British styling. The flagship underwear range, hand constructed in the UK uses only premium fabrics including fast cooling stretch Meryl and luxury soft cotton jersey to guarantee superior comfort and support with eye-catching good looks. **52. The Cadence Company.** Meet the Marcato. Impeccably handcrafted with red tiger-eye primary stones, matte yellow tiger-eye Belgard, and Sterling Silver Cadence bead featuring the ClefStar line insignia. Premium cultured wristwear, ruggedly refined, for the discerning man. Only from The Cadence Company. See the Spring/Summer collection at thecadenceco.com

53

GREEN AND ORANGE AFRICAN PRINT TEE £35
MADE BY LIZZY
MADEBYLIZZY.COM
IG: @MADE_BY_LIZZY

54

HOUND AND THISTLE
POCKET SQUARE £45
ROBERTTO'S
ROBERTTOS.COM

55

GIRELLE BOW TIE €80
BRIGITTE ET SERGE
BRIGITTEETSERGE.COM
IG: @BRIGITTEETSERGE

56

BLACK FLYOVER £59
GILCHRIST WATCH CO.
GWCWATCHES.COM
QUOTE GQJUL FOR 10% OFF

57

HALF BAKER DENIM SHIRT €95
SKYRTAOFICELAND.COM
IG: @SKYRTAOFICELAND

58

THE METROPOLITAN MT-03
AYERS WATCHES
AYERSWATCHES.COM
IG: @AYERSWATCHES

59

002: 3 PIECE SUIT W/ LONG JACKET
TO THE NINES
TOTHENINESMENSWEAR.COM
IG @TOTHENINESMENSWEAR

60

ANCIENT SHIELD NECKLACE
$390.00
MARCOS DE ANDRADE
MARCOSDEANDRADE.COM

61

SEA SEDIMENT JASPER & .925
SILVER SHAMBALLA BRACELET £79
LUKZE.COM
IG: @LUKZELONDON

62

PROFESSIONAL $188
CMBD
CHARLESMILLERBRAND.COM
IG: @CMBDENIM

63

SHOAL SILK BLEND POLO SHIRT – NAVY £125
85% SILK 15% CASHMERE
MRQUINTESSENTIAL
MRQUINTESSENTIAL.COM

64

EXENTRI® WALLET
MOSAIC BROWN
€54.95
EXENTRI.COM
IG: @EXENTRIWALLETS

65

WEEKEND BAG NO 8-2 IN
CAMEL €329
HOLZRICHTER BERLIN
HOLZRICHTER.BERLIN
IG: @HOLZRICHTERBERLIN

66

LIMITED EDITION PARROT STRIPE
SHORT SLEEVE SHIRT (CS25SJB) £42
STEELANDJELLY.COM
IG: @STEELANDJELLY

53. Made By Lizzy is a British brand culminating a fusion of African and Western fashion, which in turn is created into unisex streetwear and accessories. Bespoke items are available on request. **54.** Brilliant pocket squares for brilliant people **Robertto's** represents the zenith of pocket square craftsmanship, making no compromise when it comes to luxury and quality. Only the finest fabrics are selected for Robertto's range of artisanal pocket squares – hand-rolled, made in Italy, and perfected for a global audience. **55. Brigitte et Serge** create trendy, original and elegant matching accessories for men and women, entirely Made in Paris with Haute Couture fabrics. The perfect made to measure option for your events! Visit brigitteetserge.com to discover more about the high end eco-conscious french accessories brand. **56. Gilchrist Watch Co.** is home to an unrivalled collection of unique affordable timepieces. The strikingly minimal Black Flyover from Megir boasts a leather band and calendar wheel at 4 o'clock. Four variations, £59. Shop at gwcwatches.com and for 10% off use code 'GQJUL' (expires 31/07/2018). **57. Skyrta** is an emerging Icelandic brand for discerning men around the world. This half baker shirt is inspired by serendipity on Baker Street, from a team trip to London. Made from fine rung spun cotton developed specially for our denim shirts. Visit skyrtaoficeland.com **58. Ayers Watches** is an Australian brand producing small batch, high quality, uniquely designed mechanical watches. The Metropolitan is available for pre-order now, strictly limited to 300 pieces. Pre-order for early bird pricing: $500 USD or around 50% off retail. Visit www.ayerswatches.com **59. To The Nines**: Suited to Your Values. Purchases support in providing suiting to disadvantaged men. To The Nines is setting out to change the collective narrative of men. They believe that men who feel good about themselves, and have the courage to be their authentic selves, have the ability to impact the world. Their vision is that all men live impactful and authentic lives by leading from courage as a result of self-confidence developed through dressing in excellence. **60. Marcos De Andrade.** The Ancient Shield Pendant is made from Sterling Silver and embellished with a monogrammed MDA™ inner. **61. Lukze** infuses inspiration with expert craftsmanship to create precious jewellery pieces unique to the wearer with a taste for the luxurious. Infinitesimal attention to detail, classic elegance and the purest degree of product quality are what truly distinguish their handmade bracelets. Use code 'GQ18' for 15% off your order at lukze.com (expires 05/09/2018) **62. CMBD** is an American-made denim brand. With American and Japanese selvedge, CMBD's raw denim will accompany you on your journey through life; stories or character are created through constant wear. Denim for the traveling professional. Crafted in Los Angeles, California. **63. Mrquintessential.** This superb polo shirt in deep navy, is spun from the finest silk, and has the addition of pure cashmere, resulting in a truly luxurious light weight item. The breathable fabric is ideal for those warmer summer days, and has an amazing handle and feel. Tailored into the perfect fit, once you have tried this on, no other Polo shirt will compare. Also available in charcoal, black, silver grey and sky blue. **64. Exentri Wallet** with RFID protection. Easy access to cards. Separate compartment for bills and receipts. Genuine leather. Stainless steel lock. Norwegian design. Delivered in an elegant box. Choose from a wide range of colours and textures at exentri.com **65. HOLZRICHTER Berlin.** With simple functionality and the use of the best materials, the collection stands as an expression of timeless aesthetics: robust, stylish and elegant. This weekend bag is handcrafted from original veg tanned cow leather. **66.** Get ready for the sun with **Steel & Jelly**'s summer collection. Featuring everything from abstract prints to bold floral designs, these shirts – including the one pictured, are perfect for the adventurous man! Shop the entire collection online, with 20% off for GQ readers with code GQJUL20 (expires 31/07/18).

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The Fashion Collection... Continued

67

NOEUD PAPILLON BORDEAUX & MARINE €35
LE PRISME BOWTIE
LEPRISMEBOWTIE.COM

68

CAPRI YELLOW LINEN 800.00 NOK
VARSITY HEADWEAR
VARSITYHEADWEAR.COM
IG: @VARSITYHEADWEAR

69

SLIM FIT COCONUT BUTTON UP SHIRT £298
KAI DUNKEL
KAIDUNKEL.COM

70

SAFARI CUBAN SHIRT £110
OTHER
OTHERUK.COM

71

SHORT SLEEVE CREW SPLIT-HEM $48
CUTS CLOTHING
CUTSCLOTHING.COM
IG: @CUTSCLOTHING

72

IYEEZY BLACK £23.95
WAFFLE PUMP
WAFFLEPUMP.COM
IG: @WAFFLE.PUMP

73

SEWN-FREE UNDERGARMENTS
$25-30
GIIN
GIIN.STYLE

74

SPARTAN BOXERS IN BLUE €32
SPARTANUNDERWEAR.COM
HELLO@SPARTANUNDERWEAR.COM

75

"MONEY CAN'T BUY" SLIM WALLET £151
NETTOMIND
NETTOMIND.COM

67. Le Prisme Bowtie is an innovative brand of bow ties, working on an Oeko Tex labelled fabric and with a wide range of colours, which allows you to customize your bowtie to the colours of your event. It is also the guarantee of a product made in France, by hand, and with love. Visit the site to discover the innovative range of magnetic bow ties: leprismebowtie.com **68.** Two brothers with a passion for the classic baseball cap have decided to take things into their own hands. **Varsity Headwear** is run by this dynamic duo who have revolutionised the staple item by incorporating ideas, travel and dedication into their luxury caps. **69. Kai Dunkel** is a young, avant-garde menswear label based in Berlin. Their award-winning fashion films have created large interest and established Kai Dunkel as an exclusive brand that stands for unique, brave and delicate avant-garde fashion that combines street wear with expressive and extravagant designs. Visit kaidunkel.com **70. Other** is a rebellious British label inspired by music, art and youth culture. Rooted in rock n roll and blending decade defining styles with street and high end sensibilities. Other redefines classic menswear staples, offering a carefully curated selection of wardrobe essentials. **71.** At **Cuts Clothing**, everyday style meets extraordinary quality. With fabric built to last and comfort you'll want to live in, they created the only shirt worth wearing. While their Shop by Cut feature has revolutionized the shopping experience for the modern man. **72. Waffle Pump** are handmade shoes tailored to perfection dedicated to producing an incredibly comfortable, colourful and cool collection of footwear. Perfect for walking on the beach, summer shopping, holidays, light workouts and much more. Grab a pair today! **73. GIIN.** The world's first form-fitted undershirt and boxer briefs are completely bonded using Bemis technology, they are made without a single sewn stitch. This premium undergarment set is the perfect blend of comfort and luxury, the foundation for your tailored shirts and suits. Available in Nude and Grey. **74.** Protect your 'family jewels' from mobile phone radiation with these **Spartan** boxers! This French brand has developed a unique Wavestopper Technology by incorporating silver fibres within the cotton of the boxer that blocks 99% of mobile phone radiation. Starting at €32 and designed in Paris, get them online at spartanunderwear.com **75. NETTOMIND** is a collaboration of several designers, artists, craftsman and other professionals from different parts of the world. Established in Seattle. NETTOMIND create truly unique and innovative products. The "Money Can't Buy" ultra slim and compact wallet can encase up to eight cards and has enough space for cash. Hidden magnets keep the wallet closed. Easy access to cards, without opening the wallet. The wallet, reinvented!

Tempting Times...

1

CHOTOVELLI VINTAGE PILOT 7200-11
CHOTOVELLI & FIGLI WATCH CO.
CHOTOVELLI.COM

2

SAGRADA FAMILIA COLLECTION $105
TOROLUNA.COM
IG: @TORO_LUNA_WATCHES

3

THE WALNUT CHRONOGRAPH
NARWOOD
NARWOOD.COM
IG: @NARWOOD_WATCHES

4

J&M NORDIC360 M5 £121
J&M WATCHES
JM-DENMARK.COM

5

CLASSIC WYNDHAM £85
WYNDHAM WATCHES
WYNDHAMWATCHES.COM
IG: @WYNDHAMWATCHES

6

4TH DIMENSION TABLE CLOCK $150
22DESIGNSTUDIO.NET
IG: @22DESIGNSTUDIO

1. Chotovelli & Figli Watch Company. When we say "vintage," we don't mean rusty antique pocket watches from a flea market. The watches we're talking about are strapping, solid and well made, simple (you don't need to know the moon's phases), and above all, Iconic. Like the 7200 series from Chotovelli Figli Watch Company. **2.** The Sagrada Familia Collection by **Toro Luna Watches** features the iconic Sagrada Familia Church in Barcelona, which is carefully engraved on the caseback of the watch. It also features a blue dial, which represents the ceramic tiles that are found at Park Güell. Designed by Brett Casaccio, this piece is truly a conversation starter. **3.** A watch created for a sustainable future. By working alongside charities, **Narwood** is able to plant a tree in areas affected by deforestation for every product sold. Featuring a steel design with Walnut inserts, make a statement with this nature inspired timepiece. Kickstarter pledges from 50% off RRP. Pre-Order now at narwood.com **4. J&M** delivers quality minimalistic trendy watches using top materials like Crystal sapphire glass, quality Japanese clockwork and stainless steel. Their watches come with scratch resistant sapphire glass, 5 atm water resistance and a lifetime warranty. Contact info@jm-denmark.com or visit jm-denmark.com **5. Wyndham Watches** was created specifically for the man on the go – work, happy hour, date night, or black tie event. Owning an affordable, timeless piece doesn't mean sacrificing quality. #WyndhamWatches Get 15% off with "GQ15" at WyndhamWatches.com (expires 30/09/18). **6.** Since 2007, **22 Design Studio** has handcrafted concrete matter to create personal accessories inspired by architecture and urban living. Designed with similar considerations of aesthetic as their watches, this table clock is made with a creative work space in mind.

URBAN VINTAGE CHRONOGRAPH
UNDONE
UNDONE.WATCH
IG: @UNDONEWATCHES

NEPTUNE £350
HUNTERS RACE
HUNTERSRACE.COM
IG: @HUNTERSRACE

PHOBOS €119
GRAVITHIN
GRAVITHIN.COM
IG: @GRAVITHIN

CHR WATCH $230
ROUE WATCH
ROUEWATCH.COM
IG: @ ROUE_ WATC

NAVI PRO DIVER WATCH £250
BLENHEIM LONDON*
BLENHEIMWATCH.COM
FB: /BLENHEIMWATCH
IG: @BLENHEIMLONDON

BRIXTON WATCH
MONSIEUR WATCH CO.
MONSIEURWATCHCO.COM
IG: @MONSIEURWATCHCO

ORIGINAL MONARCH £74.99
AION WATCH COMPANY
AIONWATCHCO.COM
IG: @AIONWATCHES

THE COSMOPOLITAN €239
WHITE SUNBURST, GOLD PVD
BELCORI TIMEPIECE
MADE IN GERMANY, SWISS MOVEMENT
BELCORI.COM

D SERIES $229
THE HORSE
THEHORSE.COM.AU

TRASKA FREEDIVER $375
TRASKA WATCH
TRASKAWATCH.COM
IG: @TRASKAWATCH

HELIOS 42 IN GOLD-BLUE $125
CATALYST
CATALYSTLA.COM

DISCOVERY BROWN VINTAGE $99 AUD
PETER DANIEL
PETERDANIEL.COM.AU
IG: @PETERDANIELOFFICIAL

BLADE FUSION £209
ZINVO WATCHES
ZINVOWATCHES.COM
IG: @ZINVO

7. UNDONE was founded by a team of dedicated watch industry veterans. They are also the champions in continuing the traditions and spirit established during the golden era of watchmaking. UNDONE wants every individual to enjoy an authentic tailor-made timepiece featuring their desired final touches. **8. Hunters Race**'s stunning Neptune timepiece boasts sophistication. With its clean edges and crystal clear display it exhibits a strong sense of elegance. Whether it accompanies you to that important deal-making meeting or that special night out, this timepiece will sure make a statement. **9.** The **Gravithin** line is inspired by the natural satellites in the universe, combining both classical and minimal features for a versatile and modern timepiece. Discover the Satellites Series and start a new adventurous journey and reach for the stars **10.** The **Roue** Watch Studio designs modern concept timepieces heavily inspired by iconic retro styles. The brand is Alex Iervolino's creation, an enthusiast and collector of German and Scandinavian industrial design who also uses elements from past motor culture. A Roue needs to be basic, simple and timeless. **11. Aion Watch Company** have one clear ambition, to combine simplistic design and quality materials to create timeless watches that can be worn at any occasion. Buy online at aionwatchco.com **12. Belcori** is a Dutch eco-conscious brand with a focus on creating timeless and personal, handmade to order, European luxury products without the traditional mark ups. Available in limited quantities, hand-crafted by European craftsmen. **13. Blenheim London.** Designed for maximum efficiency in providing protection and maximum visibility deep under the sea. Premium British design, Swiss heart. Funded from kickstarter and loved by an international customer base. Go Beyond with a Blenheim watch, 10% off your order with 'GQ18' (expires 31/07/2018). **14. Monsieur Watch Company** is a Canadian company that started with one simple goal of creating a uniquely, timeless product. Their quality is of the highest standards, from the sapphire crystal glass all the way down to the custom stainless steel case. The brand ethos is rooted back to a time where detail, originality and design where not compromised by features, allowing their beautiful simplicity to reign king. Let's bring back class. Bring back character. Bring back time. Use code "GQ20" to receive 20% off you entire order and receive FREE shipping (Expires 31/08/2018). Visit monsieurwatchco.com **15. The Horse** is a curated collection of leather lifestyle goods, owned and operated by husband and wife Scott and Amy Hawkes in Sydney, Australia. Their watches are powered by Swiss Movement for flawless time keeping and encased in crystal sapphire glass. They boast strong technical ability with Swiss quartz movement, and also have a scratch-resistant mineral lens. **16. Traska Watches** has just released the Freediver; a utilitarian sport watch limited to just 600 pieces. With an automatic movement, sapphire crystal, and proprietary scratch resistant coating applied to all external stainless steel components; it's tougher than you are. **17. Catalyst** is an LA lifestyle brand that embodies the diversity and energy of their home city. Featuring premium materials such as sapphire crystal and interchangeable Milanese or Italian leather straps, Catalyst delivers quality timepieces with a bold style. Use code GQ2018 for 15% off (expires 31/07/2018). **18.** The **Peter Daniel** brand has progressed from its initial Genesis Collection and is now launching the Discovery Range on KickStarter this April. Peter Daniel envisions designing and producing watches and accessories that create balance and harmony of style and functionality to emphasise one's lifestyle. Proudly designed in Brisbane, Australia. Find Peter Daniel's full lifestyle accessories and wrist-wear range on peterdaniel.com.au **19.** Founded in Geneva, Switzerland, **Zinvo** is a fashion-forward watch brand made for a young, dynamic, and style-conscious audience. Boasting modern designs, high-quality watch movements, first-rate materials, and affordable price points, ZINVO delivers timepieces that stand out from the crowd.

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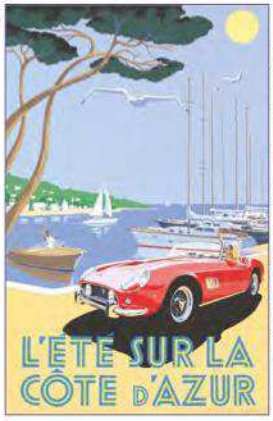
The Next Big Thing...



1. The Westminster Barrel Bag, £325. **Barrels of London** create luxury carry goods; beautifully designed with everyday practicality. Made in Britain, their stunning canvas and leather barrel bags feature luxury RIRI zips as well as shoe and laptop compartments. Use "GQ10" for 10% discount at **barrelsoflondon.com** (expires 31/07/2018) IG: **@BarrelsofLondon**

2. Vibes are far from traditional geeky foam earplugs. Virtually invisible when worn, Vibes decrease volume levels, while still allowing you to hear clearly. Wear them discreetly at concerts, sporting events, or clubs, because no man looks good with bright foam earplugs sticking out of their head. Visit **Amazon** to purchase.

3. Pullman Editions designs striking original limited-edition posters that capture the enduring appeal of Art Deco. Their posters feature winter sports, glamorous resorts around the world, and historic automobiles. Over 100 designs available at £395 each. Call **020 7730 0547** or view and buy online at **pullmaneditions.com**

4. Marcela Solana is an artist and designer from Guadalajara, Mexico. Known for using mainly acrylic in her paintings she creates bold and almost hypnotic works portraying intricate images of everyday objects. Visit **marcelasolana.com** or email **info@marcelasolana.com** for more information or requests.

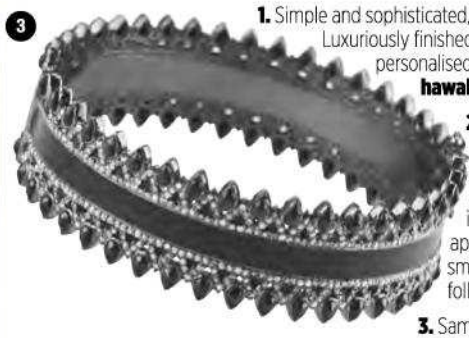
5. Founded in 1998, **OTTERBOX** is a global leader in mobile device protection. OtterBox is passionate about engineering and crafting products to protect your mobile world. Stylish protection for your everyday life. Visit **otterbox.co.uk** #1 selling case for smartphones in the US.

6. Cassie Berube is an American based artist who specialises in colourful abstract and nature pieces. Her vibrant colour palettes are inspired by her travels and love of bold hues. Recipient of the 2018 Chateau Orquevaux art residency in France, she exhibits throughout the U.S and international private collections. See more of her work at **cassieberubeart.com** and IG **@cassieberubeart**

7. JULIVO-design's fantastic collections of dog leashes and collars are all lovingly handmade in Berlin, Germany. Customisation available to suit all requirements. A small part of each sale is donated to animal welfare charities. Visit **julivo-design.de** and use code "GQ-2018" to receive a 10% discount on your order (expiries 31/08/2018).

8. Take your music outside thanks to the **KitSound** Diggit Speaker. Stick it in the ground with its removable stake feature, play 360° sound via Bluetooth, and never worry about the Great British weather with its IP55 water and sand resistance rating. RRP £39.99. Available from **kitsound.co.uk** and **Amazon.co.uk #GODIGGIT**

Summer Loving...

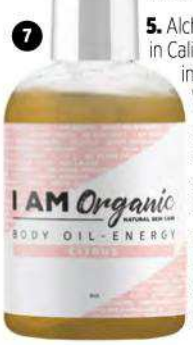


1. Simple and sophisticated, **HAWA London**'s customised pieces are a must have gift for her. Luxuriously finished with a 24k gold plating, sterling silver or rose gold plating, these personalised pieces are a sentimental treasure. View the full collection at **hawalondon.com** and follow **@hawa.ldn** on IG.

2. CBD Collagen & Retinol Anti-Ageing Cream. This light, and luxurious cream helps to leave the skin feeling smooth reducing the appearance of wrinkles and plumps the look of facial contours. Combining a naturally delicate formula enriched with Vitamin A and C, instantly reduces the look of imperfections for a more youthful appearance. This incredibly indulgent cream leaves the skin feeling soft and smoother to deliver unbeatable radiance. Visit **cbdoflondon.co.uk** and follow on IG **@cbdoflondon**

3. Samantha Jackson's **Heavenly Vices Fine Jewelry** is inspired by the beautiful art, architecture and history that are part of life in her hometown of New Orleans. From ornamental wrought iron work to symbolic talismans that ward off evil, every piece is designed using a technique or treasure from the past. View the collection at **heavenlyvices.com** or on IG **@heavenlyvices**.

4. Saturday Lashes offer seven different styles to choose from, each corresponding to the different days of the week. Their wide range of designs are suitable for all different eye shapes and artistic preferences. Each pair of their eyelashes are 100% handmade, cruelty free and contain the softest, lightest hairs. Visit **saturdaylashes.com**



5. Alchemy by Way of Luxury; **Recherche Beauté**, a supremely luxurious, natural, and minimalist skincare ritual crafted in California and inspired by the wisdom of Ayurveda, Traditional Eastern Medicine and Modern Science. The alchemy integrates pure and sustainably sourced ingredients to impart sublime beauty and radiance to one's skin. Visit **recherchebeaute.com**

6. Simon Wright offers a complete bespoke service, making your jewellery in platinum and gold using the finest diamonds and gemstones. An appointment involves viewing stones, a short tour of the workshop, and a sit down design session all in his Clerkenwell studio workshop. By appointment only. For more information visit **sw-jewellery.com** and follow on IG **@sw_jewellery**

7. This citrus body oil from **I AM Organic** is formulated to help skin retain its natural moisture. Infused with the nutrients necessary to support skin health, the orange and pink grapefruit essential oils are sure to keep you energised and nourished with moisture even on your busiest days. Use code SAVE30 for 30% off (expires 31/08/2018) Visit **iamorganicskin.com**

8. Beloved NYC offers a collection of exquisite 18K gold, fine jewellery that commemorates or celebrates the great loves of our lives. Crafted with love in NYC. When you remember, your beloved lives forever. Visit **belovedfinejewelry.com**

9. Latham & Neve – known for their stunning contemporary hand-made British jewellery since 1997. Featured is the unique Ripple Bangle in beaten silver and 18ct gold, £230.00. Ballroom bangles, everyday earrings, ravishing rings and much much more... Buy online/stockists/brochure, visit **lathamandneve.co.uk** or call **01580 753399**.

10. Margot, an artisan world of colour and style inspired by global travel, shop the collection **margot.mx**

11. L. Skelly Jewellery is owned and operated by goldsmith, Chelsea Vohanka from her home-based studio in British Columbia, Canada. Chelsea designs and handcrafts bold, unique jewellery that evokes a sense of rustic opulence while making a fierce statement. To see more of Chelsea's work visit **lskellyjewellery.com**

12. Say something special with the new Personalised Hammered Open Bangle (from £69) by **Merci Maman.** Each piece of jewellery is hand-engraved with the name, dates or short message of your choice and delivered to you in a signature gift box. Handmade in London and available in sterling silver, 18K gold plated or rose gold. Visit their website at **mercimamanboutique.com**

13. Decièlis. A tale upon a silken canvas, made in Italy. Founded by London College of Fashion graduate designer Zoë Kara Hili. Decièlis scarves and accessories are a kaleidoscopic range of hand illustrated stories woven onto the finest silks in Italy's Lake Como. Discover more of Decièlis' signature geometric stylized motifs in several of our exclusive summer capsule collections available at **decielis.com** Email: **info@decielis.com** IG: **@decielis** FB: **facebook.com/decielis/**

14. Viennese born brand, **Fabrini**, presents The Devorah (€64) , their current "it-peice" ring set! Made of rose-gold plated 925 sterling silver. Each ring features a different coloured gem that varies in size. A stunning piece, that can be worn with any outfit. For luxury pieces without the luxury price tag visit **fabrini.at** and use code 'GQ15' for 15% off (expires 31/07/2018). Follow on IG **@fabriniofficial**

15. Delia Summer creates personalised bags and clutches made of natural fiber. Their key passion lies in providing perfectly individualised bags for people who like to stand out in the crowd. The striped Palm Leaf Beach Basket comes with personalised initials and is 100% handmade. Different designs available. Visit **deliasummer.com** or follow on IG **@deliasummer**

16. Based in Washington, DC, **Nikki Hendricks** is a Designer who uses bold patterns and eclectic materials in her designs. Drawing inspiration from pop culture, futurism and social science; her brand Hendricks, uniquely appeals to a vast gender spectrum. Recent design presentations in DC, New York, Paris and Milan for FW17. Upcoming reveals in NY, Ferric and London for FW18. IG: **@nikkithedesigner** or visit **nikkihendricks.shop** Photo by Evangelist.

17. Based in Baku, **Narmeen** creates jewellery which articulates her orient heritage and contemporary vision together. The brand embodies classic elegance, effortless style and femininity. The Narmeen woman is someone who can embrace their femininity in an effortless and elegant way. Visit **narmeenjewelry.com** and follow on IG **@narmeenjewelry**

18. Étymologie's ethos is "Effective, Ethical, Empowering". Their Hydrating Floral Elixir contains natural hyaluronic acid, kigelia, hibiscus extract, and organic Bulgarian rose water to hydrate and plump the appearance of the skin for a naturally dewy looking glow. Visit **etymologie.ca** or **@etymologieskincare** on social media.

19. Mahina Bikinis is a brand for the everyday beach babe. These bikinis are designed to accentuate curves on any body and make every girl feel confident. Each bikini is designed with love in Miami, and made from the highest-quality fabrics. Visit **mahinabikinis.com** and follow on IG **@mahina.bikinis**

20. Clara In Wonderland. A world filled with style, colour and amazing shapes. The refindments given by the cohesion of the elements, the balance between emptiness and fullness, light and shadow. A wonderful trip into the world of Clara In Wonderland by Clara Longobardo. Visit **clarainwonderland.com** and IG: **clarainwonderland**

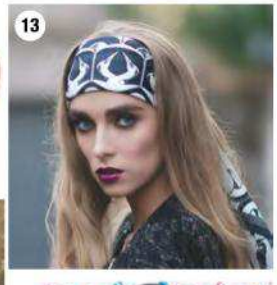
21. Anfisa's Lilou Regenerating Balm is formulated without water, fillers or wax. The silky green balm melts on contact with the skin leaving the skin appearing dewy and serene. It nourishes the skin with moisture, resulting in the appearance of a glowing complexion. Visit **anfisaskin.com**

22. ID Peters London's exciting collection of premium accessories in unique art inspired designs. Enjoy their Summer-ready Reversible Tote bags, Silk Scarves and Umbrellas. The brand is an embodiment of years of planning and passion to create something a different. The collection is a fusion of their passion for art, fussed with a contemporary London style. Visit their website to to see their full range of accessories. Visit **idpeters.com** and **@idpetersloondon** on IG.

23. The Stunning Shatah Earrings from the Moughlahi Collection, was created by Andulairah of **De Alonso Jewels.** Set in 18k Gold, these earrings feature just over 23 carats of Colombian Emeralds, 2 carats Tanzania Ruby with freshwater pearls. For more bespoke creations, visit **dealonso.com**

24. Revossa Fashion, a women's clothing store based out of Vancouver, Canada. Offering only the sleekest styles with guaranteed high quality. Bodysuits, faux furs, body contour dresses available at **revossafashion.com** or take a look at the IG **@revossafashion** Image styled by founder and stylist Siman Heer **@styledbysiman**

25. Heda Jordan Designs is a fine jewellery company that specializes in handcrafted gold and sterling silver statement pieces. Each piece is designed to celebrate the resiliency and strength of the modern woman. Their diverse jewellery collection also includes their signature Everyday Tiaras™ which have a modernized look and comfortable fit that is unprecedented in the world of tiaras. Discover more at **hedajordan.com** and follow **@hedajordandesigns** on IG and FB.



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Trim & Proper...

HEINRICH BARTH
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MYKONOS
SKIN SOFTENING
BODY CLEANSER
Rich lathering and revitalizing body cleanser infused with a blend of fig leaves and sage extracts evoking images of a summer on the Aegean islands. With our exclusive combination of botanical extracts this gentle nourishing formula will leave your skin superbly soft.
Paraben free
SLES free - PEG free
No artificial coloring
No animal derivatives
250ml - 8.4 fl.oz

1. Heinrich Barth was one of the greatest travellers and explorers of the 19th Century. The story of his life and his many adventures have inspired their brand. Under his name, they created their range of beauty products for your daily needs, sourcing the best ingredients from local flora around the world, to recreate the aura of a destination that lingers on as a souvenir. This is their Skin Softening Body Cleanser. Visit **heinrich-barth.com**

2. Son Venin's habitat is in the world of scent, in the cross-section between Scandinavian and continental culture. Their Posthume scent is the smell of Nordic heritage, combining thousands of years of cold climatic smells with extreme natural elements. They have artfully created a sensor reenactment of their heritage. Check this and 5 other scents at **sonvenin.com** or BEAST. London **shop-beast.com**

3. Urban Jack's range of naturally enriched Shave and Skincare products will make you rethink your daily regime. Crafted in the UK try their Revolution Shave Serum which will deliver an unbelievably super close, super smooth looking finish. It's time to turn a chore into a pleasure. Use code 'JACKGQ' for 15% discount on the range at **urbanjack.com** (expires 31/07/18).

4. Ego Soap Company's premium handcrafted blend of 16 different meticulously selected cold processed and organic oils makes for a premium beard oil! Ego's blend of oils is packed full of vitamins, antioxidants, minerals and fatty acids, which help to condition and nourish your hair and skin with moisture. It is also an amazing shave oil; it helps to eliminate the appearance of razor burn and rash and is good for sensitive skin. Healthy skin and hair are the underpinning for an Ego. International orders shop on Etsy **etsy.com/shop/EgoSoapCompany** US orders shop **EgoSoapCompany.com**

5. Skelly Soaps are uniquely handcrafted, detergent free soaps made with natural ingredients. The charcoal soap is perfect for oily skin, nourishing it with moisture and contributing to a flawless appearance without leaving any residue. The range incorporates three luxury butters, shea, cocoa and mango, combating the feeling of dry skin. Prices between $13.99 – $16.99, visit **@skellysoaps** on IG or visit **txyall.com**

6. Geo. F. Trumper are proud to still be recognised as producing sumptuous grooming products for gentlemen. A gift from the prestigious range of Trumper fragrances, toiletries or quality grooming requisites will bring cheer and healthy looking radiance to a gentleman's skin. Explore the wonders of being surrounded by beautiful Mahogany display cases and booths at the flagship Mayfair and St James's shops, visit **trumpers.com** or call **020 7272 1765** to find out more.

7. HOMMEFACE celebrates all the brave, strong, and hard working men that strive to be the best. Great skin helps towards good health which is a solid foundation to live a happy life. Every man deserves this, so try HOMMEFACE Skincare for men. Visit **hommeface.com**

8. Ahjayee was created for the modern man who wants a little luxury in his everyday products. Made from all-natural ingredients including Sandalwood essential oil and Chamomile extracts, the Mosituring Beard Oil not only tames and softens the appearance of the beard but also hydrates the skin underneath with moisture, helping to reduce the sensation of itchiness and razor bumps. Visit **ahjayee.com**

9. If you would like to take your daily shave from seeming tedious and mundane to being a completely surreal and incredible experience; **Prohibition Style** Shaving Soaps are what you should be reaching for. Their prohibition-era based cocktail scents will awaken your senses and the top quality ingredients will leave skin feeling moisturised. No need to go to the barber to experience the best shave of your life just go to **prohibitionstyle.com** and try one of their many amazing shaving soaps.

10. A Fresh Direction for Men's Natural Grooming and Skincare, these guys strive to provide healthier products with an eco-ethos throughout. This **Uproar** Natural Clay Pomade combines Cedarwood and Frankincense. Read full ingredients and why they're used: **uproarbrand.com** – IG: **@uproarbrand** – Also available on ASOS.

11. Powerful, pioneering, and progressive, **ZOUSZ** aims to reinvent a solely contemporary approach to luxury men's grooming, fashion, and accessories. Eclectic, sophisticated, classy, and romantic – ZOUSZ products represent the combination of uniqueness and luxury craftsmanship and are unparalleled for their quality and attention to detail. For more information visit **zousz.com** or visit IG: **@zousz_official** For 10% off use discount code 'GQ' (expires 05/07/18).

12. Black Label Grooming introduces The Matte Pack, the ultimate styling essentials pack. Includes: 1 Black Mist, 1 Shape Paste, 1 Craft Clay and 1 Profile Putty. Up your grooming game with The Matte Pack! Visit **blacklabelgrooming.com**

13. This specially formulated shampoo and body wash is designed to recharge both skin and scalp with its unique blend of caffeine, zinc and eucalyptus essential oils. **Percy Nobleman**, a British brand influenced by times-gone-by. Follow Percy's story, told through a comic book on IG: **@adventuresofpercynobleman** or visit **percynobleman.com**

14. Dekke Hud Skincare from California was founded to provide an easy skincare solution for men who find it too complex or difficult to take care of their skin. Dekke Hud Skincare's All Day Oil Control Mask contains the right balance of natural herbs and oils to help neutralise the appearance of oily skin, whilst deeply hydrating. Their high-quality bio-cellulose sheet mask takes away the everyday lengthy skincare routines and replaces it with instant looking results. For more information visit **dekkehud.com**

15. Prefer to keep things simple? **Charlie Dapper New York** is the go-to premium hair and beard grooming line for men who want to achieve their desired look with just one or two products. They also offer complimentary grooming and style advice from their team of experts. GQ readers save 20% with code "GQ20" at **charliedapper.com** (expires 31/07/2018).

16. Urban Gentleman represent the lifestyle and culture of the modern day man. They are a movement for the unorthodox. The brand encourages expressing your individuality and existence (being), and are huge advocates of looking and feeling empowered. Keep your hair and beard slick and suave this summer with Urban Gentleman. Find this Passionfruit Pomade and other products at **urbangentleman.co.uk**

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17. The Masamune by **Tatara Razors** is a premium safety razor fashioned to transmit purity, elegance whilst ensuring a smooth and precise shave. Made of stainless steel to ensure a lifetime shaving, hand finished and engraved with numbered edition. Priced at £131, visit **tatararazors.com**

18. Peluzzi Organica collections are masterly crafted of superior botanical ingredients and are designed to provide a pleasurable grooming experience. Their Blue Tansy Lemongrass Wet Shaving Kit is a luxurious fusion of aromatic, dynamic, and high-performing botanicals, a must have for a flawless, clean, and refined looking appearance. Use discount code 'GQMPO' for 10% off (expires 30/09/2018) available at **peluzziorganica.com**

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19. TOPPBOX is a monthly personalised grooming discovery box for men. Each month, you'll receive an assortment 4-5 premium grooming products ranging from handsome hair styling to masculine skincare, helping you discover products you love and complete your grooming routine. Ships monthly, bi-monthly or quarterly. Only £19 + P&P, £50 to £70 value in every box. Visit **toppbox.co.uk** and follow IG **@toppbox**

20. The Apothecary believes in seamlessly complementing the essence of the modern man, easing their grooming routines with convenience and quality crafted goods. Thus, bringing a line of easy-to-use solid cologne in a variety of scents, cased in an ultra-portable tin and all handmade in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Visit **theapothecarymalaysia.com**

21. Robin Hood Beard Company invigorates Nottingham with their Robin Hood inspired Beardcare. Using quality ingredients and unique scents that melt Maid Marian's heart. Shop Beard Oil, Balm and Moustache Wax at **robinhoodbeardco.co.uk** – Dare you try The Outlaw Beard Oil?

22. Urban Knights Co. want to armour the modern man with their premium quality, handcrafted hair, skin and shaving essentials. Their beard balm shown is a super-lightweight moisturiser that improves the appearance of damaged hair and dry skin while also helping to keep your pores feeling clog free. For a long-lasting shine visit **urbanknights.co** or follow IG **@urbanknights_co**

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23. Made from all plant and earth based ingredients. The **VEE+CO** Men's Trio is formulated to help restore moisture and reduce the appearance of impurities without drying the skin. Helps minimise the feeling of irritation while promoting a grounding and balancing emotional effect. For the bearded or clean shaven man. For more information visit **hellovee.com**

24. Puggerino's male grooming range, created by an independent company in Liverpool has been used and approved by Barbers across the country. Supreme Cream is the Don Corleone of the range with a matte finish and excellent looking hold; crafted by Barbers with the everyday in mind. The growing range of perfectly blended beard oils – with all natural ingredients – includes the signature California scent with sandalwood and coconut, an ideal night-time formula. Full range available at **puggerinos.com**

27

25. If you're looking for a gift for Father's day, the **Tonsor&Cie** boxes are the perfect idea for a bearded dad. These gift boxes include beard oil or beard balm and are made in the South of France using natural ingredients. 20% off on **tonsor-cie.com** with GQUK until 03/07/18.

26. The Nordic success **Nõberu of Sweden** are dedicated to more than just selling quality products – they want to change the market and the way society thinks about men's grooming. The hair series contains everything from waxes, shampoos to volumizing sprays and more. Visit **noberu.se**

27. Since 1854, **Taylor of Old Bond Street** have produced and sold the finest in Luxury Men's Grooming Products and accessories, creating a brand which is synonymous with British style and quality. Visit their store at 74 Jermyn Street, St James's, London, SW1Y 6NP, call **020 7930 5544** or visit them at **tayloroldbondst.co.uk**

28

28. Vitabiotics. Whether you're a working dad or a fitness enthusiast, Wellman Energy is perfect for those leading hectic lives. The great tasting refreshing drink includes vitamins B6 and B12, magnesium and iron which contribute to normal energy release and help to reduce tiredness and fatigue. With specialist nutrients including Siberian Ginseng extract and Co-Q10, the easy to carry effervescent tablets also include vitamin C and zinc which contribute to normal immune system function. Visit **vitabiotics.com**

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The Beach Bar...

1. Handmade with pure Icelandic water, hand-picked wildflowers, and honey, **Himbrimi Gin** is a unique Old Tom Gin, unlike anything you have ever tasted before. Based on early 18th century Old Tom recipes, it is considered a perfect sipping gin. Himbrimi Gin is best served neat, preferably while flyfishing in a flowing river, but also works wonderfully in a variety of classic cocktails. Visit **himbrimi.com** and follow **@ginhimbrimi**

2. One sip and you'll know why they named it **Divine Gin.** Created with pure passion and uncompromising quality, this exciting small batch gin is refreshingly individual and beautifully complex. Best served with a plain tonic and garnished with strawberries to collide with the pepperiness delivered from cubeb and grains of paradise, tantalising aromas and glorious flavour. Spread your wings and try something new, it's simply Divine! Stockists at **divinegin.com** Contact **social@divinegin.com** and follow **@divinegin**

3. Hernō Gin. From the world's northernmost gin distillery, named gin producer of the year two years in a row and the most awarded gin brand in Europe. Round and smooth taste, distinct juniper character, fresh citrus notes and a floral complexity. Crafted from natural and carefully selected botanicals. Visit **hernogin.com** or buy from Gin Kiosk.

4. Kinrara Distillery is one of Scotland's newest micro distilleries. Their Scottish Highland is a juniper led dry gin, combining both foraged and locally sourced botanicals. The rosehip's and rowan berries that they use in the gin have been gathered from the estate grounds throughout the year. Visit **kinraradistillery.com** and use code 'GQKIN' for 10% off any online purchase (expires 31/10/2018).

5. A gin with tea? They know us Brits all too well. **Jindea** is a delicious citrus-forward gin made using single estate first flush Darjeeling tea from India. The result is a punchy gin that stands up in highballs and cocktails, including the classic Gin Martini, or should we say Mar-TEA-ni. Visit **jindeagin.com** for online stocklists.

6. Rum and Coffee, Shaken or Stirred. Introducing award winning **RumJava** Artisan Crafted Rums. All natural and inspired by a passion for Caribbean culture, rum, and coffee, RumJava is infused with Java'Mon coffee and other natural ingredients. Proudly 100% handcrafted, hand-filled, and hand-sealed. Find RumJava at **rumjava.com** and at GQ Shops.

7. Cruzloma is a handcrafted Ecuadorian Amazon gin. This unique gin is characteristic by the mysterious region from which it is produced, located at latitude 0° 0' 0". Thanks to its climate and fertile lands the region provides some of the best, high quality ingredients in the world. Among these, the guayusa and coca are noteworthy, the latter giving Cruzloma the title of the first London Dry Gin with coca leaf. Visit **cruzloma.com**

8. Franklin & Sons Cloudy Apple & Yorkshire Rhubarb with Cinnamon. Specially sourced tart Yorkshire rhubarb combined with sweet apple juice and a hint of cinnamon. This award-winning Apple & Rhubarb delivers a uniquely refined taste experience; with only 60 calories per bottle. Available to buy in Tesco and Harrods. Visit **franklinandsons.co.uk** or IG **@franklinandsons**

9. Irving Gin - the soul of the German Taunus region. Handcrafted by three friends in a small batch process, this premium gin is an absolute flavour bomb. Rowan, blackberry and German grapes combine in the traditional copper still together with 5-fold distilled grain brandy. More at **irving-gin.com** If interested to be their importer, write to them at **info@4gents.net**

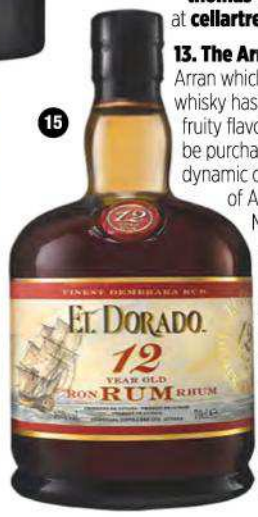
10. Hotham's pride themselves on their traditionally handcrafted microbatch gins. Hotham's Cardamom Gin pairs perfectly with spicy food with its punchy cardamom flavour – green and spicy but with enough juniper to satisfy traditional gin lovers. Find out more at **cardamomgin.co.uk**

11. The convincing and unique taste of **Needle Gin**, is not only the combination of special black forest botanicals, like spruce needles, but also the love given by the Black Forest master distillers. Needle is Black Forest. Needle is all you need. Needle Gin is available at ALDI UK stores, or visit **needle-gin.com**

12. Thomas Henry's Cherry Blossom Tonic is the worlds first and only Cherry Blossom flavoured Tonic available: fruity-floral notes of Cherry Blossom meet the mild bitterness of quinine for a refreshing summerly taste. Perfectly fits to Gin, Vermouth, Vodka and Rum. Visit **thomas-henry.com** for delicious drink recipes and free cocktail workshops. Available at **cellartrends.co.uk**

13. The Arran Malt "The Bothy' is a stunning small batch Single Malt Scotch Whisky from the Isle of Arran which has been matured in small quarter cask barrels. The smaller size of cask means that the whisky has greater contact with the wood, and the resulting whisky is sweet, spicy and full of intense fruity flavour. A winner at the World Whiskies Awards 2018 coming top in its category, this whisky can be purchased from good specialist whisky shops or from **arranwhisky.com** RRP £49.99. This dynamic distilling company is also in the process of building a brand new distillery at Lagg on the Isle of Arran. Look up **laggwhisky.com** for more details on how to get involved in an island Single Malt adventure and own your own cask of Lagg Single Malt!

14. Douglas Laing's Rock Oyster combines the finest single malts from Scotland's Whisky islands of Islay, Arran, Jura and Orkney. The result is a marvellously maritime, sweet and smoky Scotch, bottled at 46.8% alcohol strength. Try it with spicy tomato juice for the ultimate "Bloody Joseph"! Available from **douglaslaing.com** at £41. Follow Rock Oyster on IG **@remarkable_malts**



15. An elegant multi-award winning rum, **El Dorado** 12 Year Old typifies the smooth mellow sweetness of Demerara Rums. A blend of specially selected aged rums, blended to perfection and aged in ex-bourbon oak casks. It's unique quality and taste is much due to the tropical climate of this lush country of Guyana. Visit **theeldoradorum.com** or buy from Waitrose.

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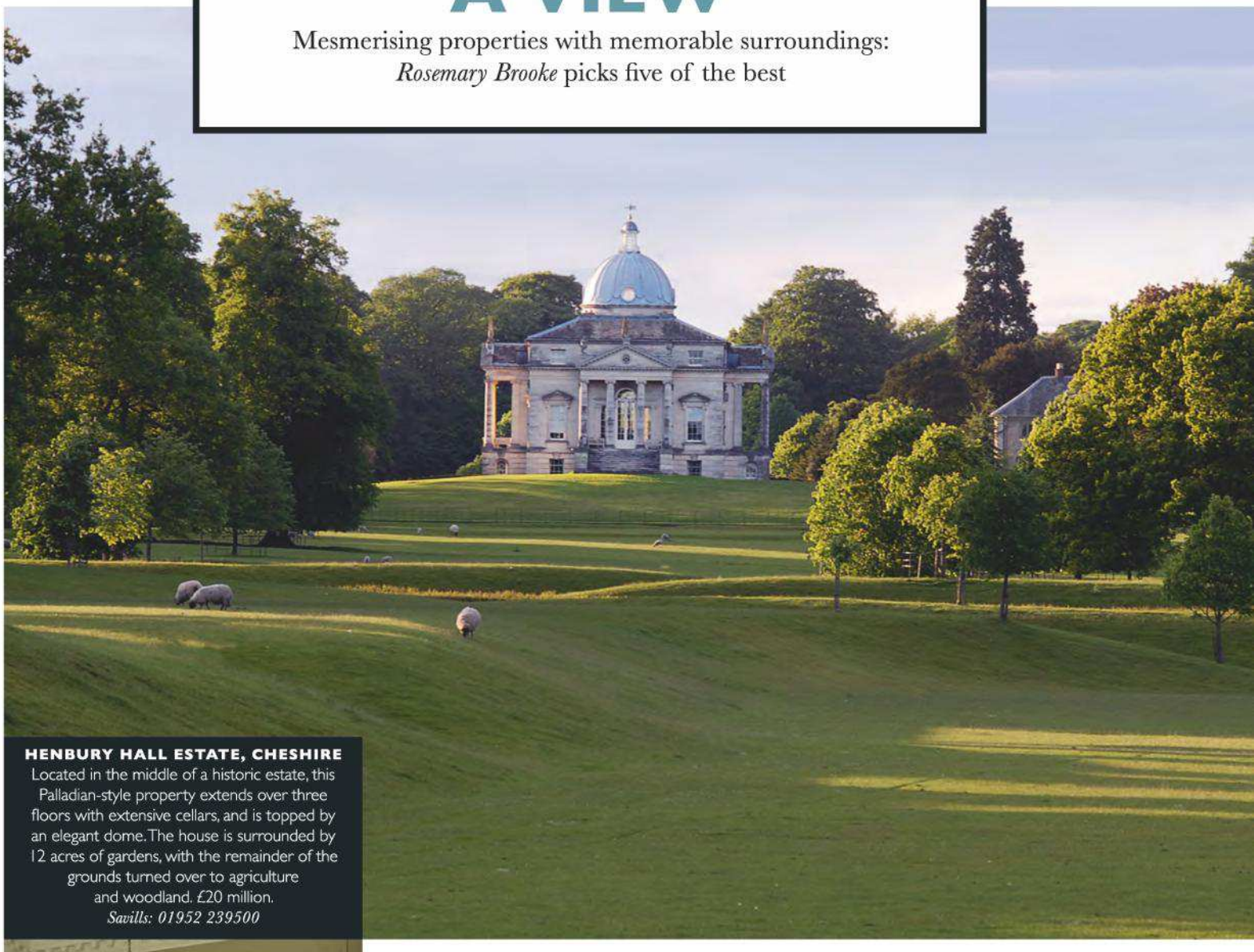
ROOMS WITH A VIEW

Mesmerising properties with memorable surroundings: *Rosemary Brooke* picks five of the best

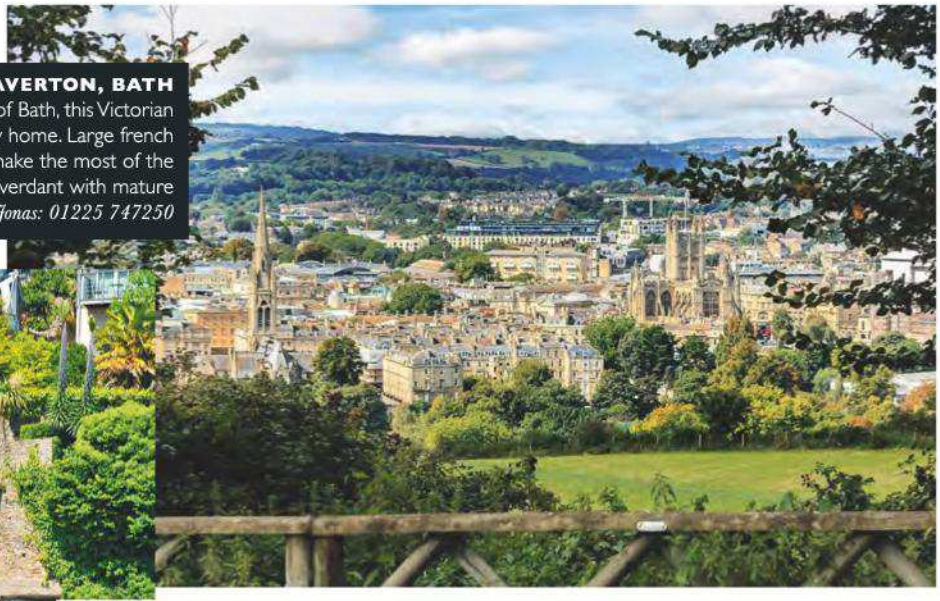


HENBURY HALL ESTATE, CHESHIRE
Located in the middle of a historic estate, this Palladian-style property extends over three floors with extensive cellars, and is topped by an elegant dome. The house is surrounded by 12 acres of gardens, with the remainder of the grounds turned over to agriculture and woodland. £20 million.
Savills: 01952 239500

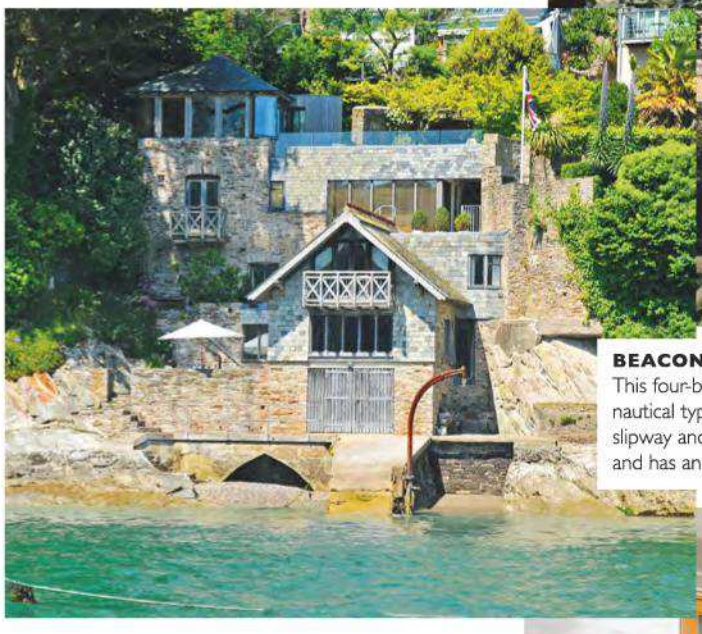
A breathtaking view is surely the icing on the cake for anyone in search of a countryside abode. There is no shortage of stunning settings in the UK, whether your preference is for rolling hills, dramatic coastlines or panoramic city vistas. In fact, in comparison to other items on your wish list, a view is the most coveted find of all – while properties can be reconfigured, extensions added and gardens planted, the location is one of the few things that you cannot improve upon.

When the former owner of the 530-acre Henbury Hall Estate in Cheshire decided to rebuild the main house, he placed the imposing Palladian-style mansion in the best possible aspect, amid an expanse of gently undulating parkland. Inspired by Palladio's Rotunda at Vicenza, its high square profile and domed roof make it an aesthetic focal point from the rest of the grounds, as well as maximising the views from inside the building. Large windows provide plenty of opportunities to admire the bucolic landscape and historic outbuildings, which include a Grade II-listed stable block and courtyard dating from the 1600s, a dower house, and a cluster of period cottages.

Built into the cliffs in a small cove on the Dart Estuary in Devon, and within sight of



LITTLE CLAVERTON, BATH
With four sunny bedrooms overlooking the city of Bath, this Victorian property on Bathwick Hill is a charming family home. Large french windows in the drawing room and sitting room make the most of the outlook, while the south-facing walled garden is verdant with mature trees and shrubs. £2 million. *Carter Jonas: 01225 747250*



BEACON ROAD, DARTMOUTH, DEVON
This four-bedroomed property on the edge of the Dart estuary is perfect for nautical types, perched above a sandy cove with an on-site boat store, private slipway and mooring. The sunny terraced garden is bounded by an old stone wall and has an unparalleled vista of the waterfront. £2.5 million. *Savills: 01548 800462*

DOVE ROCK, CORNWALL
Perched high above the Cornish coast is this refurbished modern house in Plaidy, close to East Looe. It has five bedrooms, a bar and games room, and a large terrace overlooking the sea. £2.95 million. *Knight Frank: 01392 848822*

Dartmouth Castle, The Boathouse in Kingswear village has a splendid prospect of the wide river and the open sea beyond. It was originally used as the boathouse for nearby Kittery Court, and the interiors have been cleverly redesigned to create a unique home, with the upper level leading out on to a rooftop garden high above the sandy beach. A further series of terraced gardens add to the property's charm, and despite occupying a popular spot, it still retains a sense of privacy, due in part to the cove only being accessible to others at low tide. There's even space to moor your own boat, so you can sail off into the sunset from your front door.

Spectacular cityscapes are usually the preserve of high-rise apartments, but the sought-after enclave of Bathwick Hill provides far-reaching views across the elegant Georgian city of Bath. Dating from the early 1880s, Little Claverton is located on the western side of the hill, looking out across National Trust farmland. In the distance, you see the warm stone of Bath's old townhouses, framed by ancient woodland and green pastures. Few spots offer such a unique balance between urban and rural, and such a romantic panorama. For as the Welsh poet W H Davies wrote, one of life's keenest pleasures is the time 'to stand and stare'. And for those lucky individuals who have a house with a magnificent outlook, surely that joy is rendered all the sweeter.

KEMPSFORD HOUSE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE
In the pretty village of Kempsford, with idyllic views of the Grade I-listed church, is this spacious Victorian property. Its notable features include an atmospheric library with a double-height vaulted ceiling, while the 2.2 acres of gardens include frontage to the River Thames, along with fishing rights. £2.25 million.
Strutt & Parker: 01285 627681

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Buying property is the most significant act of personal expenditure most people make in a lifetime. Whether your passion is for a beautiful country estate or a chic London townhouse, a palazzo in Rome or a chalet in Gstaad – or for a portfolio which includes a villa on Barbados or flats for buy-to-let investment – you need the most discreet, honest and experienced of agents to steady you through today's ever-changing market.

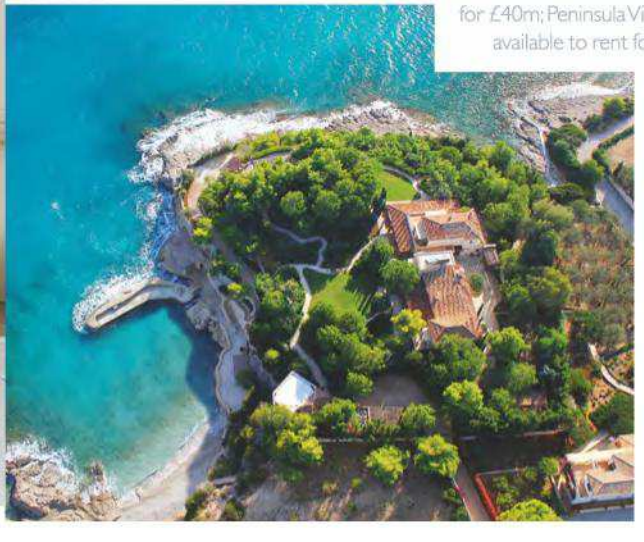
Enter Andrew Langton and his team at Aylesford International. From their office at 440 King's Road, Chelsea, the agency has over the last 52 years negotiated more than £25billion in prime property transactions, collected more than £5billion in rent, and pioneered an international division operating from the South of France to Greece, Marrakech to the Caribbean. They sold Margaret Thatcher a house in Flood Street early in her political career; in 1974, they handled the sale of the Carlton Tower Hotel for £13million. In 2008, Aylesford was entrusted with the sale of Gianni Versace's villa on Lake Como and, in the last six months, the team has overseen the sale of two English estates for record figures in excess of £20million and £40million respectively.

The Aylesford mantra is 'discretion, diversity, dependable boutique services'. In sales and lettings, home and abroad, they can point to sellers and landlords they worked with 40 years ago and still do today. Langton, as founding chairman, has acquired an unrivalled network and confidential address book that enable him to create opportunities where none exist.

'We are a luxury brand and at this level, personal relationship is vital,' he says. 'We are often asked to offer properties "off-market" by owners, who may have a high profile and not

MATT DAVIS

Front: Andrew Langton, Sarah Smith, Catherine Cockcroft, Charlie Parkin, Louise King, Bo Williams, Numa Heathcote *Back:* Brendan Roberts, Charlotte Mitchell-Innes, Kirsty Waugh, Edward Corry Reid



STAR TREATMENT

Clockwise from above: a period studio house in Cathcart Road, Chelsea, £13.75m; a grand Victorian villa in The Boltons, SW10, which sold for £40m; Peninsula Villa in Porto Heli, Greece, available to rent for €15,000 per week

relish the attention that a prestigious house sale tends to bring. We understand the importance of privacy, security and discretion.'

Having an inside track on well-kept secrets leads to absolute gems of properties appearing on the books, such as one of the last working studios in Glebe Place, the street in Chelsea that was home to artists from Victorian times. Operating from the premises he opened in 1966, Langton is not bound by postcodes: 'We sell property full stop,' he says. 'My team can go anywhere. We leave for Greece in the morning and next week we'll be in America.'

Properties on the open market receive the full armoury of digital and print marketing techniques and PR to reach a worldwide audience. Current listings are a picture of variety, from a letting for £400 per week in Fulham to the enchanting mountain-top Merchant's House in Corfu – a restored property of Venetian architectural origins, which is an alluring 'turn-key' business for a prospective buyer at €1,500,000, currently operating as six boutique B&B suites with scope to expand.

Take the very special, stucco-fronted period property in Belgravia in which the Aylesford team are photographed (*above*): the house boasts a 35ft first-floor reception room that was originally the ballroom of the adjoining Eaton Square house. Or a magical period house with a series of studio spaces, library and wine cellar, hidden behind a walled terrace garden in Cathcart Road which was originally laid out over gardens designed in the 1930s for the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Charles Thomas Wheeler.

The value Aylesford sets on gaining lifelong clients, rather than one-off sales, means that the bespoke service has extended to acting for clients in buying a private jet or a yacht. Or, in the case of director of lettings Catherine Cockcroft, who has been at Aylesford for 33 years, ringing heads of schools to help settle international clients when they move to London. 'We are a boutique agency because we're all in one place,' she says. 'As a small team, landlords and tenants benefit from the fact that we have lettings, management and accounts under one roof. We take pride in our quick response.'

In its 52-year storyline, Aylesford International has conducted business through three epic recessions and ballooning recoveries; they know how to navigate through ever-changing international legal systems, taxation and exchange controls. Their advice is sage, not short-term. 'We tell the truth, advising clients to sit tight if conditions aren't right for them,' says Langton. 'We value our relationships.'

For further information, contact 020 7351 2383 or visit www.aylesford.com

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RIDING HIGH

Claire Pilton rides out in search of country houses that tick all the boxes for you and your horses

CHEVELEY, NEWMARKET, CAMBRIDGESHIRE
£4.5 million Glebe House and Stud comprises a Georgian rectory and separately accessed stud farm. Sporting 30 stables, a lunge ring, horse walker, loading bay, three staff bungalows and 74 acres of post and rail paddocks, it has, under bloodstock breeder Julia Scott's 25 years of ownership, secured a reputation for producing winners. *Savills: 020 7016 3780; Windsor Clive: 01672 521155*

Royal Ascot, Hickstead, Smith's Lawn, Cowdray Park, Gatcombe, Stoneleigh, Burghley, Blenheim… from happy-go-lucky gymkhanas to high-goal polo tournaments, Britain's equestrian season is in full swing. Proof of our passion for these professional sports and private pastimes is the UK's 1 million-strong horse and pony population, who should, according to the British Horse Society, each have 1.5 acres of grazing at their disposal.

Quality of grazing, accessibility to quiet lanes, bridleways, and motorways (for the competitively inclined), stabling and facilities are the main price drivers in this specialist property market. And one horse is never enough: 'Once you acquire the first pony, you will soon have several,' warns Edward Church of Strutt & Parker.

For hobbyhorse riders, including those with Pony Clubbing offspring, the search is on for an attractive family house with 10 or more acres, three or four stables and good riding nearby. In Toddington, near Cheltenham, Jackson Stops is selling such a property for £2.95 million: it comes with eight bedrooms, seven acres of fenced paddocks and stabling for four horses. Alternatively, in Radwinter near Saffron Walden, a Grade II-listed farmhouse with five bedrooms, five acres of paddocks, a floodlit arena and a covered barn with seven stables is on for £1.45 million through Cheffins. Another five-bedroom Grade II farmhouse, this time in Mattingley, near Hook, Hampshire, costs £1.825 million through Knight Frank; a period barn provides ancillary accommodation for the stable block, which has eight loose boxes, feed and tack rooms, hay and tractor store, covered horse walker, manege and 23 acres of pastureland. Nearby, within the South Downs National Park, a £1.5 million five-bedroom village house in Warnford has 3.2 acres of riverside grounds with a paddock (accessed from both the garden and the drive) and a large barn that accommodates two stables and a tack room. It is for sale through Hamptons, which, as one of the main sponsors at Gatcombe Park's Festival of British Eventing (3–5 August), has teamed up with top British rider Harry Meade to offer advice and tips on what to look for in an equestrian property and how best to find one.

1. LAMBOURN, BERKSHIRE
Rhonehurst House comes with a famous yard occupied by National Hunt trainer Oliver Sherwood since 1984. Should a purchaser with £3.5 million opt to renew the lease, Sherwood, whose wins include the Grand National and Hennessy Gold Cup, would stay put. The yard has 66 boxes, 18.6 acres of paddocks and access to Lambourn Gallops. *Savills: 01635 277702*

2. CHIPPENHAM, WILTSHIRE
Situated in the Beaufort Hunt, Hardinge Farm is approached via a long drive that passes through pasture fields. Sitting in 75 acres, the Grade II-listed five-bedroom farmhouse is surrounded by gardens and flanked by traditional stone barns, stabling and modern farm buildings beyond. Available for the first time in 80 years, it costs £1.495 million. *Knight Frank: 01285 882001*

3. THROWLEY, FAVERSHAM, KENT
Enjoying wonderful views over its own land, this six-bedroom former rectory belongs to British Dressage-recognised coach Frances Wilson. Available for £2 million, the 23.5-acre grounds feature an Olympic-size outdoor arena, indoor school, 10 stables, a hay barn, paddocks… and an award-winning pinot noir and chardonnay vineyard. *Strutt & Parker: 01227 473720*

4. DUNSTONE, KINGSBRIDGE, DEVON
£875,000 will secure a recently refurbished Grade II-listed, 17th-century, thatched property with four bedrooms, a separate workshop/music room, a stable block with three boxes and two paddocks. It's surrounded by countryside, handy for the Salcombe and Dart estuaries, and the South Devon coastline is within a 20-minute hack. *Marchand Petit: 01548 857588*

5. HOLYPORT, WINDSOR, BERKSHIRE
Newly built Harford Manor basks in 40 acres of prime polo territory just outside Windsor, with views of the castle to the east and the Chiltern Hills to the west. Facilities include an indoor arena and stabling for 10 mounts, although the £30 million price tag allows for 25 boxes, a stick-and-ball polo pitch and outdoor arena. *Strutt & Parker: 020 7589 9966*

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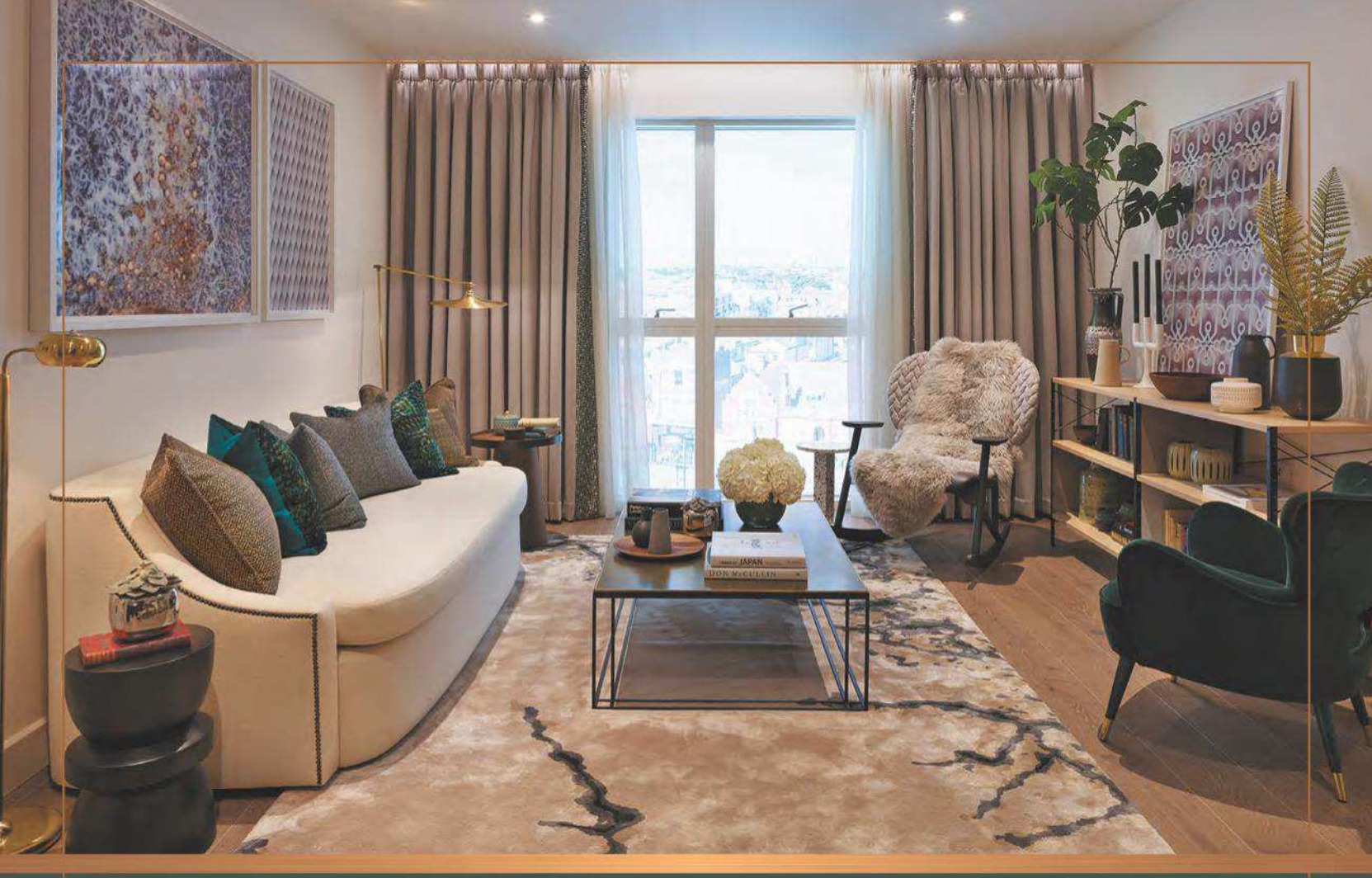

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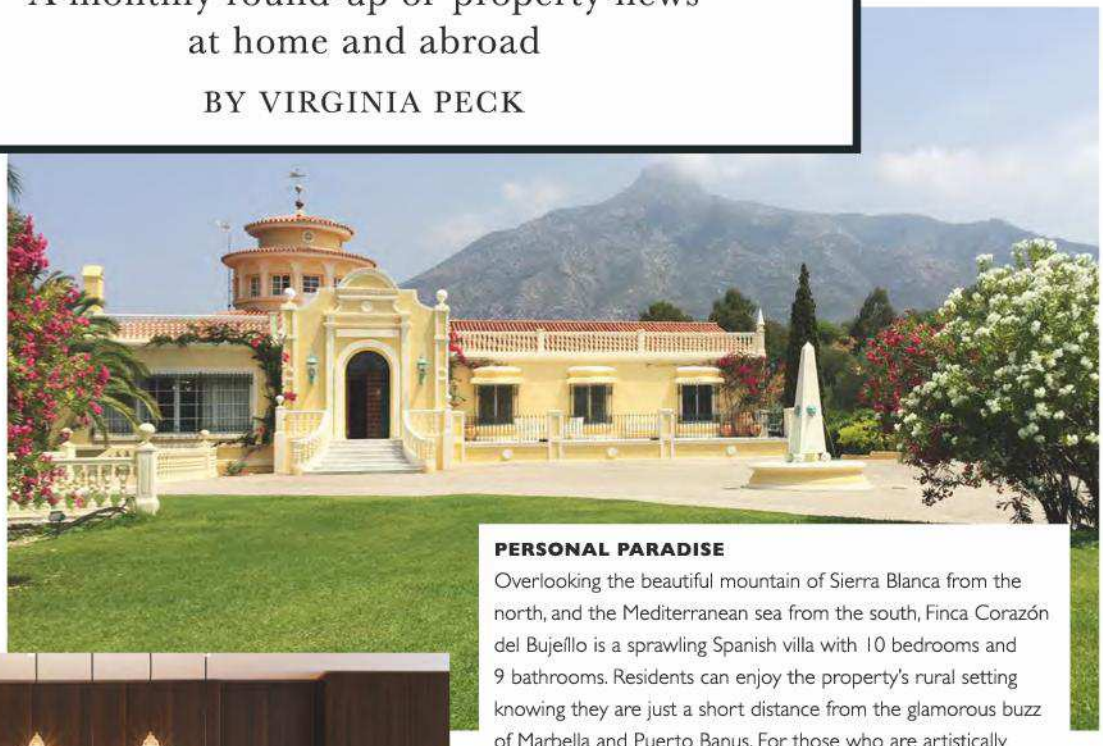
NOTEBOOK

A monthly round-up of property news at home and abroad

BY VIRGINIA PECK



IN THE KNOW

With the finest properties available to rent or let in areas such as Belgravia, Chelsea and Regent's Park, Mark Tunstall is the go-to name for those in search of a one-off London letting. Thanks to his wealth of knowledge on the capital's ever-changing property market and a network of leading industry experts, Mark Tunstall offers tenants the chance to rent some of London's most exclusive properties - most of which rarely reach the open market. He also offers a management service for landlords, which puts properties in the safe hands of experienced contractors. *For more information, visit tunstallproperty.co.uk*

PERSONAL PARADISE

Overlooking the beautiful mountain of Sierra Blanca from the north, and the Mediterranean sea from the south, Finca Corazón del Bujeíllo is a sprawling Spanish villa with 10 bedrooms and 9 bathrooms. Residents can enjoy the property's rural setting knowing they are just a short distance from the glamorous buzz of Marbella and Puerto Banus. For those who are artistically inclined, the property offers a spacious studio, while outside there are vegetable and fruit gardens, as well as a large swimming pool complete with two decorative fountains. *Price available upon request. For more information, contact 00 34 952 82 83 24 or 00 34 619 07 81 81*

NEW DECADENCE

Designed by Dutch architect Ben van Berkel of the internationally acclaimed UNStudio, Canaletto is the striking new building on City Road, EC1. This is no standard skyscraper: as Van Berkel explains, 'From a distance, I wanted the building to be experienced like an Anthony Caro sculpture.' It has certainly made a welcome addition to the area, which is home to London's radical tech start-up scene. All standard units have been sold, but four units from the Beaumont Collection at the top of the building are still on offer, as is the spectacular two-floor penthouse, with 360-degree views of the city through full-height windows, plus a private terrace and design-led interiors. Canaletto also has a private members' club - perfect for conducting late-night business meetings. *For more information, call 020 7608 1825 or visit canalettolondon.com*

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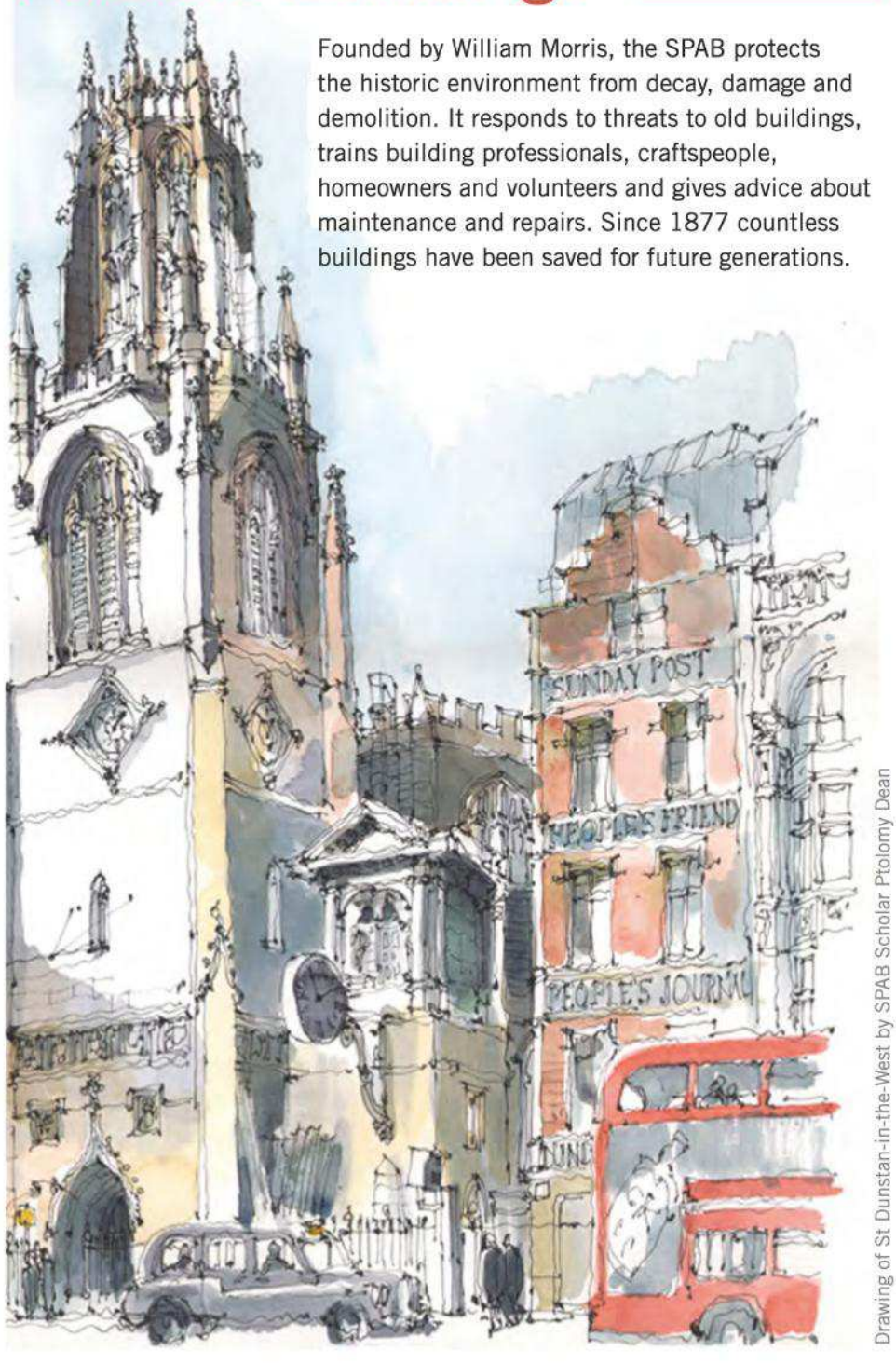

Drawing of St Dunstan-in-the-West by SPAB Scholar Ptolomy Dean

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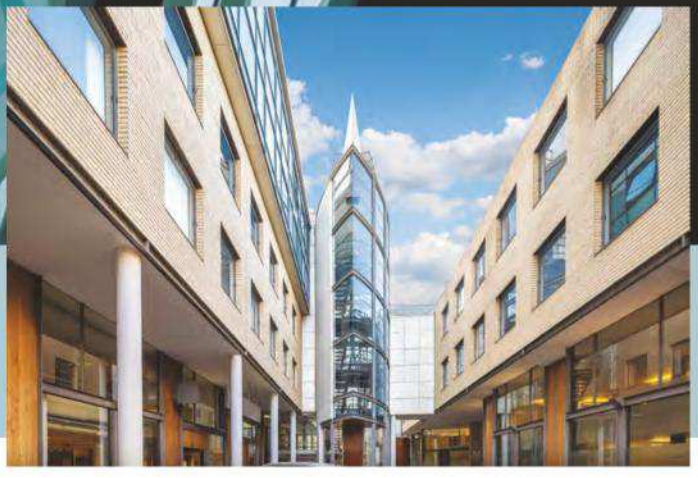

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Jonathan Heaf Is...

Out to lunch!

This month with **Rob Brydon**

Britain's most content comedian talks synchronised serenity at Café Murano

The small Welshman who always gets a big laugh has a new film out in July called *Swimming With Men*. It's an adaptation of the documentary *Men Who Swim*, itself a film set in Sweden about, you guessed it, a group of middle-aged men who use swimming (synchronised, no less) as the medium through which to confront their heightened sense of encroaching existentialism. Brydon's dramatic version follows the same themes: it's a movie about the male midlife crisis set in the locker room of your local leisure centre. It is really rather good.

I'm a sucker for this subject – miserable, ruined men wanting to rebel against the mundanity of modern life – and I adored the original doc. What's not to love about rugged Swedish men being gloriously malcontent in a pool? It's like a slice of Karl Ove Knausgaard nonfiction crossed with *The Full Monty* and the Olympic opening ceremony.

On hearing the material had been recycled by Hollywood, however, I groaned. Typically, my wariness was too cynical by far: the film is smart, funny and touching. Well, as smart and touching as a film about an all-male amateur synchronised swim club can be. No doubt the poster will scream "A splash hit!"

Brydon's character, Eric, is the central piece of human flotsam around which the movie doggy paddles, and the 53-year-old actor's ability to emit the emotive drudgery of Eric's everyday mundanity is powerful if not a little uncomfortable for those of us – sorry, those of *you* – who can relate to such tedium. (If nothing else, Brydon has always been extraordinary at being ordinary.)

It's Monday, so "First Day Of The Week Lunch Rules" must apply: no wine (unless it's a bank holiday), no starter (unless you supersize it to a main), but quite possibly a pudding (to share, but not if it's ice cream) and perhaps a short coffee (a cortado; macchiatos reek of pseudo-urbanity) if not a double shot to finish.

Brydon and I meet at Café Murano, a bright, light cubbyhole of a restaurant in St James's and, if you ask me, the best local Italian restaurant South of Oxford Street.

Café Murano was here long before the area's recent £500 million facelift and still occupied by the sort of savvy diner who wants refined food in an unpretentious setting. I understand this isn't always what you want from a Central London restaurant; sometimes I, too, want all the lurid gaucheness and "influencer-friendly" décor of an Annabel's or an Isabel's. Yet, more often than not those "hit" destination clubs and restaurants can make you feel like you're eating lunch inside a cherry-red-and-white Supreme x Rimowa carry-on: spectacularly desirable, utterly hypebeast-worthy, but what is the point exactly?

'I'd like to be able to say that underneath there is a volcano of rage. But no'

"One has to begin to like exercise a little more the older one gets," explains Brydon as we tuck into fettuccine with veal shin ragu (for him) and chicken Milanese with rocket (for me). "We trained for about two weeks in the pool, each day about three hours in the water. By heavens, it's exhausting. But oh, the sleeps you have after a day of physical activity. I haven't slept that well since my childhood."

I admit to the actor that the solace and peace these men find beneath the surface, chlorine-stung eyes or otherwise, is something some of us at *GQ* chase all too keenly. In fact, if I wasn't having lunch with him now, I admit, I would probably be doing lengths myself at the Marshall Street public baths in Soho.

"Well, I wished I'd kept the swimming up, if I'm honest. There is something wonderful about swimming. Not to get too Freudian over lunch, but there's something of returning to the womb about it: the warmth, the fact it is noiseless. And so long as you get into a rhythm, you can focus on just that one thing. Reach, hold and glide... Reach, hold and glide..."

You could argue that Brydon has already had the most dynamic gear shift in his career. The two performances that took him from the perfectly respectable but frankly unspectacular trajectory of a voice-over artist to a bona fide star who – as he admitted had happened earlier this morning – will get heckled by builders on the way to work were *Human Remains* and *Marion And Geoff*, works now almost two decades old. Has he had moments of looking into the abyss, much like his character Eric, and asked, "Why? What? Who?"

"Erm... no. I'm sorry, I'd like to be able to sit here and say that underneath this lovable, relaxed, handsome exterior is a volcano of incandescent rage and unfilled dreams just waiting to hit the big red button marked 'self-destruct'. But no. Maybe because I worked so hard to get where I am. I am happy to keep the pace, rather than push too much, stoking the fires of one's white-hot ambition..."

To be content and thankful: is that the answer then? Do we all push too hard? Does the reach exceeding its grasp lead ultimately to failure, despair and, if not joining a synchronised swim club, then a second-hand Ferrari and a mistress half your age? Something to ponder next time you're in the pool, watching an old plaster float into your peripheral vision. Eyes forward, nose clip on: reach, hold and glide... Reach, hold and glide... GQ

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